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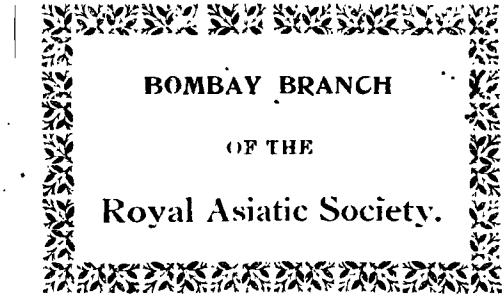

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MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF, 1884.

THE JOURNAL

OF

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

TRANSLATED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION,

BY

MATHILDE BLIND.

WITH TWO PORTRAITS.

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INTRODUCTION.

AN autobiography such as this Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff—a book in the nude, breathing and palpitating with life so to say—has never, to my knowledge, been given to the world. In some sense, therefore, its publication may be looked upon as a literary event. To read it is an education in psychology. For in this startling record a human being has chosen to lay before us "the very pulse of the machine," to show us the momentary feelings and impulses, the uninvited back-stair thoughts passing like a breath across our consciousness, which we ignore for the most part when presenting our mental harvest to the public. Is it well, is it ill done to make the world our father confessor, to take it into our most intimate and secret confidence? Difficult to say, but in any case it is supremely interesting. For it is like possessing one of the much envied fairy gifts which enabled one to see through stone walls and to hear the thoughts as they passed through a man's head. We may like this book or not; we may find the personality revealed in it adorable or repellent; but no one can deny that it is a genuine addition to our knowledge of human nature. "In any case," as its young author says, with striking penetration, "it is at least interesting as a human document," and more particularly so as a document about feminine nature, of which as yet we know so little. Indeed, most of our knowledge comes to us second-hand, through the medium of men with their cut-and-dried theories as to what women are or ought to be.

Now here is a girl, the story of whose life as told by herself may be called the drama of a woman's soul; at odds with destiny, as such a soul must needs be, when endowed with great powers and possibilities, under the present social conditions; where the wish to live, of letting whatever energies you possess have their full play in action, is continually thwarted by the impediments and restrictions of sex. A girl with the ambition of a Cæsar—as she herself says—smouldering under her crop of red golden hair, has a hard time of it though her head repose on down pillows edged with the costliest of laces; such a girl may well be fretted into a fever by the loving care of her affectionate aunts and uncles, and grandparents, &c. &c.

Did we but know it the same revolts, the same struggles, the same helpless rage, have gone on in many another woman's life for want of scope for her latent powers and faculties.

But Marie Bashkirtseff is too complex and versatile a nature to be taken in illustration of any particular theory; she is made up of heterogeneous elements, and her mutability of mood is a constant surprise to the reader. She never wholly yields herself up to any fixed rule of conduct, or even passion, being swayed this way or that by the intense impressionability of her nature. She herself recognises this anomaly in the remark: "My life can't endure; I have a deal too much of some things and a deal too little of others, and a character not made to last." The very intensity of her desire to seize life at all points seems to defeat itself, and she cannot help stealing side glances at ambition during the most romantic *tête-à-tête* with a lover, or of being tortured by visions of unsatisfied love when art should have engrossed all her faculties. For she wants everything at once—whatever success Fortune has to offer its favourites, the glamour of youth and beauty, rank and wealth with their glittering gifts, the artist's fame, the power of a queen of society—all, all, or nothingness! She hardly realised in her passionate self-absorption and egotism how much she asked, or what a niggard Fate is to the claims of individual man. I was strangely reminded of her on my return from Paris last autumn, where I had been to see her pictures and the house with its splendid studio where the last years of Marie Bashkirtseff's life were spent. Near me, on the Calais boat, sat a beautiful little French boy between three and four years old, staring intently at the sea below. Suddenly he looked round and asked, as if the thought had just struck him, "Is this the sea, Mamma?" On her replying in the affirmative, he said in the most matter-of-fact tone, "Mamma, I want to drink up the whole sea."

"*Maman, je voudrais boire toute la mer*," said this delicate, golden-haired mite of a boy, his earnest eyes fixed on the welter of waters just lit for a moment with the stormy crimson of a sudden sunset. This wish—childish but not unnatural where the limits of personality are unrealised—seemed like an echo, the mocking echo of Marie Bashkirtseff's life.

Did not she too want to drink up the whole sea, the whole of life, embracing the entire circle of sensations, but finding only a few poor pitiful spoonfuls doled out to her instead, dash herself to pieces, in her ineffectual rage at the obstacles she encountered. How well she knew herself

is shown by her saying, "If I could keep a little quieter I might live another twenty years." But she was too intensely modern for repose. Born in an age of railways and electric telegraphs, she wanted to live by steam. Terribly moving, when we remember the sequel, is that bitter cry of hers, the very burden of her Journal: "Oh, to think that we live but once and that life is so short! When I think of it I am quite beside myself, and my brain reels with despair" . . . .

"We live but once, and my time is being wasted in the most unworthy fashion. These days which are passing are passing never to return.

"We live but once! And must life, so short already, be shortened still further; must it be spoilt—nay, stolen—yes, stolen by infamous circumstances?"

This violent temperament, full of stress and tumult, may be partly due to the opposing tendencies of heredity and actual circumstances. For Marie Bashkirtseff, although in a measure the product of modern French life, and moulded by cosmopolitan influences, is nevertheless intensely Russian. Her personality is a singular mixture of untutored instincts joined to an ultra-modern subtlety of brain and nerves. She has the wild Cossack blood in her veins, but on her back the last fashionable novelty by Worth. Her religion offers the same curious compound of primitive idolatry and philosophical reasoning. Not only is she apt, as Mr. Gladstone so happily expresses it, "to treat the Almighty as she treated her grandfather, *en égal*," the nature of her prayers is essentially similar to a savage's worship of his idol—inclined to be extremely devout if his requests are granted; but likely to turn restive and make away with his fetish if the latter remains deaf to him. And the singularity is that while she is acting her religious part with immense fervour, devoutly saying her prayers as she kneels on the floor, she doesn't believe in God at all. Indeed, she acutely dissects the nature of religious beliefs, while continuing in her half-belief; for, as she says in her naïve cynicism, "*cela n'engage à rien.*" Yet she was full of profound intuitions—unexpected flashes of insight that opened out perspectives into the infinite mysteries of spiritual experience. She startles the reader every now and then in the very midst of her wounded vanities and lamentations over her wasted life of sixteen summers by assuring him that she is not to be taken quite seriously, that, after all, it is not so very sad, and that the sadnesss itself and the sighs, the

tears and the wringing of hands, are part of the play at which the other Ego—the over-soul as Emerson would say—is all the time present as at a spectacle. This unknown factor of human consciousness, aloof and indifferent to misery and pain—nay, even enjoying misery and pain—is often referred to by the youthful writer, showing that Marie was above all a born critic of life—love and sorrow, passion and pain serving but as the raw material for the development of thought and analysis. In this respect her Journal is a far more complete expression of her individuality than her pictures are. And it is possible that the novel—the most modern of all forms of art—might have afforded the fullest scope for the development of her genius. For the novel, treated with the conscientious precision of scientific analysis, is the distinctive feature of Russian literature. But the question is whether she was not too much taken up with herself to enter into other lives with the sympathetic insight required for the delineation of human character. Be that as it may, she has produced a book of more absorbing interest than any novel can ever be—a book with all the attraction of romance, and yet a mirror reflecting life in its passage from day to day. Indeed, the unique interest of this Journal arises from the fact that the writer, in the very ardour of the moment, finds relief in recording her impressions; and while in the act of experiencing a variety of sensations, she is yet able to treat herself, and others in contact with herself, as objects of dispassionate observation, to be used with minute fidelity in the representation of human existence.

In order to understand this composite, abnormal, prematurely-developed nature, it is necessary to have some knowledge of her family and circumstances. Marie Bashkirtseff was born at Poltava, in the Ukraine, on the 11th of November, 1860. The vast steppes and stirring traditions of her native land form the appropriate background for this extraordinary child, full of quenchless ardour and explosive force. Her father, the son of General Paul Gregorievitch Bashkirtseff, was a wealthy landed proprietor, belonging to the Russian gentry, and Maréchal de Noblesse, in the above-mentioned town. In some respects he seems to have been a specimen of that type of Russian noble which Tolstoï has so inimitably portrayed in Oblonsky, the brother of Anna Karénine, the gay Lothario who makes love to his wife's governess, and drives poor Dolly to distraction. M. Bashkirtseff, some members of whose family had died of consumption, took to wife a Mlle. Babanine, a tall, healthy, and beautiful young girl, whose family were of older

nobility than his own, being of supposed Tartar origin, "of the first invasion." Marie's maternal grandfather was a fine specimen of the nobleman of the generation which had been stirred by the poems of Poushkine and Lermontoff. He was enlightened and studious, had written verse in Byron's style, and served in the Caucasus, and, while still very young, got married to a girl of fifteen, a Mlle. Cornélius, who bore him a family of nine children. The union of Marie's parents not proving a happy one, chiefly owing to M. Bashkirtseff's persistence in sowing his wild oats after marriage, the young wife left him after a few years of wedded misery, and returned to her parents, with her two children, Paul and Marie. They lived all together at Tcherniakowka, M. Babanine's country house, whose exquisitely laid-out grounds evinced the artistic taste of their proprietor. Marie, then a frail and delicate child, became the idol of her grandmother and of her aunt—the unmarried sister of Mme. Bashkirtseff. A fortune-teller, whom Marie's mother consulted, predicted: "Your son will be like the rest of the world, but your daughter will be a star."

In 1870, after the death of her mother, Mme. Bashkirtseff left Russia, accompanied by her father, her unmarried sister, her little niece Dina, Walitzky, the faithful family doctor, governesses, nurses, and dogs of various descriptions. They went to Vienna, travelled through Germany, and became henceforth part of that floating Russian population which drinks the waters at Baden-Baden, stakes its thousands at Monte Carlo, and looks upon Paris as its earthly paradise. Thus, from the age of ten, Marie may be said to have begun seeing the world; and she kept her eyes and ears wide open all the time, taking object lessons in life, learning many things which might have been more wisely left unlearned. Glimpses of fashionable society at Baden-Baden gave her many a pang of unsatisfied vanity. Yet her thirst for distinction did not suffer her to rest idle. From the age of four, we are told, visions of future greatness had haunted her brain. She imagines herself in turn the first dancer, the finest singer, the most accomplished harp-player in existence; she electrifies masses of men by the magnetism of her eloquence; she dreams of marrying the Czar, and so saving his throne by inaugurating social reforms which shall bless the Sovereign and his people. True, this was in her nursery days, if such days ever existed for her. But, in any case, she is determined to play a leading part on the stage of life.

Her Journal, the earlier portions of which she destroyed, opens at Nice in January, 1873, when she was twelve years

old. It is written in French, as Marie possessed but an imperfect knowledge of Russian. Like most great poets, from Dante to Byron, she was bound to fall in love at this early stage of her existence. But no rapt and saintly vision clothed in the purity of dawn passes across her vision; this child of the nineteenth century is of the earth earthy, and fully alive to the value of a coronet. For she fixed her affections on an English duke, the most conspicuous figure amid the brilliant throng driving along the Promenade des Anglais. It is difficult to make out how much of her adoration is due to the classical features of this horsey Briton, and how much to the faultless appointment of his four-in-hand. Of course, they had never met or exchanged a word, and the noble duke was ignorant of the very existence of this funny little girl in short frocks within whose soul his memory burned like a lamp. A poor ideal at the best for a devotee to kneel before, but such as it was it was kept alight for a couple of years or so, being finally quenched by the announcement of the duke's marriage, which rudely dispelled the day-dream once for all. Marie suffered agonies for a time, agonies quite different, she confesses, from "what I formerly endured when a wall paper or a piece of furniture displeased me."

But amid the distractions of imaginary love-dreams, of change and travel, this young girl managed to acquire a surprising amount of knowledge. She threw herself into study with the same passionate intensity that marks her life in all its phases. At thirteen she drew up a plan of study which she had thought out as carefully as though she were preparing to take a degree. She learned English, Italian, and German, Latin and Greek, drawing and music. But music was her most engrossing interest at this time, for her magnificent voice might have helped her to realise her wildest dreams had it not been early impaired by the fatal disease which ultimately ruined it. Education in the moral sense of the word—which would have helped to supply that moderation and harmony of the faculties, for want of which she probably perished earlier than she otherwise might have done—she had absolutely none. There was not a member of her family, indeed, capable of guiding or controlling her, and while acquiring knowledge and accomplishments of all kinds with intuitive facility, she remained in regard to moral training as undisciplined as a wild colt of the steppes. She was too keen an observer not to admit some years later that while her family had spoilt her in her childhood, it had done nothing to aid her

development. For in spite of their eccentricity they were commonplace people after all, indolent as only Russians know how to be, given to endless procrastination, enough to drive an energetic nature crazy. Though always more or less on the move, it took them weeks before they fairly got under way, and this interregnum, when the furniture would be stowed away, the domestic arrangements upset, the boxes ready packed in the passage, used to drive Marie, who hated interruptions, half frantic.

The journey through Italy, with the sight of its churches, palaces, museums, and picture-galleries, was a new and thrilling interest to Mlle. Bashkirtseff, a born artist down to her pretty pink finger tips; her fashion of seeing, admiring, criticising the most celebrated masterpieces of painting and sculpture is refreshingly amusing and original. She takes nothing on trust. She is undaunted by names that have gathered authority from the suffrages of centuries. What most closely resembles nature, she says, pleases her most. The ideality of Raphael, the magic of Titian, the haunting mystery of Leonardo, leave her unawed, and she utters strange heresies—which give the relish of a sauce piquante to her crude and youthful criticisms, containing always a considerable admixture of truth, as when she is speaking of the card-board painting of Raphael, and the magnificent but stupid Venuses of Titian—enough to make the orthodox in art shudder! Why should this young observer take it for granted that those old masters are so impeccable? She comes of a new race and looks at things from a new point of view. She has little reverence less awe, no gratitude for the sacred debt we owe to the past. She, a child of fifteen, pronounces judgment on the masters of Venice and Florence. But how difficult it is to steer clear between abject conformity and parrot-like repetition of long accepted verdicts on the one hand, and on the other an originality of view which leaves you entirely at the mercy of your personal idiosyncrasy. However eccentric at times, Marie Bashkirtseff's opinions have, at any rate, always the merit of being home-made.

It may be said she was a born impressionist. Long before she had ever heard of the existence of such a school she belonged to it. It was in the air; and being as sensitive as a thermometer she answered to all the changes in the intellectual atmosphere of her time. Nothing is more singular than the way in which she reflects the political events of the day. She seems intuitively to feel the public pulse, and without any personal object in view to change as it changes as naturally as a chameleon alters its colour

according to the objects by which it happens to be surrounded. In this respect she would have made a capital leader writer. Indeed, among her innumerable ambitions was that of writing for one of the French papers, and one of the finest pieces of style in her Journal is unquestionably the glowing description of Gambetta's funeral. At such times the excessive egotism which fills the universe with her personality is obliterated, and her enthusiasm and eloquence carry everything before them. For she has the power of letting her soul be swept out by the wave of some great national emotion; only to recoil back upon herself, as, for example, when she confesses to wondering whether some caller had given her credit for the tears she had shed over Gambetta's death.

But to take up the biographical thread again. The stay at Rome in 1876 marks a fresh period in Marie Bashkirtseff's development. The city of the Cæsars and the Popes, with its historic greatness fallen into decay, yet so glorious still, acts upon her like strong wine. "Its beauties and ruins intoxicate me," she exclaims in her enthusiasm, and with her wonted impulse to become that which she admires, she wants to be "Cæsar, Augustus, Marcus Aurelius, Nero, Caracalla, the Devil, the Pope!" Her brain and blood were on fire, her beauty increased in charm, her intellect in subtlety; with her unique power of assimilation she became a portion of that fierce, dreamy, enchanted Roman life. Wonders of art and history, rides on the Corso, balls and masquerades of the Carnival, with youth and love and beauty sweetening the whole—what more can mortal want? A romance with all the accessories complete! Pietro A——, the dark-eyed young Roman "with a moustache of twenty-three," was in turn passionate and playful, soft yet daring, with that finished grace and perfection of manner which come natural to the thoroughbred Italian. This nephew of a powerful Cardinal, possibly of a future Pope, was not a suitor to be wholly scorned nor yet to be heartily accepted. He had no great career in view, was still dependent on his family for support, and skimmed along the surface of life like the gay butterfly he was. But this *fichu fils de prêtre*, as she mockingly calls him in her diary, had a potent charm for the ambitious young Russian—a charm which made her loth to let him go, and long for his return. Was it first love or the fancy of an hour, the caprice of a coquette or an experiment in love-making? Perhaps a little of all these, for with so complex a nature, analytical at once and emotional, it was difficult for her to be quite genuine and

simple. But since her own account of the matter is a mass of contradictions, how shall any outsider determine whether her heart had been really touched, or merely the "feminine envelope" which was so excessively feminine. There is the description of that wild ride in the Campagna; of those long evening hours when sitting apart from the rest she listened to Pietro's passionate declarations of love with his burning eyes thrilling her pulses; of that secret midnight interview at the foot of the staircase in the gloomy old palace, with its inane repetitions of "I love you" and the bewildering glances and heart throbs; and that kiss on the mouth which, for months and years afterwards, stung her with intolerable shame whenever she remembered it—all these glowing moments seem to rise up with an assurance that she loved her Roman lover for the time being—probably the happiest time of her life. But she never lost herself in her love. Either it was not strong enough, or she was too strong for it. Her egotism, her microscopic analysis of her own and her lover's feelings, her craving ambition, which made her regard marriage as the ladder by which to reach the palaces, pictures, jewels, all the glittering accidents of fortune for which she thirsted—all these counter currents of her nature acted as opposing influences, and diminished her capability for love. For the rest, some years later, she declares love to be an impossibility to her. "Would you really know the truth?" she cries. "Well, then, I am neither painter, sculptor, nor musician, neither woman, daughter nor friend! Everything finally resolves itself into a subject for observation, reflection, and analysis. A look, a voice, a face, a joy, a pain, are immediately weighed, examined, noted and classified, and when I have noted it down I am content." What is this but saying in other words that she is a poet, a painter, a pyschologist, and that her brain, in its enormous activity, draws to itself and consumes all the other elements of her being. In her poem, "A Musical Instrument," Mrs. Browning has expressed something of the same kind by that metaphor of the reed that has had the pith taken out of it, and henceforth gives forth the sweetest sounds at Pan's bidding, but will never grow again "as a reed with the reeds in the river."

Everything was tending to concentrate Marie Bashkirtseff's thoughts on art. It opened to her a refuge in which her self-tormenting soul might find some peace by giving her an outlet for her restless energy. The great match she had sometimes planned with cool worldliness, seemed beyond her reach. Even the journey to Russia, whither Marie went

to bring about some sort of reconciliation between her parents, with a view to her own settlement in life, had no result so far. She boasted many devoted slaves, admirers who gratified her insatiable vanity, but most of them, manlike, after having been attracted by her personal fascination dropped off frightened at her vast superiority to themselves. As for her, she would none of them, and one after another of her parents' matrimonial arrangements fell to the ground. After the brilliant experiences of Nice, Rome, and Paris, provincial life in Russia, when the first novelty had worn off, proved rather flat.

The manners and customs of her countrymen repelled and shocked her in many ways. During her second visit in 1882 to Gavronzi, her father's country house, two young princes, Victor and Basil, came to see them, evidently appearing on the scene as desirable suitors for Marie's hand. They were apparently men of the world, the eldest having an air of distinction, and she had taken a good deal of pains with her own appearance in honour of these young nobles. But what were her sensations when she saw the youngest, the Prince Basil, kicking and digging his spurs into his coachman, who had got drunk according to his wont. No wonder she had a creepy feeling down her spine, and was eager to get away from a country whose people crawl in the dust before such men as these.

Art, always the delight, now became the master-passion of Marie Bashkirtseff, and in 1877 she finally determined to devote her life to it. About this time she speaks quaintly enough of the old age of her youth; indeed, living as she did so much faster than ordinary mortals, years were hardly the measure of her age. At any rate, she had already outlived many illusions, cast many things behind her, and knew a good deal of what was going on behind the scenes of life. When she entered Julian's life-school in Paris, where women, though working in a separate *atelier*, enjoyed precisely the same advantages as the male art students, she registered a solemn vow: "In the name of the Father and the Son, and the Holy Ghost! I have decided to live in Paris, where I shall study, and in the summer go for recreation to the springs. All my fancies are over, and I feel that the time has come for me to take a step. This is no ephemeral decision like so many others, but a final one; and may the Divine protection be with me!" From a life of change and excitement she now passed to the monotony of real hard work. Each morning at nine she was driven to the studio, going

home for the twelve o'clock *déjeuner*, and returning at one for the afternoon. Her astonishing capacity became a wonder to her masters, who would hardly believe that she had had no previous instruction save the regulation school-girl lessons. Her daily progress is minutely recorded in the Journal with constant changes from elation to despondency. She flung her whole ardent soul into her work with a fierce determination to conquer the technique of her art, and she had every encouragement to persevere, Julian assuring her one day that her draughtsmanship, considering the shortness of time she had been at work, was actually phenomenal. "Take your drawing," he said, "take it to any of our first artists, I don't care whom, and ask him how much time is required to draw from the life like that, and no one—do you hear?—no one will believe it possible to have done it in less than a year; and then tell them that after a month or six weeks you draw from the life with that solidity and power." After eleven months of study the medal was awarded to Mlle. Bashkirtseff by Robert Fleury, Bouguereau, Lefèvre, Boulanger, and Cot.

Little by little a great change came over her. She grew more serious, concentrated, and profound. A deeper sympathy stirred within her, a keener perception of the many-coloured humanity around. Her bosom-thoughts were not entirely given to the favourites of fortune, she dwelt occasionally on the outcast by the wayside, on the child-waif housed by the street. True, there was a picturesqueness in dirt and rags which she looked for in vain in the fine mansions and spacious avenues of the Champs-Elysées. But the attraction which these sights possessed was deeper rooted than that. It had its origin in a vivid feeling for the tragic contrasts in man's lot, and later on might have turned her into a painter, with so profound a grip of reality as to invest the everyday life around with the impressiveness of history. There are passages in her Journal, describing the drama of the street, that are like flashes of inspiration. She reads subtle meanings in the looks, the attitudes, the movements of passers-by, and suggestions of human tragedies in many a face caught sight of in the crowd. Mothers with children in arms, *boulevardiers* smoking in a café, the sight of a pretty girl leaning on a counter selling funeral wreaths with a smile on her lips—these things strike her as the very stuff to be turned to the artist's use, and as fit for the brush as when

> ——"Some great painter dips
> His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse."

Indeed, it was a keen delight to Marie Bashkirtseff to escape from her elegant world and go prowling through the Quartier Latin, looking for rare old editions, for plaster casts, for skulls. The music shops, the bookstalls along the Seine, the busy throng of students and workpeople, appealed to her artistic sense, and the contradictory creature even took to chiding her luck, in that she had been born to wealth and luxury. This change of mood was partly due to her rivalry with one of her fellow-students, the most gifted of them—a young Swiss lady called Breslau, who, living plainly and laboriously in true art-student fashion, appeared to her rival more fortunate, in being wholly free from worldly distractions. This promising artist, who had begun some years earlier than Marie, was a thorn in her side, for she continually tested herself by the attainments of the former, making careful calculations as to whether, at such and such a date, her work had been equal or superior, or the reverse, of what she was capable of producing herself. Indeed, one of the worst traits of Mlle. Bashkirtseff's character is her abiding jealousy, nay envy—though she repudiates the word—of her fellow-student, whose success robbed her of sleep, whose failure gave her a thrill of relief. She seems to have been incapable of that glow of enthusiasm which in youth at least cements the comradeship of followers of the same art. But in extenuation we may say with Blake—

> "The poison of the honey bee
> Is the artist's jealousy."

In speaking of Marie Bashkirtseff as a born impressionist, I referred to her instinct and temperament even more than to her bias as an artist. For she belongs to the naturalist rather than the impressionist school. To reproduce the real as faithfully as may be, to catch hold of the life of to-day, the common life of the streets, vagabonds, gamins, working people, strollers, convicts, and what not—this is her great object. She asks to be face to face with actual facts, instead of dealing with figments of the fancy; to present the "living life" through the medium of colour as she so triumphantly managed to convey it through that of words. What she aims at above all therefore is expression—truth of expression. Not beauty, not invention, not—

> "The light that never was on sea or land."

That light is precisely what she scorns. No, no, give her the light as it slants across a dingy wall in a narrow Parisian

back street, on which a boy has scrawled a gallows; or the rain dully beating on a tattered umbrella. That is nature, the nature we see most commonly about us, and which we can render with the greatest accuracy of presentment.

For she is an enthusiastic disciple of Zola, the master of a school which has set the ugly in the place of the beautiful, as Milton's Satan called on evil to be his good. In reading some of the novels, and looking at some of the pictures produced by the latter-day followers of this gospel of the gutter, one would say that nature was one universal chamber of horrors. There is enough and to spare, no doubt, but it would be well to remember sometimes that the sun is still shining in the sky and man not absolutely a brute. Even in our own day, with our own eyes we have seen the angel in the man; the names of Mazzini, of Gordon, of Damien, have made us sad and glad, and it is as well to remember that they are as much part and parcel of human nature as the drunkard of "L'Assommoir" and the scoundrel of "L'Immortel." Yet in justice it must be said that the reading of the former novel called out Marie's sympathies for the sufferings of the people in a way that nothing else had ever done, the description of their misery making her positively ill, and leaving a permanent mark behind. If she seemed by preference to select ugly subjects for presentation, it must not be forgotten that she went in for rendering what she saw, and that she lived in the Paris of the latter part of the nineteenth century. Had she remained in her native Ukraine it might have been different with her, for she might have found subjects to her hand as full of character as they were of beauty and originality. Indeed, she was intensely sensitive to the beauty of life, as her jubilant admiration of Spain proves very conclusively. A word must be said here about her journey to that country, which was the turning point of her career as an artist. She was a pupil when she went there, a painter on her return. Formerly she had only seen the drawing and the subject. Now she seemed suddenly to have acquired a new sense, and atmosphere and colour stood revealed. Velasquez took her by storm. His unrivalled technique, his brush-power, the monumental realism of his work, made her raise "herself on tip-toe to catch the secret of his divine truthfulness." Fashion may have had something to do with this unbounded enthusiasm. For though original in her judgments, Marie Bashkirtseff is the most impressionable of human beings, and the name of Velasquez was the rallying cry of the naturalists.

Not only Velasquez, however, the entire country stirred her

artistic faculties as nothing else had ever done before. The fantastic old churches and palaces born of the marriage of Moorish and Gothic art, the fairy-like gardens full of the murmur of fountains falling between beds of violets; the grace of the black-eyed Spanish women and supple-limbed gipsies in the tortuous streets, turning into pictures with every chance grouping and accident of light and shade—here, indeed, the common stuff of life was food for the painter's canvas. Pen and pencil became equally inspired, and her descriptions of Spanish life and scenery, of the bull-fights and cigarette makers and convicts, are among the most powerful and picturesque pieces of writing in the Journal. There is an aptness in her phrase, a crisp clearness of outline and vigour of presentment making these passages worthy of a master of style.

The fire of inspiration caught from the genius of Velasquez and Ribera, and the architectural marvels of Toledo and Granada, burned with a steady flame during the short span of life still left to this marvellous girl.

In August, 1882, she painted *The Umbrella*, remarkable for the striking truth and precision in the delineation of character, the Holbeinlike accuracy of the drawing, the vigour of the pose. It is the picture of a girl of twelve wrapping her old shawl round her as she stands impassive, with wind-blown hair facing the rain under a bent umbrella of Gamp-like dimensions. The expression of the stolid face full of that pathos of mute suffering which occasionally startles one in the looks of animals is a piece of admirable realism. The same vigour and solidity of handling are evinced in *Jean et Jacques*, exhibited in the Salon of 1883. Two boys, the elder brother holding the reluctant little one by the hand, trudge to school with unwilling steps. Jean, sucking a leaf between his lips as a make-belief cigarette, his cap rakishly on the back of his head, and umbrella tucked under his right arm, has the business-like air of those children of the poor who are left in charge of babies from the time they could toddle. A more ambitious effort in the same line, and a really fine picture, *Le Meeting*, was begun in April, 1883. The title was a stroke of wit, when applied to half-a-dozen lads discussing the use to which a piece of string is to be applied with the excitement of politicians over a question of state. We know them, these gamins de Paris, these young habitués of the gutter, flocking together like hungry sparrows, picking up their food anyhow, yet managing to grow in a devil-may-care sort of way. Little love, less learning, falls to their share, yet the great city is their schoolmaster, and for aught we know

they may hear "sermons in stones," though not sermons of the orthodox, but rather of the Louise Michel kind. But they are not altogether a bad sort. True, that big, thin legged fellow with the fox-like look, laying down the law to the audience, may grow up to brew mischief in the State, but at present the lucky find of a stray nest or length of stick yields him a throb of satisfaction. A set of ugly, unwashed, badly-clothed ragamuffins. You or I passing them in the street might have looked another way to avoid seeing their dirty rags. Yet how interesting, how full of life and character they are, just a group snatched out of the busy throng, and still warm and breathing, translated into the language of art. Though grey and sombre in colour this picture is harmonious, nay, even brilliant in tone. It has a real atmosphere, and the figures stand out vigorously from the gloomy background of the street, partly blocked up by a wooden paling. The naturalness of the composition, the admirable truth of the general effect, the vigour of the execution, the sense it gives us of latent force instinctively assimilating and reproducing the pictorial elements of common life, combine to make *Le Meeting* a memorable performance for a girl of twenty-two who had only started on her artistic career five years previously.

Expression being her *forte*, as might be expected portraiture is one of Marie Bashkirtseff's strong points. She has done nothing more successful and admirable than the pastel of her cousin *Dina*, to be seen in the Luxembourg, as well as *Le Meeting*. Her portraits of Mme. P. B., her sister-in-law, of Bojidar Karageorgevitch the Servian Prince, and of Mlle. de Canrobert, bear the unmistakable stamp of being characteristic likenesses. The latter is particularly noticeable for the ease and freedom in the lines of the figure; though rough in workmanship there is style in the pose, and in the treatment there seems a suggestion of Mr. Whistler's manner.

Landscapes with figures also attracted the young artist; and the word-painting of some of her projected works in that line—such as the description of the funeral of a peasant girl in spring, whose coffin is carried to its last resting place through a blossoming apple orchard—is as lovely a piece of writing as we know. She imagines the delicate harmonies of pale pinks, the infantine green of the new leaves and untrodden grass, the delicious blue of the rain-washed April sky, hues that have the soft and soothing effect of a flute heard across the waters of a lake; and amid all that

glory of young leaf and blossom the bier of the dead girl, and some rough old country people by the wayside, as gnarled and rugged as the bronzed trunks of the apple-trees.

The two subjects of that kind which she actually did paint are full of charm and suggestiveness. The one is an avenue in autumn, breathing of desolation and decay. There is something almost human in the miserable look of the trees stripped of their sumptuous clothing, and shivering in their bones, so to speak. A dull, deadly mist steals up the path like a shroud which invisible hands are bringing to cover the earth. The ghostly air of abandonment fully gives the sentiment of this phase of nature; and, indeed, landscape painters agree that autumn, with its mists and rich discolourations, is the most pictorial of all the seasons. The other, called *Spring*, painted at Sèvres in April, 1884, was the first of her pictures which found its way to Russia; and that, too, in a manner most flattering to the artist, for it was bought, early in the year 1888, by the cousin of the Czar, the Grand Duke Constantine Constantinowitch, not only a distinguished connoisseur, but himself something of a painter and poet. It is now in his gallery at the Marble Palace, which contains several works of the highest merit. In this picture Marie Bashkirtseff attempted to express the inmost spirit of spring by line and colour—the rush of sap in the vegetation, the exquisite modulations of green, the little yellow flowers in the grass, the sheen of white and pink blossoms; in short, the mysterious fermentation of revival culminating in the person of a rustic girl half asleep under an apple-tree. She is meant to express that "drowsy numbness" of extreme physical enjoyment which Keats so magically describes in the "Ode to a Nightingale." A frame of mind in which, as the downright painter says, she would easily have succumbed to the first young boor who would see her sitting there.

But we do not realise Marie Bashkirtseff's astonishing energy, power of work, and devotion to her art, till we have seen the quantity of sketches, designs, and studies from life, which she managed to produce between the ages of seventeen and twenty-four. These have been carefully preserved by the pious love of Mme. Bashkirtseff in the house where her daughter spent the two or three last years of her life in a kind of artistic delirium, laying in a picture, modelling in wet clay, improvising wondrous tunes, studying Homer, Livy, and Dante, stretching the hours into days by the number of sensations she managed to cram them with.

Well might Marie say that there was nothing wanting to her artist's happiness in the way she was lodged. She had a whole storey entirely appropriated to herself. The spacious *atelier* has a splendid light, and a gallery running round it, the whole being crowded from floor to ceiling with her work. There is the first portrait she painted—a woman in a blue dress—of which the most noticeable feature is the treatment of the hands and fair silky hair. The *Study of a Fisherman of Nice*, browned by the sun, with that rich flesh colour, to which the blue sea acts as a foil, is a powerful bit of character. *The Comtesse de Toulouse Reading* shows a more delicate feeling for beauty than is usual with her; the action of the long, white fingers passing through the waves of golden hair being masterly in treatment. So is the sketch of a baby at the breast. There is something almost fiercely realistic about it; only a breast and the infant's face; but the blue-veined temples, the blue-pink tones of the cheeks and unfinished little nose, the energy of the sucking lips, are caught to the life. The head of the convict she painted at Granada shows the influence of the Spanish school. It is a face full of expression, the sinister physiognomy looking out from the canvas with a strange vividness. The same influence is shown in the masterly study of a pair of hands. They reveal a character, and suggest a story—a tragedy, if you will. I know not what of ages of pain and endurance is conveyed by those long, bony, corded hands, but they are not easily forgotten. More of a finished work is the picture of a child of nine walking through an avenue with a bottle in one hand and a tin pail in the other. The soft blue of the gown harmonises very happily with the neutral tints of the ground and the trunks of the trees. The naïve expression of the child, and the action of the sturdy little feet are admirably true to nature. The general effect is full of poetry of the Wordsworth kind.

But it is impossible here to give a detailed account of the many things of interest contained in this studio. The general impression left on the mind is that Marie Bashkirtseff excels in the vitality of her work. Everything she touches catches life from her fingers. Insignificant in subject, ugly, uninviting it may be, but it lives, and makes you feel that it does. Herein lies her great gift, and one she so highly prized! But she has other qualities as a painter. She can paint atmosphere so that her figures are well detached from the background, and there is no confusion of objects; she is noticeable for her effects of delicate gradations

of light, and her colour has a subdued sweetness of tone, rather sober for so ardent a nature.

The fine library leading out of the *atelier* shows what a student and lover of books Marie Bashkirtseff must have been. Valuable editions of the Greek and Roman classics stand in orderly rows along the shelves. The literatures of Italy, France, Germany, England, and Russia, are represented by all their chief authors. A striking photograph of Zola, for whom this artist entertained so pronounced an admiration, hangs on the wall opposite the writing table. But these rooms contained what seemed to bring Marie Bashkirtseff in the flesh more vividly before me than the books and the furniture, the statues and pictures, and all the rest of it. Only a cupboard full of little shoes—house-shoes, dress-shoes, ball-shoes—but what a world of pathos was there not in those bits of leather or satin which had shod those small Cinderella-like feet, of which the young girl was almost as vain as of her beautiful hands. For Marie was much occupied with her appearance, fond of dress, and had more than the ordinary share of a woman's love of attracting admiration. She had a finely developed figure of middle height, hair of a golden red, the brilliant complexion that usually accompanies a tendency to consumption, and a face which, without being regularly handsome, captivated you by the fire and energy of its expression. Photographs could never do her justice, it seems, as the want of colour deprived her of that unrivalled freshness and fairness which constituted her chief beauty. But her real spell lay in the intense vitality which shone out of her deep grey eyes, as it glowed through all her writing and painting. Even the illness which was to carry her off added fuel to the flame, and she might well say—"I am like a candle cut in four and burning at all ends.' For consumption, whose first symptoms had already been discovered by the doctor of some German watering-place when she was only sixteen years old, was unfortunately suffered to spread and undermine her constitution. She would not, or could not, believe in the reality of the skeleton in her cupboard, though a thousand fictitious ones were always driving her distracted. The dark shadow so early cast across her path threw the high lights of life into sharper relief, and no premonitory warning sufficed to make her realise the imperative need of taking care of herself. If she did so at all, it was only by fits and starts under the stress of an attack of laryngitis or pleurisy. She was the despair of her physicians. Potain, the great chest doctor, who pro-

nounced her the most extraordinary and undisciplined of all patients, refused at one time to have anything more to do with her, for she coquetted with Death as much as with one of her lovers, dallying and luring him on at whiles, but instinctively drawing back when his advances became too marked. Sometimes, however, when she realises his frosty breath so close upon her, she shudders instinctively, crying out in anguish —"To die; great God to die! Without leaving anything behind me! To die, like a dog, like a hundred thousand women whose names are scarcely engraved upon their tombstones!" But this was not all. The trouble that fretted her above all other trials was a growing deafness, which interposed a barrier between her and the outside world. This infirmity seems, in some cases, to accompany the pulmonary complaint, and by robbing human intercourse of its zest, destroyed her hopes of a brilliant social career. On that account it was more horrible to her than the idea of death itself—partly because the misery of it was a dull, dreary, monotonous one: whereas to die young was still to find "an intoxication in death itself."

But before the end came her life burned with a clearer, more concentrated flame than ever before. She herself is taken by surprise at the increasing acuteness of her sensations. Time seemed too limited to reproduce the beauty of the universe. In fact, painting was but one of the forms through which her prodigious sensitiveness found expression. She wished to be a sculptor too, so as to express the beauty of the human form in its completest manifestation. Music was another vent for her intense personality. When she sat down to the piano in the moonlight of May to play Beethoven or Chopin, all other pleasures became tame by comparison. Then would she glide into strange new harmonies, such as may sound through an opium-eater's dream. "No one," she exclaims, "no one it seems to me, loves everything as much as I do." This passage in the Journal has the same ring of exaltation as Shelley's "Ode to Delight," when he sings his love for

> "The fresh earth in new leaves drest,
> And the starry night;
> Autumn evening, and the morn,
> When the golden mists are born."

The year 1884 now dawned—the year which brought Mlle Bashkirtseff a striking artistic success; the closest friendship with Bastien-Lepage, the painter she admired above all others of her generation; and the end of all things. *Le Meeting*,

the picture already spoken of, was exhibited in the Salon of '84, and attracted public attention. It had press notices in the leading papers, and was reproduced in many of the illustrated ones of France, Germany, and Russia. Dealers and picture-buyers began to look up the rising artist; society papers described her personal appearance, speaking of her as one of the most beautiful girls of Russia. When she went out she came in contact with the intellectual élite of France, and was noticed as a person of distinction, and a young, charming, elegant woman, all in one. Ah, at last, her dreams were translated into reality! She not only felt herself a force, she was recognised as such. The fact gave a new impetus to her whole nature; the greatest triumph of all being Bastien-Lepage's assurance that no woman had ever achieved so much at so early an age.

Marie's admiration for the painter of *Pas Mèche*, *Jeanne d'Arc*, *Le Soir au Village*, has a suspicious flavour of love about it. At any rate it is the strongest, sweetest, most impassioned feeling of her existence, lending a tender halo to its last phase. Is there anywhere in fiction, indeed, a chapter more pathetic, more thrilling than the intimacy of these two impressionist painters as we see it growing and deepening in the closing scenes of the Journal? At first the presence of "the great, the only, the unique Bastien" used to make Marie so nervous that she grew awkward and tongue-tied when they met. She even goes the length of protesting that there is a natural antagonism between them, because he acts as a check upon her and she taxes herself with exaggeration for this excessive enthusiasm only due to a master-genius like Wagner. But these doubts and hesitations passed away on Bastien-Lepage's return from Algiers, whither he had gone for health's sake. On his return to Paris in the summer of the year '84, Marie and Bastien met nearly every day, either in the latter's sick room or else in the Bois de Boulogne.

These were days full of solemn sweetness, when the *Moi-Spectateur* sometimes left off looking through the microscope, and Bastien, whose very name had some time haunted her like the refrain of a song, was always so delighted to see her, so disappointed when she stayed away. The two families met almost daily; there was a constant interchange of delicate attentions. The goat which supplied Marie Bashkirtseff with milk provided Lepage likewise; pride, shyness, reserve vanished, and they became simple and trustful like two children clinging to each other when left alone in the dark.

She tells of foolish little details, enough to make one weep, indeed, she almost dreads Bastien's recovery, which will put a stop to this intimacy.

Alas! there was no fear of that, as became all too soon apparent to her. The year was on the wane and they were on the wane with it. Day by day the Journal initiates us into the mystery of the closing act of life till we seem to witness the change, the gradual relaxation of all earthly bonds and affections. On coming away from the bedside of Bastien, who was sinking fast, Marie often felt quite detached from the earth already. The thirst, "the fever called living" seemed to be stilled, a painless indifference, the most unusual sensation with her, left Marie resigned to everything. She already felt herself a shadow drifting with Bastien into the shadow land. Indeed, she was very ill herself—so ill, that with all her determination she found herself unable to paint. She had begun a picture of *La Rue*, the subject being a seat on the Boulevard des Batignolles, with its customary occupants. Everything was ready to her hand for beginning this work. A photograph of the corner of the street had been taken, she had made a preliminary sketch, the canvas was placed on the easel; in short, as she pathetically says, "All is ready. It is only I who am missing."

It was on the 12th of October that, growing from bad to worse, Marie was kept in-doors. On the 16th, exhausted with fever, she was only able to move from the easy-chair to the sofa. Bastien, too weak to walk, was carried to her room on the shoulders of his devoted brother Émile. Propped up on cushions the two dying artists lay near each other, finding a supreme consolation in being together to the last. Marie Bashkirtseff, not forgetful of appearances even then, wore a tea-gown of ivory plush with a cloud of soft lace of every shade of white. The artist's grey eyes, "eyes which had beheld Joan of Arc," as she says, dilated with pleasure as he looked at her. She was still beautiful, and his passion for art, possibly his passion for the woman, awoke the longing to fix her image before she had faded away. As he looked his last at the ruddy gold of the hair done up in a simple knot, still so bright above the ardent face with its pale velvety complexion, the deep-set eyes glowing with a sombre light, the light of a soul on fire—no wonder the painter should exclaim impulsively: 'Oh, if I could only paint!'"

That is all. The picture of the year is finished! The Journal breaks off abruptly on the 20th of October, 1884, and eleven days afterwards, on the 31st of the month, shortly

before completing her twenty-fourth year, Marie Bashkirtseff had ceased to be, and was followed shortly afterwards by Bastien-Lepage, so that in their death they were not divided. She lies buried in the cemetery at Passy, where a monument has been erected to her memory, with some verses by M. Theuriet engraved over its portal.

Could Marie Bashkirtseff have known what a sensation she has produced since her untimely end, even her thirst for renown might have been appeased. Could she have known that her chief picture was bought by the State within a year of her death, and now hangs in the Luxembourg along with the masterpieces of modern French art; could she have known that her Journal is an enthusiasm to the few, a curiosity to the many, and is taking rank among the autobiographies the world will not willingly let die; could she have known of the essay which the spell of her personality has drawn from the grand old humanitarian leader of England—could she have known all this, it might have compensated her for much in her life, and would have spared her that haunting dread of perishing with nothing to show that she had been—"*rien, rien, rien!*"

MATHILDE BLIND.

Monsieur,

Je trouve que vous
êtes très-très-hardie
si je vous demande
de m'indiquer un
joli modèle de femme.
très-jolie pour
l'ensemble

..

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

WHY tell lies and play a part? Yes, it is clear that I have the wish, if not the hope, of remaining on this earth by whatever means in my power. If I do not die young, I hope to survive as a great artist; but if I do, I will have my Journal published, which cannot fail to be interesting. But as I talk of publicity, this idea of being read has perhaps spoilt, nay, destroyed, the sole merit of such a book? Well, no! To begin with, I wrote for a long time without a thought of being read, and in the next place it is precisely because I hope to be read that I am absolutely sincere. If this book be not the *exact*, the *absolute*, the *strict* truth, it has no right to exist. I not only say all the time what I think, but I never contemplated hiding for an instant what might make me appear ridiculous, or prove to my disadvantage; for the rest I think myself too admirable for censure. Rest assured, therefore, kind reader, that I reveal myself completely, entirely. *I*, personally, may, perhaps, possess but a feeble interest for *you;* but do not think that it is I: think, here is a human being who tells you all its impressions from childhood. It cannot help being interesting as a document of human nature. Ask M. Zola even M. de Goncourt, or Maupassant. My diary begins at twelve years of age, and begins to have some meaning from the age of fifteen or sixteen. Therefore a hiatus remains to be filled up, and I will write a kind of preface which will enable the reader to follow this human and literary document.

There—suppose me famous. We begin:—

I was born on the 11th November, 1860. It is fearful even to have to write it; but at any rate, it comforts me to remember that when you read this I shall no longer be of any age.

My father was the son of General Paul Grégorievitch Bashkirtseff, who belonged to the gentry, and was a brave, obstinate, hard, and even cruel, man. My grandfather was raised to the rank of general after the Crimean war, I believe. He married a young girl, the adopted daughter

of a great nobleman; she died at the age of eight-and-twenty, leaving five children—my father and four sisters.

My mother got married at one-and-twenty, having previously refused many excellent offers. Mamma's maiden name was Babanine, and by her we belong to the old provincial nobility; her father always made a boast of his Tartar origin, which dated from the first invasion—*Baba Nina* are Tartar words—but for my part, I laugh at it. . . Grandpapa was the contemporary of Lermontoff, Poushkine, &c. He had been a Byronian, a poet, soldier, scholar; he had been to the Caucasus. Very early in life he married a Miss Julia Cornélius, a very gentle and pretty girl of fifteen. They had nine children, if you please, no more!

After two years of marriage mamma returned to her parents with two children. I was always with my grandmother, who idolised me. Aunt followed her example when my mother did not take her with her; she was younger than mamma, but not pretty, and sacrificed herself and was sacrificed for everybody.

In the month of May, 1870, we started on our travels. My mother's cherished dream was at last carried out. We spent a month in Vienna, enchanted by its novelties, its fine shops, and theatres. We reached Baden-Baden in June, at the height of the season, astir with Paris and all its luxury. Our party consisted of grandpapa, mamma, Aunt Romanoff, my first cousin Dina, Paul, and myself. We were also accompanied by Lucien Walitzky, our angelic and incomparable doctor. He was a Pole, but without exaggerated patriotism, with the kindest heart, the most caressing manners, and given to caricaturing. He was doctor of the district at Achtirka; had studied at the University with my mother's brother; and always made one of the family. When we left Russia we wanted a physician for grandpapa, and carried off Walitzky. At Baden-Baden I began to get an insight into the fashionable world, and was tortured by vanity. . . .

But I have not said enough of Russia, nor myself, which most concerns us. According to the practice of our gentry I had two governesses, one Russian and the other French. The Russian lady, whom I well remember, was a Madame Mednikoff, a woman of the world, well educated, and romantic, who, being separated from her husband, had elected to turn teacher after the perusal of numerous novels. She became the friend of the family, and was treated like one of us. Every man paid court to her, and she ran away one fine

morning after I know not what romantic episode. We are very romantic in Russia. She might easily have said good-bye, and left in the usual way; but the *Slav* character inoculated with French civilisation and romantic literature is a curious product. This governess, acting up to her part of unhappy wife, naturally adored the little girl entrusted to her care; and I, already entering into the spirit of the thing, returned her adoration. Indeed, the whole family affected to think that her disappearance must make me ill; everybody looked at me pityingly that day, and I believe that my grandmother had some special soup prepared for me which is usually given to invalids. I felt myself growing quite pale before such a show of sympathy. I was, in truth, rather frail, delicate, and not pretty—a fact which did not prevent everybody from considering me as a being inevitably destined by fate to become one day everything that is beautiful, brilliant, and magnificent. My mother went to a Jewish fortune-teller.

"You have two children," said he; "the son will be like the rest of the world, but your daughter will be a star." . . . .

One evening at the theatre a gentleman said to me, laughing:—

"Show me your hands, young lady . . . . Oh! To judge from her gloves there's no doubt she'll be a terrible flirt."

It made me quite proud. Since I can remember, since the age of three (I had a wet-nurse till I was three-and-a-half), I had aspired to future greatness. All my dolls were kings and queens; and my thoughts, and all that was talked of in our family, seemed continually to have some reference to the triumphs which must inevitably come to me.

At five I dressed myself in my mother's laces, with flowers in my hair, in order to dance in the drawing-room. I was the famous ballet-dancer Pepita, and all the family came and looked at me. Paul was hardly noticed, and Dina bore me no grudge, though the daughter of the favourite George. One story more. When Dina was born, grandmamma, without so much as saying by your leave, took her from her mother, and kept her ever afterwards. This happened before my birth.

Mme. Melnikoff was succeeded by Mlle. Sophie Dolgikoff, a young lady of sixteen. Holy Russia! After her came another French lady, Mme. Brenne, with pale blue eyes and hair dressed in the style of the Restoration—a sad creature with her fifty years and her consumptive habit. I

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF, 1876.

THE JOURNAL
OF
MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

CHAPTER I.

JANUARY (AT TWELVE YEARS OF AGE).—NICE—PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS—VILLA ACQUA VIVA, 1873.

AUNT SOPHIE is playing some melodies of the Ukraine on the piano, and that reminds me of our country house. I am carried back thither and all my memories recall poor grandmamma. Tears rise to my eyes; they fill them and begin to flow; they are flowing already. . . . Poor grandmamma! It makes me unhappy that you are no longer here! How you loved me and I you! But I was too little to love you as much as you deserved! The remembrance of grandmamma is venerable, sacred, and beloved, but it is no longer living. God grant I may be happy, and I shall be grateful. What am I saying? Am I not here in order to be happy? O God, let me be happy!

Aunt Sophie is still playing; the notes reach me from time to time and penetrate my soul. I have no lessons to learn for to-morrow, it is the fête day of Sophie. O God, give me the Duke of H——! . . . I'll love him and make him happy; I'll be happy too, and kind to the poor. It is sinful to believe one can purchase the grace of God by good works, but I can't express myself properly.

I'm in love with the Duke of H——, and can't tell him so; even if I did he would pay no heed. While he was here I had an object in going out and dressing myself, but now! . . . I went on the terrace in the hope of seeing him, at least for an instant, in the distance. O God, ease my pain, I can't pray any more, but listen to my prayer! Thy grace is so infinite, thy mercy so great, thou hast done so much for me! It grieves me so not to see him on the Promenade. He looked so distinguished among the vulgar crowd of Nice.

Mme. Howard invited us yesterday to spend Sunday with her children. We were just going when Mme. Howard told us she had seen mamma and got her leave to keep us till evening. We stayed, and after dinner went into the salon, which was dark, and the young ladies begged me to sing, and went on their knees as well as the children; we laughed a great deal. I sang "Santa Lucia," "The sun has risen," and a few *roulades*. They were so enchanted that they fell to kissing me most awfully—that's the word. Could I produce the same impression on the public I would certainly go on the stage this very day.

It moves one so much to be admired for something more than one's dress! I am really quite delighted with the children's exclamations of admiration. . . . . What would it be if I were admired by others? . . . .

I was made for emotions, for success; the best I can do, therefore, is to turn singer. If God would only have the goodness to preserve, strengthen, and increase my voice, I could achieve the success I long for. I could have the satisfaction of being known, admired, famous, and in that way I could secure him I love. If I remain as I am I have little hope that he will ever love me, for he knows nothing of my existence even. But when he sees me famous, successful! . . . . Men are ambitious! . . . . Then, too, I can be received in society, for I shall not be a celebrity sprung from God knows where! I am of noble extraction and there's no need for my making a living; this will ensure greater success and enable me to rise with more facility. Life will be perfect thus. I dream of nothing but fame, of being known all the world over.

Fancy appearing on the boards, of seeing thousands of spectators waiting with beating hearts for the moment you will begin to sing! To know as you look at them that they'll be at your feet at a note from your voice! To survey them haughtily! (I am fit for most things). This is my dream; this, this is life, happiness, everything. And then in the midst of it all, the Duke of H—— will come, like the rest of my adorers, but he won't be received like the others. Dear, you will be dazzled by my splendour, you will love me; you will see me famous, and you certainly deserve such a woman as I hope to become. I am not plain, nay, I am even pretty, yes, certainly pretty. I am extremely well-made, *like* a statue. I have good hair on the whole, and my manners have a coquetry of their own. I know how to behave to men.

I am a good girl, and shall never allow any man but my husband to kiss me, and not all little girls from twelve to

fourteen can boast as I can of never having kissed or been kissed by any man. And when he sees a young lady who has reached the highest pinnacle of fame a woman can attain, who is pure and virtuous, and has loved him faithfully from her childhood, he will be so surprised that he will wish to have me at any price, and marry me from sheer pride. But what am I saying? Why shouldn't I suppose him capable of loving me? Oh yes, with God's help! Has God not helped me to find out a way of securing him I love? . . . . I return thanks, O God!

Friday, March 14th.—This morning I heard a noise of wheels in the Rue de France; I looked out, and saw the Duke of H—— driving four-in-hand towards the Promenade. If he is here he will take part in the pigeon-shooting in April; I shall certainly go.

To-day I've again seen the Duke of H——. Nobody carries himself as well as he; he has quite the air of a king in his carriage. I saw G—— * several times at the Promenade dressed in black. She is beautiful, owing rather to her dress than to her personal appearance; everything about her is perfect, nothing is wanting; all is rich, elegant, in the best taste. She might really be mistaken for a great lady. It is natural that all this should contribute to her beauty:—her house with its drawing-rooms, its little recesses whose light is subdued by draperies or green leaves; she herself, with hair and dress arranged to perfection, sitting, queen-like, in a magnificent salon, furnished and decorated in a way to enhance her charms. It is but natural she should please him and that he should love her. Given her surroundings, I should look still better. I should be happy with my husband for I would not neglect myself; I should pay as much attention to my person in order to please him as I did when I wished to do so for the first time. For that matter, I can't understand why a man and woman should love and try to please each other continually before marriage, and then neglect each other after it. Why imagine that it all passes away with marriage and that all that remains is a cold and sedate friendship? Why profane the idea of marriage by picturing the wife in curl-papers and dressing-gown, with her nose covered with cold cream, and trying to extract money from her husband for her gowns? . . . .

Why should a woman neglect her appearance before the very man whom she ought to be most anxious to please?

* The mistress of the duke.

I can't see why one should treat a husband like a domestic animal, whereas one wished to please the same man before marriage. Why should a woman not always remain coquettish with her husband and treat him as she would a stranger who is pleasing to her? With this difference, however, that she must suffer no liberties from a stranger. Is it because husband and wife may love each other openly, because it's no crime and because marriage is blessed by God? Is it because what's not forbidden is worthless? and because people only like the things they must enjoy in secret? Dear me, this shouldn't be. I think very differently of these things.

I strain my voice to sing, and spoil it, and have sworn on that account not to sing any more (an oath which I have broken a hundred times) till I shall take lessons and I pray that my voice may be purified, strengthened, and increased. In order to prevent my singing I attach the dreadful penalty to it that I may lose my voice if I do so. It's awful; but I shall do everything to keep my promise.

Friday, December 30.—Wore to-day an antediluvian frock, my little skirt, and overcoat of black velvet. Dina's tunic and sleeveless jacket does very well. I was much looked at; it must be because I know how to wear my clothes, and have an elegant carriage (I had the air of a little old woman). I should like to know why people look at me, whether it is because I am odd or pretty. I would give much to whoever told me the truth. I feel inclined to ask somebody (a young man) if I am pretty. I always like to think what's pleasant, and I like to think that on the whole it's because I'm pretty. I may, perhaps, be mistaken; but if it's an illusion I would sooner keep it, as it is flattering. Why not? is it not desirable to make the best of things in this world? Life is so beautiful and so short!

I wonder what my brother Paul will do when he's grown up, what profession he will choose, for he can't spend his life in doing nothing, as so many people—dawdle away his time and then mix with gamblers and *cocottes*, fie! He can't afford it for one thing. Every Sunday I intend writing him a sensible letter, not stuffed with good advice, but like a comrade. No doubt I shall know how to do it, and with God's help I may gain some influence over him, for he must be a man.

I have been so pre-occupied that I almost forgot the Duke's absence! . . . (What a shame!) Such a gulf separates

us, especially if we go to Russia this summer! It is talked of seriously. How can I believe I shall get him? He thinks no more of me than of last winter's snow; I don't exist for him. If we remain in Nice this winter I may still hope, but I fear that when we leave for Russia all hopes are at an end; everything I thought possible fades away; I suffer a slow dull pain which is horrible, I lose what I hoped might be attainable. I am passing through a sorrowful experience, a transformation of my whole being. How strange it is! A moment ago I was thinking of the delights of pigeon-shooting, and now the saddest thoughts are passing through my head.

Oh God! these thoughts are crushing me; I shall die of misery at the thought that he will never love me! I have no hope, I was mad to wish something so impossible. I wanted what was too beautiful. Ah no, I must not give way thus! Why should I despair! Is there not an all-powerful deity who watches over me? How dare I have such thoughts! Is He not everywhere, protecting us always? Nothing is impossible for Him, He is all-powerful; for Him there is neither time nor distance. I may be in Peru and the Duke in Africa, and if He pleases He may reunite us. How could I even for a minute entertain such desperate fancies, how could I forget His divine goodness for a second? Is it because He does not grant me my wish at once that I dare deny it? No, no; He is too merciful, He will not allow my beautiful soul to be torn by cruel doubts!

This morning I pointed out a coalheaver to my governess, Mlle. Colignon, saying "Do look how like this man is to the Duke of H——.", "What nonsense!" she said, smiling. It gave me immense pleasure to pronounce his name. But I perceive that if one never speaks to any one of him one loves, this love grows stronger, whereas if one speaks of him continually (this is not my case) love diminishes; it is like bottled spirits of wine, if corked, the smell is strong, but if you open it, it gradually evaporates. This is precisely like my love, for I never hear it spoken of, I never speak of it, I keep it entirely to myself.

I am very much depressed; I have no positive idea what my future is to be, I mean I know well enough what I should like but not what I shall get. How gay I was last winter! Everything was full of promise and hope. I love a shadow that I shall perhaps never obtain. I am wretched about my gowns, I cried about it. I went to two dressmakers with my aunt; but they are spoilt. I shall write to Paris, I can't endure the gowns here, it makes me too wretched.

It is the first day of our Holy Week; I was at church this evening and said my prayers.

I must confess there are many things in our religion which I don't like, but it is not for me to think of reforming them. I believe in God, in Jesus Christ, in the Virgin Mary, I pray to God every evening, and I don't want to be taken up with trifles which have nothing to say to true religion and true belief.

I believe in God, He is good to me and gives me more than is needful. Oh, if He could give me what I so ardently wish for! God will have pity on me; although I could do without that which I ask for, I should be so happy if the Duke noticed me, and I would thank God.

I must write his name, for I neither mention it to anybody nor even write it down. I cannot live any longer. I shall burst, on my honour! It will at least relieve my pain to write it.

On our walk to-day I saw a young man in a hired carriage, tall, thin, and dark; I thought I recognised some one I knew. A cry of surprise escaped me. Oh, caro H——! They asked what was the matter, and I said Mlle. Colignon had trodden on my toe.

He has nothing of his brother about him; all the same I was glad to see him. Oh, if at least we could make his acquaintance, for through him we might get to know the Duke! I love this one like a brother, I love him because he is his brother. At dinner, Walitzky said, all at once, "H——!" I blushed, got confused, and went towards the cupboard. Mamma blamed me for this cry, saying that my reputation, etc. etc.; that it was wrong. I think she must guess a little, for each time some one mentions his name I blush or leave the room suddenly. She doesn't scold me.

They are sitting quietly chatting in the dining-room, thinking me engaged with my studies. They have no idea of what is passing in me nor what I am thinking of. I must either be the Duchess of H——, the wish I have most at heart (God knows how much I love him), or a celebrity of the stage; but this latter alternative attracts me less than the first. It is no doubt flattering to be admired by the whole world from the most insignificant individual to the greatest sovereigns, but the other! . . . . Yes, I'll have the man I love, he is of quite another sort and I give him the preference.

A great lady, a duchess! I would rather be in society than be the first among the world's celebrities, for in that case I shall be of another world.

May 6th.—Mamma is up, and Mlle. C—— too, for she has been ill. It was so fine, so clear after the rain, and the trees looked so beautiful in the sunshine, that I could not go on with my lessons, especially as I have time to-day. I went to the garden, and put my chair near the fountain; it made a magnificent picture, for the fountain has tall trees round it, shutting out heaven and earth. You see a little stream, with rocks covered with moss, and all kinds of trees lit by the sun. The lawn was so soft and green that I was really tempted to roll about on it. The whole formed a kind of bower, so soft and green and beautiful that it would be useless for me to try and describe it, for I shouldn't succeed. If the villa and garden remain unchanged, I shall take him to see the spot where I have thought so much of him. Yesterday evening in my prayers I entreated God to grant that I might make his acquaintance—that he might be mine—and I wept on my knees. Three times already has He granted my prayers. The first time I asked for a croquet set, and my aunt brought it me from Geneva; the second time I asked His help to learn English. I prayed and wept so much, and my imagination was so wrought up, that it seemed as if an image of the Virgin in a corner of the room were giving the promise. I should even now recognise the image.

I have been expecting Mlle. Colignon for my lessons during the last hour and a half, and it's the same every day. And mamma blames me, and knows not that I am vexed, that my heart is hot with anger and indignation! Mlle. C—— misses the lessons, and makes me lose my time.

I am thirteen years old! If I lose my time what is to become of me?

My blood boils. I am quite pale, and the blood suddenly goes to my head; my cheeks burn, my heart beats, and I can't stay a moment in the same place. The tears weigh on my heart, and though I manage to keep them back it only makes me more miserable. All this ruins my health, spoils my temper, and makes me impatient and irritable. The people who pass their lives in peace show it in their faces, but I get irritated every instant! That is to say, in robbing me of my lessons she really robs me of my life.

At sixteen and seventeen preoccupations of another kind will engross me. Now is the time for study. It is lucky that I am not a little girl shut up in a convent, who, on entering the world, plunges madly in the midst of gaieties, and believes whatever fashionable fops may please to tell her, and

finds herself disappointed and disenchanted a few months after.

I don't want any one to think that as soon as my studies are done I shall only think of dancing and dressing myself. No; but when I have done with lessons I intend seriously to study painting, music, and singing. I have talents for all three of them, and a great deal too! What a relief it is to write! I feel more calm. All this annoyance spoils not only my health but my temper and my features. When I get hot like that, and my cheeks burn like fire, they lose their fresh look and rosiness. . . This colour which I ought always to have leaves me looking pale and ruffled. It is Mlle. C——'s fault, being due to the irritation of which she is the cause. I even have little headaches after getting into this kind of fever. And mamma blames me—says it's my fault if I don't speak English. How provoking!

I think that if he reads this Journal one day he will think it foolish, especially my declarations of love. I have repeated them so often that they have lost all their meaning.

Mme. Savelieff is dying; we are going to see her; she has been unconscious for two days, and unable to speak. Old Mme. Paton is with her. At first I saw nothing, though I looked for the sick woman in the bed. Then I caught sight of her head, but she has changed from a stout woman into quite an emaciated one. Her mouth was wide open, her eyes glazed, her breathing difficult. People talked in subdued tones. She made no sign. The doctors say that she feels nothing, but I think that she hears and understands everything that's going on around her, but can neither cry out nor say anything. When mamma touched her she gave a kind of groan. Old Savelieff met us on the stairs, and, bursting into tears, he took mamma's hand, and said, sobbing, "You are ill, too, and take no care of yourself; look to it, poor dear!" Then I kissed him in silence. His daughter came next; she threw herself on the bed, calling her mother. She has been in this state for five days past. To see one's mother dying day by day! I went into another room with the old man. How he has aged in these few days! Everybody else has some consolation. His daughter has her children, but he is alone! He has lived with his wife for thirty years, and that is something. Did he live well or ill with her? But habit counts for much. I went back several times to the sick woman. The housekeeper is quite beside herself; it does one good to see so much affection for

her mistress in a servant. The old man is almost turning childish.

Ah! when one considers, how miserable is man! Every beast when it pleases may look as it likes; it needn't smile when it feels inclined to weep. When it has no wish to see its kind it does not see them, but man is the slave of everything and everybody. And yet I inflict the same thing on myself; I like to go and see others; I like them to come and see me.

It's the first time I do a thing against my inclination; yet, how often shall I be obliged to smile when I feel inclined to weep, and yet it's of my own accord that I've chosen this life —this worldly life! Ah! but I shall have no trouble of this sort when I am grown up. When *he* is with me I shall always be gay.

Mme. Savelieff died last night. Mamma and I went to her house. A great many ladies were there. What shall I say of this scene? Grief to the right, grief to the left, grief up in the ceiling, grief down on the floor, grief in the flame of every taper, grief in the air itself. Her daughter, Mme. Paton, has had a fit of hysterics, and everybody wept. I kissed her hands, and made her come and sit beside me. I wanted to say some words of comfort to her, but could not. What comfort is there except time! And then all the consolations I could think of seemed stupid and commonplace. I said that the person most to be pitied was the old man who remained alone! alone! alone! . . . Oh God! what's to be done? I say all must come to an end. That's my argument. But if one of us died it would have no weight with me.

I had quite a discussion to-day with my drawing-master, M. Binsa. I told him I wanted to study seriously, and to begin at the beginning; that what I was doing taught me nothing; that it was waste of time; and that next Monday I want to begin drawing. He's not to blame if he did not make me study seriously. He thought that I had had lessons before, and had been in the habit of drawing eyes, mouths, etc. . . . And this drawing they showed him was the first one I had done in my life, and *quite by myself.*

This is a day rather different from the others, which are so monotonous and always the same. At my arithmetic lesson I asked Mlle. C—— to explain something to me. She remarked that I ought to make it out for myself. I pointed out to her that what I don't know ought to be explained to me.

"There is no question of *ought* in the matter," said she.

"There is an *ought* in everything," I replied. "Wait a minute and I will try and solve this first difficulty before passing on to the second." I spoke in an extra calm voice, and she was furious to find nothing rude in my words. She robs me of my time; here are four months of my life wasted .... It's easy to say she is ill; but why should I be the sufferer? She spoils my future happiness by wasting my time. Each time I ask her to explain something she gives me a rude answer. I won't be spoken to like that; she's irritable being ill, but it makes her unbearable. Just at the time when I get very annoyed, nay angry, I grow unnaturally calm. My tone vexed her, she expected an outburst of anger on my side.

"You are thirteen years old; how dare you!"

"Precisely, mademoiselle, because I am thirteen years old, as you remark, I won't be spoken to in this way; don't shout, I beg of you." She exploded like a shell, with all manner of horrid speeches. To all her incivilities I replied quite placidly, which only enraged her the more.

"It's the last lesson I give you!"

"Oh, so much the better!" said I. When she left the room I heaved a long sigh like one who is delivered from a hundredweight of books tied round his throat. I left the room full of contentment to look for mamma. She ran after me in the passage and began afresh. I stuck to my tactics and said nothing. We went along the passage to mamma's room together, she like a fury, and I with the most imperturbable air. I went to my room, and she asked for permission to speak to mamma.

I had a horrible dream last night. We were in a strange house, when I, or some one else whom I can't remember, looked suddenly out of the window. I saw the sun growing bigger and covering nearly half the heavens, but it emitted neither light nor heat. Then it broke up and one-fourth disappeared, the rest fell into fragments which changed their colour and bathed us in gold; then half of it was covered by a cloud. We all cried out, "The sun is standing still!" Just as if we usually saw it turn round. For a few instants it remained motionless, but dim. Then the earth herself became something unnatural, not that she exactly lost her balance, but it's not to be described, the thing is inconceivable in everyday existence. There are no words to express what we don't understand. Then the sun began to turn round like two wheels one within the other; that is to say the bright sun

was covered at intervals by a cloud as round as itself. The confusion grew general, and I asked myself whether the end of the world had come; but I hoped that it might only be for a moment. Mamma was not with us, she arrived in a kind of omnibus, and did not seem afraid. Everything was strange, for this omnibus was not like others. I then began looking out my dresses; we began packing our things in a little box. But thereupon it began all over again. It is the end of the world, and I ask myself why God has not forewarned me, and I ask myself how I can be worthy to be present at this day, in the flesh. Everybody was frightened, and we got into a carriage with mamma, and returned to I know not where. . . . .

What is the meaning of this dream? Has God sent it to prepare me for a great event, or is it simply a matter of nerves?

Mlle. C—— goes to-morrow. It's a little sad all the same; it makes one sad to part even from a dog with whom one has been living. In spite of the good or bad terms we were on, I have a heartache.

In passing Gioia's villa my attention was attracted by the little terrace to the right. There it was that I saw him sitting with her last year in going to the races. He was sitting in his usual noble and graceful way, holding a cake. I remember all those trifling things so well!

We looked at him in passing, and he at us. He is the only one mamma talks about; she is very fond of him and I am delighted. She said, "You see, if H—— chooses to eat cakes, why shouldn't he? he is at home here." I could not yet account to myself for the kind of confusion I felt in seeing him. Only now I begin to understand it, and I remember the least details about him, and his most insignificant words.

When Remi came to tell me at the races at Baden that he had just been speaking to the Duke of H——, my heart gave a leap which puzzled me. And then when Gioia was sitting beside us at those same races and speaking of him, I hardly listened to her. Oh! what wouldn't I give to be able to hear those words to-day. And when I passed the English shops he was there and looked at me derisively as much as to say: "What a funny little girl this is, what can she be thinking of?" . . . . He was quite right, I was very funny, with my little silk frocks—indeed, I was ridiculous! I did not look at him, and yet every time I met him my heart beat so violently that it hurt me. I don't know whether any one else has

experienced the same thing; but I get frightened when my heart beats so loudly lest any one should hear it. Formerly I used to think that the heart was a mere piece of flesh, but I see now that it's in communication with the mind.

I understand now when one says, "How my heart beats!" Formerly, when I went to the theatre I paid no attention when some one said so; now I recognise the emotions which I have experienced.

The heart is a piece of flesh which communicates with the brain by means of a little string, which in its turn receives the news from the eyes or the ears, and all this causes the heart to speak to you, because the little string is moved and makes it beat more than usual, and sends the blood to your face.

Time passes like an arrow. In the morning I do my lessons; at two I practise. The Apollo Belvidere that I am about to copy is a little like the duke; especially when one examines the expression, the resemblance is striking. The same way of holding the head, and the nose exactly like his.

My music-master, Manoti, is delighted with me this morning. I played part of Mendelssohn's Concerto in E minor without a single mistake. The next day at the Russian Church, the festival of the Trinity. The church was decorated with flowers and leaves. There were prayers, and the priest prayed for forgiveness of sins; he mentioned them all as he knelt in prayer. What he said was so applicable to myself that I remained motionless listening and joining in the prayer.

This is the second time I have prayed well in church; the first time was on New Year's Day. Mass has become so commonplace, and the things spoken of are not everyone's everyday concerns. I go to Mass, but I don't pray. The prayers and the psalms they sing have no bearing on the feelings of my heart and soul. They prevent my praying in peace, whereas these Te Deums, where the priest prays for all of us, so that each one may find something to suit him, touch me to the quick.

Paris.—At last I have found what I wished for without knowing it. To live means Paris! . . . Paris means to live. I made a martyr of myself because I didn't know what I wanted. Now that I see more clearly, I know what I want. Move from Nice to Paris, furnish a flat, and have horses just as at Nice; to be introduced to society by the ambassador of

Russia; this, this it is I want. How happy one is when one knows what one wants! There's something, however, which tortures me; I think I am plain. It's horrible!

We have been to the photographer Valéry, 9, Rue de Londres, and I saw the photograph of G——. How beautiful she is! But in ten years she will be old; in ten years I shall be grown up; I might be handsome if I were taller. I was taken eight times. The photographer said, "If it succeeds this time I shall be satisfied." We left without knowing how it had turned out.

After our last walk in town we arrived in time to take our departure.

A thunderstorm burst overhead; the lightning was terrible. Sometimes it struck the ground in the distance, leaving a silvery furrow in the sky as narrow as a Roman candle.

Nice.—To be in Nice is to be in exile; but I must chiefly give my attention to arranging the days and hours with my teachers. On Monday I recommence my lessons, so abominably interrupted by Mlle. Colignon.

The gay world will return with the winter, and will bring gaiety with it. It will no longer be Nice, but a little Paris, and the races! Nice has its good points. Nevertheless, the six or seven months we must spend here seem to me like a sea that I must cross without losing sight of the lighthouse which guides me. I have no hope of landing; no, I only hope at present to see this land, and the sight alone will give me strength and energy to live till next year. And then? and then? . . . . . I really don't know! . . . . but I hope and trust in God, in His divine goodness, so I don't lose heart.

"He whom God has in His keeping will find peace in the mercy of the Almighty. He will cover thee with His wings; thou wilt be safe beneath their stay; His truth will be thy shield; thou shalt neither be afraid of the arrow that flieth by night nor of the pestilence that walketh at noonday!"

I cannot express how much I am moved, and how deeply I feel the goodness of God towards me.

Mamma is in bed, and we are all sitting by her bedside, when the doctor, on returning from the Patons, tells us that Abramowich is dead! How terrible, strange, and incredible! I can't believe that he is dead. One can't die when one is so charming and amiable! It always seems to me that he will come back next winter with his famous overcoat and plaid. Death is frightful! I am really very sorry for his death.

Is it possible that people like the G——'s the S——'s live on, while a young man like Abramowich must die! We are all stunned. Even Dina uttered an involuntary exclamation. I hasten to write to Helen Howard. Everybody was in my room when we heard the sad news.

June 9th.—I have begun drawing, but feel tired, languid, and unfit for work. These summers at Nice are killing me; not a soul in the place. I suffer, and feel ready to cry. One can live but once. To pass a summer at Nice is to lose half one's life. Now I am crying; a tear has dropped on the paper. Oh, if mamma and the others knew how much it cost me to stop here, they would not keep me in this *horrible* desert. I am not preoccupied with *him*—it is so long since any one has mentioned his name. He seems to be dead. And I live in a sort of fog; I can hardly recall the past, and the present seems hideous! . . . . I am quite altered; my voice is hoarse, my face ugly; formerly, on waking, I used to look fresh and rosy. . . . . But what is fretting me so? What has happened? What is going to happen?

The villa Bacchi is let. It is really a great trial to live there; it may be very well for a bourgeois, but for us it is different. . . . . As for me, I am an aristocrat. I'd sooner have a broken-down gentleman than a rich bourgeois; an old piece of satin or tarnished gilding, weather-beaten columns, or faded ornament, have more charm for me than the most costly furniture which is showy and wanting in taste. A real gentleman will not be vain of highly-polished boots and tight-fitting gloves. Not that one ought to be careless about dress—by no means. But what a difference there is between the negligence of the noble and the negligence of the needy!

We are about to leave this flat, and I am sorry for it; not because it is comfortable and handsome, but because I am used to it, and feel as if it were an old friend. To think that I shall never see my dear little study again. How much I have thought of *him* in that room! This table on which I am leaning, and where I used to write every day what my soul holds most sacred. These walls I looked upon, wishing I could pierce them and go far, far away. I saw him in every flower of the wall-paper! What scenes I pictured to myself in this study, where he played the principal part! I fancy there's not a thing in this world, from the simplest to the strangest, that I didn't think of in this little room.

This evening Paul, Dina, and I, sat together, and then they left me alone. The moon was shining into my room and I did not light the candles. I went out on the terrace and could hear the sound of violins, guitars, and flutes, in the distance. I came in again quickly and sat down near the window so as to hear better. It was a charming trio. I have not listened to music with so much pleasure for a long time. At a concert one is more occupied in looking at the audience than in listening, but this evening, quite alone in the moonlight, I may say I devoured this serenade, for it really was one. Some young men of Nice gave us a serenade. Could anything be more gallant? Unfortunately, the young men in society won't hear of such amusements, they prefer passing their time at music-halls, while real music. . . . . What can be more charming than to sing serenades as they did in Spain of old? Upon my word, next to having horses I could wish for nothing better than to pass the rest of my existence beneath the window of my charmer, and finish up at her feet.

I do so want a horse! Mamma has promised me one, and my aunt also. I went to her room one evening in my airy manner and asked her for it most enthusiastically; she has given me her promise. I went to bed feeling quite happy. Everybody tells me I am pretty; but really and truly I don't think so. My pen refuses to write it. I am only prepossessing, and pretty now and then, but I am happy. . . .

I am to have a horse. Was there ever such a little girl with a real racehorse? I shall create a sensation. . . . . What colours shall my jockey have? Grey and lilac? No, green with a delicate shade of pink. A horse for me! Dear, but I am happy. What a creature am I! Why not give of my overbrimming cup of life to the poor who have nothing? Mamma allows me money, they shall have half of it.

I have been arranging my room again; it looks prettier without the table in the middle. I put a number of trifles about—an inkstand, a pen, two old long forgotten candlesticks.

Society is my breath of life: it calls, it beckons to me, I would like to run to it. But I am not old enough to go out yet. But I burn with impatience to see the world, not in order to get married, but I wish mamma and my aunt would get out of their lazy ways. I don't mean the world of Nice, but of Petersburg, London, or Paris; there I could breathe freely, for the restraints of society come easy to me.

Paul has no taste as yet, he knows nothing of the beauty of women. I have heard him say, "Do you call those scarecrows beautiful?" I must try and form his taste and manners. I have no influence over him yet, but I hope with time. . . . At present, almost imperceptibly, I impart to him my way of seeing things along with notions of the strictest morality under a frivolous appearance; it pleases, and that's good. If he marries he must love his wife, and his wife only. In fact, heaven consenting, I hope to give him right views.

Tuesday, July 29th.—Here we are off to Vienna. We were very gay at starting on the whole. As usual, I was the life of the party.

After Milan the country is delightful; so green and flat that your gaze seems to stretch into space with no fear of mountains rising up like walls to shut out the view.

At the Austrian frontier, while I was hastily dressing, the door was opened and the doctor sprinkled us with a powder as a safeguard from the illness I dare not mention.* I went to sleep again till eleven o'clock. I did not dare open my eyes. What verdure, what trees, what clean-looking houses, what charming German women, how well the fields are cultivated! It's charming, delicious, magnificent! I am not indifferent to the beauties of nature, as they assert; on the contrary. It is true I don't admire arid rocks, grey olive trees, a dead landscape. But I delight in mountains covered with trees, in plains cultivated to the utmost or covered with a carpet of velvet and diversified by labourers, by peasant women, by hamlets.

Indeed, I never tire of looking out of window and admiring the scenery. One goes so fast by the express. It all flies past, and is so beautiful. I admire this kind of scene with all my heart. At eight o'clock I sat down, for I was tired. At one of the stations some little German girls were calling out: "*Frisch Wasser! Frisch Wasser!*" Dina has a headache.

By the way, I frequently try to know what it is that I have always facing me, yet always hidden, in a word, the truth. Whatever I think, whatever I feel, is outside myself after all. Well, I don't know, it seems to me there's nothing. As for example, when I see the duke I don't know whether I hate or adore him. I want to re-enter my soul and can't. When I want to solve a difficult problem I begin to reflect till I fancy

* Cholera.

I have it, but just when I want to gather up my ideas it all disappears, and my thought flies so far that I am surprised and can make nothing of it. All that I say does not touch my inner self; I have none. I only live externally. To come or go, to have or not to have, is all the same to me; my pains and pleasures and sufferings don't exist. Only to picture my mother or H—— fills my heart with love; as regards the latter, not quite, however, it seems so incredible to me that I only think of him in the clouds; I can't understand.

There are people who say that a husband and wife can have separate pastimes and love each other very much.

It's an untruth, they can't; for when a young man and maid are in love with each other, can they think of others? They love, and find sufficient enjoyment in being together.

A single look, a single thought, bestowed on another woman, prove that one no longer loves the woman one loved. For I ask again, if you are really in love with one woman can you think of loving any other? Of course not. Well then, what's the use of jealousy and reproaches? One cries a little and must take comfort, as one does in the case of death, by remembering that there's no help for it. While the heart is full of one woman there's no room for another; but no sooner does it begin to grow empty than another one enters bodily the moment she has touched it with her little finger.

(*Written on the margin in March,* 1875.)

There's a good deal of truth in my reasoning at that time, but one can see that I was but a child. That word "love" so constantly used! . . . . Poor me! There are mistakes in French; it would all have to be corrected. I think I write better now, but not yet as I would like to.

Into what hands will my Journal fall? So far it can only possess an interest for me and my family. I should like to become some one whose Journal could not fail to interest everybody. But to begin with, I write for myself, for will it not be a fine thing to pass all one's life in review? . . . .

Friday, August 29th.—This morning I went to the fruit market with the Princess. She bargained, I paid what they asked. I only go once in a way; and to think of bargaining! . . . . I gave a few sous to the children. Dear me, what a pleasure! They looked upon me as a kind of

Providence; I don't bargain and give sous. One of the women said, "How charming you are!" Oh, if Heaven would look kindly upon me!

I went back to the house; they looked at and envied me. I have begun arranging my hours of study. I shall have done to-morrow! I must study nine hours a day. God grant me energy and courage to apply myself; I have both, but would like still more.

September 2nd.—The drawing-master has come. I gave him a list so that he may send me the teachers of the college. At last I shall set to work. Owing to Mlle. Colignon and our journey I have wasted four months; it's appalling. Binsa applied to the Censor, who asks a day. Seeing the list I had made out he asked: "How old is the young lady who wishes to study all that and has drawn up this programme?" That stupid Binsa said: "She is fifteen." But I gave him such a scolding. I am in a towering rage. Why say I am fifteen years old? it's a lie! As an excuse for it he asserts that I am twenty to judge by my reasoning powers, and that he thought he was doing right by adding two years to my age, etc. etc. To-day at dinner I insisted on the man going to the Censor and telling him my real age. *I insisted upon it.*

Friday, September 19th.—I remain in good spirits under all circumstances; we must not be saddened by regrets. Life is so short, one must laugh as much as possible. Tears come of themselves, we must try and avoid them. There are sorrows it is impossible to escape—death and separation; and even the latter is sweet as long as there's hope; but to spoil life with petty annoyances, fie! I lay no stress on trifles, as I hate the little daily troubles; I pass them by with a laugh.

Saturday, December 20th.—Scalkiopoff has come, and remarked in the course of conversation that men were degenerate monkeys. He is a little man with ideas like uncle Nicholas. Then you don't believe in God, I asked? To which he replied, "I can only believe in what I understand."

Oh, the horrid creature! All boys as soon as moustaches begin to grow think after that fashion. They are young greenhorns who fancy women can't reason and understand. They consider they are dolls who talk without knowing what

they say. They listen to them with an air of protection. . . . I told him all that, with the exception of calling him a horrid creature; and as he has no doubt been reading some book, which he quotes and didn't understand, he wishes to prove that God couldn't create because frozen plants and fossils have been found at the Poles.

I have nothing to say against it; but was not the earth convulsed by various cataclysms before the creation of man? We cannot accept the statement literally that God has created the world in six days. The elements were in course of formation during centuries and centuries and centuries! But God exists. Can one deny Him on seeing the sky, the trees, and men themselves? Is it not as if there were a guiding hand to punish and reward, the hand of God? . . .

Monday, October 13th.—I was looking for my lesson when little Helder, my English governess, said to me: "Do you know that the Duke is going to marry the Duchess M——?" I held the book closer to my face, for I felt as hot as fire. A sharp knife seemed thrust through my heart. I began to tremble so much that I could hardly hold the book. I was afraid of fainting, but the book saved me. I pretended to look for the exact place for several minutes in order to get calm. I repeated my lesson in a voice that shook with my uneven breathing. I plucked up all my courage in my effort at self-control, as I used to do when taking a header from the bathing bridge. I wrote to dictation to avoid speaking.

With infinite delight I went to the piano and tried to play; my fingers were stiff and cold. The Princess came to ask me to teach her croquet. "With pleasure," I answered, cheerfully, but my voice kept shaking. The carriage has come. I make haste to dress. My gown is green, my hair is golden, and with my pink-and-white complexion I am as pretty as an angel or a woman. We drive out. G——'s house stands open; there are masons at work, and, it seems, decorators or architects. She has gone. . . . Whither? I suppose to Russia to make her fortune. All the time I am thinking—"He is getting married! Is it possible?" I am unhappy! Not unhappy as I used to be formerly about a wall-paper, or a piece of furniture; but really unhappy!

I don't know how to tell the Princess that he is going to be married (for they will know it one day), and it will be better for me to tell them. I'll choose a moment when she is sitting

on a sofa and the light is behind me, so that one can't see my face. "Do you know the last piece of news, Princess?" (We were speaking Russian.) "The Duke of H—— is going to be married." I had got it out at last. I didn't blush, I was quite calm; but how shall I describe what I felt!!!

Since the wretched moment when that busybody told me the dreadful news I am out of breath, as if I had been running for an hour, and my heart aches and beats violently.

I have been playing the piano furiously, but in the midst of it my fingers relaxed, and I leant back in the chair. I begin again—the same story—and for at least five minutes I begin and have to leave off again. There's a lump in my throat which stops my breath. Ten times at least I rush from the piano to the balcony. Heavens, what a frame of mind! . . .

We go out for a walk, but Nice is Nice no longer, nor G—— either! The sight of her villa no longer affected me. It's all part of the Duke, and on that account my heart aches at the sight of those two empty houses. . . . He was the sole attraction of Nice, and I now hate, and can hardly endure it. I am bored! Oh! I am bored!

Mon âme rêveuse
Ne songe qu'à lui;
Je suis malheureuse,
L'espoir a fui.

O God, deliver me from misery! O God, forgive me my sins, and do not punish me! It is all over! . . . I grow purple in the face when I think that it is all over! . . . all, all over! . . .

I am happy to-day, I am delighted to think that it's not true after all, as no one has repeated the horrid news, and I prefer ignorance to the miserable truth.

Friday, October 17th.—I was playing the piano when the newspapers were brought in; I take up *Galignani's Messenger*, and the first words I see speak of the marriage of the Duke of H——.

I did not drop the paper; it remained, on the contrary, glued to my hands. I had not strength enough to remain standing. I sat down and read the crushing words at least ten times in order to make sure I was not dreaming. Oh, divine mercy, what have I read! What have I read! I could not

write in the evening; I went down on my knees and wept. Mamma came in, and to prevent her seeing me in this state I made a pretence of going to see if tea was ready. And I had to take a Latin lesson! Oh, torture! I can't do anything; I can't remain quiet. No words exist to express what I feel; but jealousy possesses, enrages, kills me; it makes me quite mad! . . . . If at least I could show my feelings, but I must hide them and appear calm, which makes me all the more *miserable!* . . . . When champagne is uncorked it sparkles and then settles down, but if one only half draws the cork it goes on effervescing! . . . . No, this is not a true simile, for I suffer and am crushed.

I shall forget in time, no doubt! . . . To say that my grief will be eternal would be ridiculous—nothing is eternal! But the fact is that at present I can think of nothing else. This match has been brought about by the intrigues of his mother. [(1880) *All this to-do about a man whom I had seen about a dozen times in the street, whom I didn't know, and who was unconscious of my existence!*] Oh, I hate him! I won't and I will see him in her company! They are in Baden-Baden—Baden-Baden that I was so fond of. Those walks where I used to see him, those kiosks, those shops! . [*In reading this over in* 1880 *I feel quite indifferent.*]

I have changed everything in my prayers to-day that refers to him. I shall no longer pray God to make me his wife. . .

To give up this prayer seems to me impossible, killing! I cry like a fool! Come, come, my child, let us be reasonable!

It is all over; yes, it is all over! Ah, I see now that one cannot do as one likes!

I must prepare myself for the misery of changing my prayer. It is the worst sensation in the world—the end of all! Amen.

Saturday, October 18th.—I have said my prayers, and have omitted praying for him; for *all*, in fact. I felt as if my heart were being torn out; as if I saw the coffin of a beloved one carried away. As long as the coffin is still there, one is unhappy, but not so much so as when one feels mere emptiness everywhere.

I perceive now that he was the soul of my prayers, which have become calm, cold, and reasonable, whereas formerly they flowed with life and passion!! He is dead for me, and

the coffin has been taken hence! My grief was tearful, and is now dry: may His will be done! I used to send signs of the cross to him in all directions, not knowing where he was: I have not done so to-day, and yet my heart beats.

I am a strange creature, nobody suffers as I do, and yet I live, I sing, I write. How I have changed since the 13th October, that fatal day! There is a look of suffering in my face. His name no longer produces a grateful warmth; it is a fire, a regret, a sting of jealousy, a feeling of sadness. It is the greatest misfortune that can befall a woman. I know what it is! . . . sad mockery!

I begin to think seriously of my voice; I should so like to sing well! What's the use now?

He was like a lamp in my soul, and this lamp has gone out. It is dark, gloomy, sad; I don't know which way to turn. Formerly in my little troubles I always found a support, a light to guide me and give me strength; but now, however much I grope about and try to find a way there's nothing but emptiness and darkness. It's horrible, horrible when there's nothing in one's soul. . . . .

Tuesday, October 21st.—We come in; they are already at dinner, and we get a little lecture from mamma for having eaten before dinner. Our charming family group is ruffled. Paul gets a scolding from mamma; grandpapa interferes where he has no business to, and by doing so injures Paul's respect for her. Paul goes away, muttering like a servant. I go into the passage to beg grandpapa not to interfere with mamma's authority, and to let her do as she thinks best. For it is a crime, if, from want of tact, anyone incites children against their parents. Grandpapa began to shout, and that made me laugh; his rages always make me laugh, and thus fill me with pity for those unhappy ones who have no misfortunes, and make martyrs of themselves for sheer want of something to do. Heavens, if I were only ten years older! If I were free above all! But what can one do if one's hands and feet are tied by one's aunts and grandfather, by lessons and governesses, and the whole family? The whole mob of them, great heavens!

My grief is no longer acute, violent, and unexpected, but has grown dull, calm, and reasonable: but it has not grown less on that account. No, no! . . . . The remembrance is all that is left, and when I lose that I shall be most miserable.

I write such fine phrases that I grow stupid; and to think that I've never so much as spoken to him, that I've seen him

close at hand about ten or fifteen times, and sometimes at a distance, or in his carriage: but I have heard his voice and shall never forget it! The more I say, the more I would like to say. Yet I can't write what I feel. I am like those unfortunate painters who invent a picture beyond their power of execution.

I love and have lost him, that is all I can say, and it expresses more than all!

After dinner, I sang and delighted the whole excitable family.

Saturday, October 25th.—Yesterday evening I was called, and told that mamma was very ill; I went down to the dining-room in a very drowsy state, and found mamma in a dreadful condition: everybody was standing round with troubled looks. I saw that she felt very ill. She says she wishes to see me before dying. I am quite horrified, but do not let it be seen. It is a very bad fit of hysteria, worse than any she has had. The whole family is in despair. The two doctors, Reberg and Macari, are sent for. The servants have been despatched in all directions for remedies. It is impossible to describe the horror of that night. I remained all the time in an arm-chair near the window; there were plenty of people to do what was required, and in fact I am not good at nursing. I have never suffered so much. Yes; I suffered as much on the 13th October, but in another way.

At one time mamma was very bad. I could not contain my feelings, and my first impulse was to pray. The doctors came and went continually. At last they succeeded in putting mamma to bed in her room, and we all gathered round the bedside. But she is no better. . . . . The recollection of that night makes me shudder. The doctors say these attacks are dangerous, but, thank God, the danger is over for the present. We are all much quieter, and remain in her room. As the sea grows calm after a great storm and appears almost frozen, we were all sitting there so calmly after such violent agitations that I hardly understood what had happened.

Tuesday, October 28th.—Poor mamma is no better; those brutes of doctors have applied a blister which has made her suffer horribly. The best remedy is cold water or tea; that's simple and natural.

A person destined to die, dies in spite of all the doctors;

if, on the contrary, it is not his fate, he won't die even if he is alone and without any assistance.

It seems to me, in that case, much better to do without all those medical horrors.

Oh! how I wish I were twenty; I am only a dreamer without a future and full of ambition; how like my sorrows; how like my life! I had fashioned it in my imagination; and it has tumbled to pieces.

Although the duke is dead to me, I think of him still. I feel quite lost; everything has become uncertain; I have nothing to pray for.

Paul won't do anything; he doesn't study, he isn't sufficiently serious, he doesn't realise that he ought to study; it vexes me. O God, give him understanding; let him see that he ought to study; inspire him with sufficient ambition to enable him to become somebody. O God, grant my prayer, guide him, protect him from all those miscreants who mislead him.

I shall never care for a man who is in an inferior social position to my own; common people irritate and disgust me. A poor man is shorn of half his individuality; he appears insignificant wretched, and looks like an usher; whereas a rich and independent man carries himself *proudly*, and has an indefinable air of comfort, an assurance of triumph. I like H—— because he looks so self-complacent, capricious, foppish, and cruel. There's something of Nero in him.

Saturday, November 8th.—Never let people see too much of you, even those who love you. Go away when intercourse is at its best, so as to be regretted and leave illusions behind. You will appear more interesting, more beautiful. One always regrets what's past, and they will be eager to see you again; but do not satisfy that wish immediately; make people suffer, but not too much. Things that are too difficult lose in value. One's expectations are disappointed. Or again, make people suffer greatly, even too much . . . . then you will be queen.

I think I must have a fever, I am too talkative, especially when I am weeping inwardly. Nobody would guess it. I sing, and laugh, and make jokes, and the more miserable I am the livelier seem my spirits. To-day I am incapable of opening my mouth; I have hardly eaten anything.

However much I may write, it will never express what I feel. It seems as if they had robbed me in taking the duke; yes, really it is as if I had been deprived of my property. What a disagreeable frame of mind! I don't know how to express it,

everything seems too weak. I use the strongest term for a trifle, and when I want to speak seriously I find myself run dry, as if. . . . Enough! if I go on drawing conclusions and instituting comparisons I shall never end. Thoughts run into one another and get confused at last.

Now that I look at mamma as if she were a stranger, I discover that she is fascinating, beautiful as the day, although worn by all kinds of worries and ailments. Her voice in speaking is soft without being affected, but strong and gentle; her manners are charming, although natural and simple.

I have never in my life seen any one who thinks less of herself than my mother. She is as natural as nature; and if she would pay a little attention to dress, everybody would admire her. It is all very well, but dress does much. She attires herself in rubbish and heaven knows what! To-day she has a pretty gown, and upon my word she is captivating!

Saturday, October 29th.—I am never at peace for a minute. I should like to hide myself far, far away, where there's no one. Perhaps I should find myself again.

I have gone through jealousy, love, envy, disillusion, wounded self-love—everything that's hideous in life. . . . Above all, I feel *his* loss! I love him! Why cannot I remove all that's in my soul? But if I don't know what's passing in me, I know well that I am dreadfully fretted; that there's something which gnaws at and stifles me; yet all I say does not express the hundredth part of what I feel.

I've hidden my face in my hand while with the other I hold the cloak, which entirely covers me, even to the head, so as to be in the dark and collect my ideas, which are scattered in all directions, and leave me quite confused My poor head!

There is one thing that troubles me; to think that in a few years I shall laugh at it all and have forgotten! [(1875.) *It's two years ago now, and I don't laugh at it, and I have not forgotten!*] All these sufferings will seem very childish to me, and affected. But no, I entreat you don't forget! When you read these lines, look back; think you are thirteen; that you are in Nice; that it is just happening! Think what you felt at the time! . . . You will understand . . . You will be happy.

Sunday, November 30th.—I wish he would get married more quickly. I'm always like that; when there's something

disagreeable to be gone through, instead of wishing to put it off, I should like to bring it nearer. When we were leaving Paris, I hurried the time of departure, because I knew this pill had to be swallowed. In the same way I eagerly awaited our arrival at Nice, so as not to have to wait. For the anticipation is even worse than the event itself.

CHAPTER II.

RUSSIA—PARIS, MARSEILLES, NICE, FLORENCE. 1874.

Sunday, January 4th.—How sweet it is to wake up naturally! I opened my eyes of my own accord without being called; it's like being on board steamer when on waking you find you have reached your destination.

Friday, January 9th.—Coming in from my walk, I thought to myself, You'll never be staid and proper like other young ladies. I never could understand how this seriousness comes about. How one suddenly passes from childhood to maidenhood. I asked myself: How does it happen? Little by little, or in a single day? The causes which develop, ripen, or change you must either be brought about by some misfortune or by love. If I were a wit I should say the two things are synonymous; but I don't say it, because I think love is the most beautiful thing in the world. I may compare myself to a sheet of water which is frozen below and only agitated on the surface, for nothing interests or amuses me at *bottom*.

January 11th.—I am all impatience till to-morrow evening, the 12th January, which is our Russian New Year's Eve, in order to test my fortune in a looking-glass.

Aunt Marie has been telling us the most impressive things: she herself tried her luck before the looking-glass; she saw her husband and many things which have not yet come to pass. She also tells us that one sees the most horrible and terrifying things. I was so animated and excited that I could eat nothing. I made up my mind to try my luck.

At half-past eleven at night I shut myself in my room; I arrange the mirrors and here I am at last! . . . For a long time I saw nothing, then little by little I made out some small figures, but not bigger than ten or twelve centimetres. I only saw a crowd of heads, with the most whimsical head-dresses imaginable; toques, wigs, huge caps—all upside down; then I noticed a woman who was like me, all in white with a kerchief on her head and one elbow on the table, her chin lightly resting on her hand, her eyes looking up—she slowly faded away. I saw the white and black marble floor of a

church, and in the middle, standing or sitting, a group of people in fancy dresses; I couldn't exactly make it out. To my left I seemed to see several men as if in a mist; a man in a dress-coat, and a bride; but their faces were invisible.

There was another man in the centre whose face I couldn't see; most prominent were the heads with the queer headgear and I myself, I suppose, and all kinds of costumes changing with every minute. The scenes were most brilliant. Just at the beginning the decoration of the mirror endlessly reflected seemed to me for a minute like a coffin; but I saw my mistake. I own I was a little excited. I thought every minute that I should see something horrible. To-morrow I shall tell them all about it, for it's strange; I dare say I should have seen better had I not moved the mirror and my eyes. I began the New Year by meeting those indescribably strange and fantastic costumes and head-dresses.

Long live the year 1874 in Russia, and farewell to 1873!

Thursday, June 2nd.—During the whole of this winter I couldn't utter a sound; I was in despair; I thought I had lost my voice, and I held my tongue and blushed when any one spoke to me about it; now it has come back, my voice, my treasure, my fortune! I welcome it with tears and go down on my knees. . . . . I said nothing, but I suffered cruelly, and dared not speak of it, but I prayed to God and he has heard me. . . . What happiness, what delight to sing well! One fancies oneself all powerful, one imagines oneself a queen! One rejoices at one's gift. It isn't the pride of gold or of a title. One is more than a woman, one feels immortal. One is freed from earth and soars to heaven! And then all those people who hang on your lips, who listen to your song as if it were divine, who are electrified and enchanted. . . . You sway them all. . . . . Next to actual royalty this is the best thing to strive after. The sovereignty of beauty comes after, for it is not all-powerful with every one; but song carries man above the earth, he floats in a cloud like that in which Venus appeared to Æneas!

Nice, July 4th.—We go to the church of St. Peter's; the young ladies alone. I prayed fervently on my knees with my chin resting on my hand, which is very white and delicate; but remembering where I was, I hid my hands and arranged my things in as unbecoming a way as possible by way of penitence. I am in the same mood as yesterday, and put on

the dress and bonnet of my aunt. In leaving church we see A—— drive past, bowing, in his wretched Nice hat.

In my present frame of mind I can't go home, and I take my companions to the convent opposite the church, and which leads by a back door to the Sapogenikoffs' house. We enter the convent, bringing with us so much gaiety and nonsense that the holy atmosphere of the place is stirred, and the white and peaceful sisters look amused as they peep curiously behind the doors. We see the Abbess behind her double grating. She has been in the convent for forty years.... Oh, misery! We go next to the parlour of the boarders, and I set Sister Thérèse dancing. She wants to convert me, and praises the convent; I also want to convert her, and praise the world.

We are up to the ears in the Catholic religion. Well I quite understand the passion one may have for churches and convents.

Tuesday, July 6th.—Nothing is lost in this world. If we leave off loving one person, we immediately transfer our affections to somebody else, even without knowing it, and if we fancy we care for nobody we are mistaken. If it isn't a man then it's a dog or a piece of furniture, and we love it with the same passion, only in another way. If I loved I should like my love to be returned with equal strength; I should not even tolerate a word from any one else; but such love is not to be found. Therefore I shall never love any one, for no one will ever love me as I could love.

July 14th.—We have been speaking of Latin, of public schools and of examinations; this has inspired me with a burning desire to study, and when Brunet came I did not keep him waiting, but asked him for an account of the examinations. His account is such that I felt I should be able to present myself, after a year of study, for a scholarship. We will speak of it further.

I have been studying Latin since last February, and we are now in July. According to Brunet, I have accomplished in five months what they do at the college in three years. It's tremendous! I shall never forgive myself for having lost this year. It will grieve me dreadfully; I shall never forget it!....

July 15th.—Last evening I said to the moon after leaving the Sapogenikoffs: "O moon, beautiful moon, show me the man I shall marry!"

After that you must not utter another word, and they say that you see the man whom you are to marry in your dreams.

What nonsense! I have seen S—— and A——; both out of the question!

I am in a bad temper, everything's wanting, nothing turns out right. I shall be punished for my pride and stupid arrogance. Read this and learn, good folk! This Journal is the most useful and instructive of all books that have been, are, or ever will be written. It's a woman with all her thoughts, her illusions, hopes, weaknesses, her charms, sorrows, and delights. I am not yet a complete woman, but I shall be one. You will be able to trace my life from the cradle to the grave. For a person's life, her whole life, without any concealment or untruth, must always prove a great and interesting thing.

Friday, July 16th.—Owing to the transmigration of love, all that I possess at present is centred on Victor, one of my dogs. He sits opposite to me at breakfast with his big dear head facing me! Let us love dogs, let us only love dogs! Men and cats are contemptible creatures. And yet dogs are nasty things; they watch you greedily while you are eating; they like you for food's sake; true, I never feed my dogs and they love me nevertheless. And Prater has left me on Victor's account and taken to mamma. And look at men! don't they want to be fed, are they not greedy and mercenary?

I shall avoid my destiny, I shall not go to Russia, for I wouldn't miss Michael Angelo's centenary for the world. Russia will keep till next year, but to see another centenary I should have to live another hundred years, which can't be expected. . . . And then, if I don't go to Russia it is God's will. All that happens, happens for the best, says a Russian proverb; no one escapes his fate, says another one.

I have again addressed the moon: "O moon, beautiful moon, show me in my sleep the man I shall marry!"

Saturday, July 17th.—They say that there are a great many rogues in Russia who want a Commune, how horrible! To divide everything and share it in common. And their detestable sect is so numerous that the papers appeal to society in their despair. Will the fathers of families not put a stop to this infection? They want to annihilate everything; an end of civilisation, an end of art, so full of

great and beautiful things. Nothing but the material means for existence; universal manual labour; and no one will have the right, however great his merit, to rise above his neighbours. They wish to abolish the Universities and all higher education, and reduce Russia to a caricature of Sparta. I hope God and the Emperor may confound their schemes. I shall pray God to protect the country from those wild beasts. D—— seems struck by all I say, and astonished to find such a fever of life in me. We speak of our furniture, and he is perfectly thunderstruck at the description of my room. "But it's a temple, a tale of the 'Arabian Nights!'" he exclaims; "but one must enter it on one's knees! How astonishing, unique, remarkable!" He tries to decipher my character, and asks me if I ever try my fortune in daisies.

"Yes, very often," I replied, "to know if the dinner will be good."

"Is it possible that with such a poetic and fairy-like room you should ask a daisy whether the *chef* has been successful with his dinner? Oh no, I can't believe it!" He is much amused by my assertion that I have two hearts. I enjoy his exclamation of surprise at the number of contrasts in my nature. I soared Heaven high and then without the slightest transition came plump to earth. I posed as a person who wishes to live and enjoy herself without a notion of love. And lost in astonishment he declared he was afraid of me; that it's too strange, supernatural, and dreadful.

I prefer solitude when there's no one for whom to live.

My hair, knotted Psyche fashion, is redder than ever. With a woollen gown of that special shade of white which is so becoming and pretty, with a lace fichu round the throat, I have the look of a portrait of the First Empire. To make this picture complete, I ought to sit under a tree, book in hand. I like solitude before a mirror, so as to admire my delicate white hands just touched with pink on the palm.

It's perhaps silly to praise myself so much; but authors always describe their heroine, and I am my own heroine. And it would be ridiculous to humble and abase myself owing to a false modesty. We may abase ourselves in speaking when we are sure of being lifted up; but in writing, everybody will think I am speaking the truth, and so they would think me plain and stupid—too absurd.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, I consider myself a treasure of whom no one is worthy; and those who dare aspire to this treasure are looked upon by me as hardly worthy of pity. I consider myself a divinity, and can't conceive how a man like G—— can dream of pleasing me. I would hardly treat a king as my equal, and it is well. For I look down on men from such a height that I behave charmingly to them, for it would not do to despise those who are so far below me. I consider them as a cat might a mouse.

Thursday, July 29th.—We were to have left to-day; I have gone through all the worries attending a removal. We get out of temper, run, forget, remember, and shout; I am quite unsettled; and now they talk of remaining all Saturday. Uncle Étienne wants to put it off. He has no energy for anything. What a character! He was to have left Russia at the beginning of April, and only left it in July. It's very trying; we are going to remain. When I show them that I am disappointed, and say that I won't go at all, they all give way to me, and I go on pouting.

Monday, August 2nd.—After a day passed in shopping and seeing dressmakers, in walking and flirting, I put on a dressing-gown and begin reading my good friend Plutarch.

I have a gigantic imagination; I begin dreaming of the love-making of past ages, and, without suspecting it, am the most romantic of women—how unwholesome!

I can easily forgive myself my infatuation for the duke; he was worthy of me in all respects.

Tuesday, August 17th.—I dreamt of the *Fronde;* I had just entered the service of Marie of Austria; she distrusted me, and I led her in the midst of the people in revolt, crying, "Long live the Queen!" and the people cried after me, "Long live the Queen!"

Wednesday, August 18th.—We have passed the day admiring me—mamma admires me; the Princess G—— admires me; she is continually saying that I am like mamma, or like her daughter, and that's the greatest compliment she can pay any one, for people have a better opinion of themselves than of any one else.

It's true I am pretty. In Venice, in the Ducal palace, there is a painting by Paul Veronese on the ceiling of the

State room, where Venice is depicted as a tall, fair, and blooming woman. I resemble that painting. My photographs can never give an exact idea of my appearance, because they want colour, and because the matchless fairness of my complexion is my chief beauty. But put me out of temper, fatigue or annoy me by anything, then farewell to beauty! For you'll find nothing more fragile than me. I am only adorable when I am happy and serene. When I am tired or vexed, I am no longer beautiful—on the contrary, I am rather plain. I expand with happiness as a flower in the sun. People will see me; there's plenty of time, thank God! I am only beginning to grow what I shall be like at twenty.

I am like Hagar in the wilderness, I wait and long for a living spirit.

Paris, Tuesday, August 24th.—I hope to be introduced into society, that society for which I call loudly and on both knees —for it's life, it's happiness. I begin to live and to try and realise my dreams of being celebrated. I am already known to many people. I look at myself in the glass and think myself pretty. What do I want more? O God, in giving me a little beauty (I say little from modesty), it is still more than I deserve, coming from Thee. I feel I am beautiful, and I fancy I shall succeed in everything. The world is full of smiles for me, and I am happy, happy, happy!

The noise of Paris, this hotel as big as a town, with people always walking, talking, reading, smoking, staring, makes me awfully giddy. I love Paris and my heart beats. I want to live faster; yes, faster, faster. . . . . "I never saw such a fever of life," D—— said, looking at me. Yes, I fear this desire to live by steam may be the forerunner of a short life. Who knows? Come now, I am growing melancholy. No, I don't want melancholy. . . . .

Sunday, September 6th.—In the *Bois* there are so many people from Nice that it seemed for a moment like being there. I remember my last year's morning walks with my dogs—that clear blue sky, that silvery sea. Here, there's neither morning nor evening. In the morning they sweep the streets; in the evening I am irritated by those innumerable lamps. I am quite lost here, I can't distinguish between east and west. But yonder, in the south, how pleasant it is. It is like being in a nest, with those encircling mountains neither too high nor too bare. On three

sides they protect us like a fine and comfortable cloak, and in front, like an immense window, is the infinite horizon, always the same yet always new. I love Nice; Nice is my country; Nice made me grow; Nice gave me health and a brilliant complexion. It is so beautiful. You rise with the day and see the sun appearing over yonder, to the left behind the mountains which are strongly outlined against a sky of silvery blue and so soft and vaporous that it chokes one with delight. At noon the sun shines in front of me, it is hot, but the air is not hot for there's that incomparable breeze always so refreshing. Everything seems asleep. There's not a soul on the promenade, except two or three Niçois nodding on the seats. Then I begin to breathe, to admire. And then again the sky, the sun, and the mountains, in the evening. But in the evening it's quite black, or a sombre blue. And when the moon is shining on that interminable road on the sea, which looks like a fish with diamond scales, and I am at my window, quiet and alone, with a looking-glass before me and two candles, I ask for nothing more, and go down on my knees. Oh no, they will not understand my meaning. They will not understand because they have not experienced it. No, it is not that; I am utterly at a loss whenever I try to make others realise what I feel. . . . It is like a nightmare when one is powerless to cry.

For that matter no writing whatever will ever give the least idea of real life. How describe that freshness, that aroma of memory? One may invent, create, but it's impossible to copy. However much you may feel in writing, you only produce common words—wood, mountain, sky, moon; everybody says the same thing. And, after all, why trouble about it, what does it matter to other people? They can never understand it because it's not they but I, I only, who can understand and remember. Then, again, men are not worth the trouble it would take to make them understand it all. Every one feels for himself, as I do. I would like to be able to make others feel as I do about me; but it's impossible they would have to be I.

My child, my child, leave it alone; you are getting lost in these subtleties. You will go mad if you persist in puzzling over this as you did once over your inner self. . . . There are so many clever people! Well, no; I mean to say let them disentangle it. . . . . Well, no, they can invent, but not disentangle; no, a hundred thousand times, no! In all this one thing is clear—that I am home-sick for Nice.

Monday, September 6th.—In this depression, in this dreadful and continuous suffering, I don't curse life; on the contrary, I love it, and find it good. Would you believe it, I find it all good and pleasant, even my tears and suffering. I like to cry, I like to be in despair, I like to be sad and miserable. I look upon it all as a pastime, and I love life in spite of it. I want to live. It would be cruel to make me die when I am so accommodating. I weep, I complain, and it pleases me at the same time; no, not exactly, but I don't know how to express it. In fact, everything in life pleases me, I find it all agreeable; and while I am asking for happiness, I find myself happy in being miserable. It is not *I* who find it so; my body weeps and sighs, but a something in me, which is above me, rejoices at everything. It isn't because I prefer tears to joy, but so far from cursing life in my moments of despair, I bless it and say—"I am unhappy; I complain of life; but I find it so beautiful that all appears fair and happy to me, and I wish to live." This somebody, who is above me, and who enjoys weeping, has, apparently gone out this evening for. I feel very unhappy.

I have done no harm to any one as yet, but I have already been calumniated, offended, humiliated. How can I love men? I hate them; but God does not suffer hatred. Ah! God forsakes me, God tries me. He sees how I take things; He sees that I do not hide pain under a cowardly hypocrisy, like that rogue of a Job, who, while whining before our Lord, made Him his dupe.

One thing vexes me above all—not so much the collapse of all my plans, as the regret caused by such a series of misadventures. Not on my own account—I don't know whether I shall be understood—as because it pains me to see blots accumulating on a white gown which we wished to keep clean.

My heart contracts at every little annoyance, not for my own sake, but from pity; because every annoyance is like a drop of ink falling into a glass of water; it is never obliterated, but, added to its predecessors, turns the glass of water grey, black, and dirty. You may add as much water as you like afterwards, it will always remain radically unclean. My heart contracts—with every recurrence a fresh blot is left upon my life, upon my soul. Isn't it so? We feel a profound sadness about the irreparable, even in trifling things.

Thursday, September 9th.—We are at Marseilles; no money has arrived. My aunt, in order not to keep me waiting, has gone out to pawn her diamonds. I feel nearer to Nice, my *own* town, for, whatever I may say, it is my town. I shall only feel easy at Florence with all my own things. I have had my dress and hat brushed, and am waiting for aunt to take a turn in the town.

I bought a novel at one of the stations, but found it so badly written that I threw it out of window, for fear of spoiling my style, which is already bad enough, and have now come back to Herodotus, which I am going to read at once.

Ah, what a delightful result! Poor aunt! I prostrate myself before her. In what places has she been! What people has she seen! And all for my sake! As she was ashamed to ask the driver to take her to the pawnbroker's, she inquired for a place where one could deposit diamonds. How we laughed about this place where diamonds are deposited! At one o'clock we leave this ill-odoured town.

Since Antibes I do nothing but sing Niçois songs, to the great amazement of the railway officials. The nearer we get the greater grows my impatience.

Here's the Mediterranean, for which I have been sighing! Those black trees, and the full moon lighting up that road across the sea!

A perfect calm; no rolling of carriages nor perpetual movement of people, looking such funny little men from my window in the Grand Hotel. Rest, silence, a darkness partially lit by the moon, who is hiding herself; only a few lamps, which seem running after one another.

I go into my room, and then into my dressing-room. I open my window to look at the *château*, which is just the same, and a clock strikes, I do not know what hour, but it gives me a pang!

Ah! well may I call this year the year of sighs! I am a little tired, but I love Nice! I love Nice!

Friday, September 10th (Journey to Florence).—The mosquitoes woke me up a dozen times during the night! I wake up a little pale, but comfortable. Ah, the English know well what they mean by *Home*. Let the house be what it likes, it is the pleasantest in the world; this depends neither on its comfort or wealth; for look at our house—

everything in it is upside down, hardly any furniture there —disorder, neglect, visible everywhere, yet I feel content, because I am at home, by myself, by myself! . . . .

I don't think of my gowns, because I am so satisfied. O Nice, I never thought to see thee again with such rapture! If any one had heard me swear and curse it from the time of our leaving Marseilles, they would think I hated Nice.

It is my way to speak ill of people and things I love.

I walk about silently, and pale as a ghost, collecting all my memories scattered about the Promenade. Nice, for me, consists in the Promenade des Anglais. Every house, every tree, every telegraph-pole, has a pleasant or disagreeable, a tender or commonplace memory. I feel as if I had returned from Spa, Ostend, or London. Everything's just the same. There's even that smell of wood peculiar to new furniture.

I go into my room, and do up my hair exquisitely, in the style of the Empire, and don my white gown—the one of the portrait. It is a flowing gown, such as statues have, with sleeves which I turn up above the elbow, cut somewhat high in the back and lower in the neck, so as to show a little of the bust with a broad piece of Valenciennes falling over it. The loose folds of the dress are tied at the waist by a ribbon, and also tied below the bosom by two ribbons sewn together and tied in a simple knot. No gloves, no ornaments. I am charmed with myself. My white arms beneath the white wool, oh, so white! I am pretty; I am animated. Am I really in Nice? »

Sunday, September 12th.—This evening in Florence. The town appears of moderate dimensions, but is full of life. At every corner they sell water-melons in slices. I was much tempted by those fresh, ruddy slices of melons. We look on the square and the Arno from our window. I ask for a programme of the *fêtes*—they began to-day. I thought my friend Victor Emmanuel would know how to make the most of this fine opportunity—the centenary of Michael Angelo Buonarotti. In thy reign, O knave of a king!!! And thou dost not invite all the sovereigns, and give such festivities as were never seen before! And thou dost not make a tremendous stir!!! O king, thy son, thy grandson, and their sons, will reign after thee, and to none will such an opportunity be given. O great lump of flesh! O king without ambition, without pride! »

There are meetings of all kinds—concerts, illuminations, a ball at the Casino, the former Borghese palace . . . . but no king ! . . . . Nothing as I would have liked and wished it. . . . .

Monday, September 13th.—Let me collect my thoughts a little. The more I have to tell the less I write. . . . Because I grow impatient and nervous when I have much to say.

We drive through the whole town in a landau and in full dress. Oh, how I love those gloomy houses, those porticoes, those pillars, the massive and grandiose architecture! Hide your diminished heads you French, Russian, English architects—ye plaster palaces of Paris, fall crumbling to the earth; the Louvre alone excepted, it is above criticism—but all the rest! You will never reach the magnificent style of the Italians. I opened my eyes wide when I saw the great blocks of the Pitti Palace. . . . The town is dirty, almost in rags, but what beauties there are! O city of Dante, of the Medici, of Savonarola! how full art thou of splendid memories for those who think, who feel, who know! What masterpieces! What ruins! O knave of a king! Oh, if I were queen! . .

I adore painting, sculpture, in short art wherever it exists. I could spend whole days in these galleries, but my aunt is not well, she finds it difficult to accompany me, and I sacrifice myself. Besides, life is before me, I shall have time to see it again.

At the Pitti Palace I can find no costume to be copied; but what beauty, what painting! . . .

Shall I say it? No, I dare not. . . . People will cry out "Shame! Shame!" Come, be brave! . . . Well then, Raphael's *Madonna della Seggiola* does not please me. The Madonna's face is pale, her complexion unnatural, her expression more like that of a chambermaid than of the Holy Virgin, the Mother of Jesus. . . . Oh, but there's a *Magdalen* by Titian, which has enchanted me. But—there is always a but—her wrists are too thick and her hands too fat; fine hands of a woman of fifty.

There are delicious things by Rubens and Van Dyck. *Le Mensonge* by Salvator Rosa, is very natural, very good. I do not speak as a *connoisseur;* that which is most like Nature pleases me best. Is not the aim of painting the imitation of Nature?

I am very much pleased with the fair, fat face of Paul

Veronese's wife, painted by himself. I like that style of face. I adore Titian, Van Dyck, but as to poor Raphael. . . . It doesn't matter so long as no one sees what I write, they would think me stupid. I don't criticise Raphael, for I don't understand him. In time, no doubt, I shall understand his qualities. However, the portrait of a Pope—I don't quite remember which—but I think Leo X., is admirable. I have been attracted by a *Virgin and Infant Christ*, by Murillo—it is fresh and natural.

I found the picture gallery smaller than I thought, to my great satisfaction. Those interminable galleries are killing, a more terrible labyrinth than that of Crete.

I passed two hours in the Pitti Palace without sitting down for an instant, and I am not tired. . . . Because things I love don't tire me. I am of iron as long as there are pictures, and, above all, statues, to see. Ah, if I were made to walk through the shops of the Louvre or of the Bon Marché, or even at Worth's, I should begin to cry at the end of three-quarters of an hour!

No journey has ever given me the satisfaction of this one; at last I find things worthy of being seen. I adore those gloomy Strozzi palaces. And I adore these enormous gates, these superb courts, these porticoes, and colonnades. It's majestic, it's grand, it's beautiful! . . . Ah, the world is growing degenerate; one is tempted to hide oneself in the earth on comparing our modern buildings with these gigantic stones piled one above the other and towering heavenward. You pass under bridges uniting palaces at an enormous height. . . .

O my daughter, hold your epithets in check! what will you say to Rome?

CHAPTER III.

NICE, 1875.

Nice, Thursday, September 30th.—I go down to my laboratory, and, to my horror, find all my phials, all my balloons, all my salts, all my crystals, all my acids, all my tubes, uncorked, and everything thrown pell-mell in the greatest confusion in a dirty case. I get into a rage, sit down on the floor, and begin by smashing thoroughly what's only half-broken. I don't touch what is left uninjured, however, for I never forget myself.

"Ah! you thought that Marie had gone; was as good as dead! So you break and scatter everything!" I cried, still continuing to smash the things.

My aunt was silent at first, then said: "Is this a young lady? It's a monster! a horror!"

In the midst of my anger I couldn't help smiling, for *this sort of thing* is quite on the surface, it does not reach my inner self, and at this moment I have the happiness to touch my inmost self, therefore I am quite calm, and look upon it all as if it concerned somebody else.

Friday, October 1.—God does not do what I implore Him to do. I resign myself (I don't, really, I wait). Oh, how tiresome it is to wait, and to do nothing but wait! This sort of thing ruins women; these contradictions and oppositions of their outward circumstances.

If man on coming into existence and in his first movements experienced no resistance from his environment, he would be unable to make any distinction between himself and the outside world, he would come to the conclusion that this world is part of himself, of his own body. According to the ease with which he reached it, by a gesture or a step, he would be persuaded that the whole is only a portion, an extension of his personal life; he would say, boldly, "I am the Universe."

You are quite right in saying that it's too good to be by me, and I shall not try to make you think so. A philosopher has said it, and I repeat it. Well, yes; I dreamt of living in this fashion, but the world around me has given me the blues, and I am exceedingly annoyed.

I have ventured to compare all the people who have pleased me with the duke. It's strange, but on all sorts of occasions I see him completely before me, and I thank God for it, for he is my light . . . What a difference! How vividly I remember! My happiness consisted in seeing him; I remained on the terrace, sometimes I saw him passing by, and went back to the house in ecstasy. I threw myself into Colignon's arms; I hid my face in her bosom; she did not check me, but raised me gently and made me go to my lessons, still quite bewildered and drunk with joy. Oh, how well I understand that phrase—drunk with joy; for I experienced it. I did not look upon him as an equal; I never seriously thought of knowing him. . . . and to see him. . . . that was all I asked for. I love him still, and shall always love him! . . . How sweet it is to think of him! . . . . How pure is this memory! In thinking of him I rise above this slough of Nice. I am lifted up; I love him. When I think of this I can't write much; I think, I love, and that's all.

The state of confusion in the house is a great trouble to me; these household affairs, these dismantled rooms, this air of desolation and misery, make me sick at heart. O God, take pity on me and help me settle it all! I am alone. As to my aunt, it's all the same to her; let the house fall in, let the garden dry up. . . . Not to mention details, as far as I am concerned the neglect of these little household matters makes me nervous and spoils my temper. I am good, amiable, and gay, when my surroundings are tasteful, sumptuous, and comfortable; but when everything is empty and desolate, I, too, grow empty and desolate. The swallow builds her nest, the lion has his den, how then should man, so superior to the beasts, do nothing? Though I say superior, I don't mean to say that I esteem him. No; I have a profound contempt for mankind, and that from conviction. I expect nothing good from it. It does not possess what I seek and hope for—a good and perfect soul. Good people are fools; and the clever ones are either cunning or too much taken up with their own wit to be good. Moreover, all human beings are essentially selfish; and pray look for goodness in an egotist. Self-interest, cunning, intrigues, envy!! Happy are the ambitious, that is a noble passion; we try at times to appear good to others from vanity and ambition, and it's better than never being so.

Well, my daughter, have you come to the end of all your

wisdom? For the present, well, yes. Thus, at least, I shall have fewer illusions. No meanness will annoy, no low action surprise me. No doubt the day will come when I shall think that I have found a man; but I shall be sadly mistaken that day. I foresee the day. I shall be deluded then; I say it now while I see clear. . . . But at this rate why live at all, since everything in the world is meanness and rascality? Why? Because to me the world appears thus. Because whatever we may say life is a very fine thing after all. And without going too deeply into life one can live happily. Trusting neither to friendship nor gratitude, neither to faithfulness nor honesty, let us bravely rise above human littleness, and tarry between them and God. Eagerly seize what you can of life; do no harm to your fellows; never lose an instant of pleasure; lead an easy, exciting, and splendid existence; rise absolutely, and as much as possible above others. Be powerful! Yes, powerful! powerful! No matter how! . . . Then you are feared or respected. Then you are strong, and that's the height of human bliss; for in that case your fellow-creatures are muzzled through cowardice or otherwise, and don't bite.

Isn't it strange to hear me argue in this fashion! Well, but these arguments by a young dog like me are one more proof of what the world is worth. . . . It must, indeed, be saturated with meanness and malice to have saddened me so much in such a short time. I am only fifteen.

And this really proves God's divine mercy, for when I shall be completely initiated into the abominations of this world I shall see that there is only He in the sky above, and *I* on earth below. This conviction will give me more strength. I shall only touch common things to rise above them, and I shall esteem myself happy not to take to heart the littlenesses for whose sake men fight, devour and tear each other to pieces like so many famished dogs.

What a lot of words! And whither am I going? And why? Oh, visions! . . .

I rise higher and higher mentally; my soul is great; I am capable of immense things; but what's the use? since I live in a dark corner, unknown of the world.

There now, I am actually regretting my absurd fellow-creatures. But I have never despised them, I seek them, on the contrary; the world is empty without them. But, but —I rate them at their true worth, and mean to make use of them. The many are everything; what do I care for a

few superior beings; I long for the world with its sounding triumphs.

When I think that. . . . I must fall back on that eternally tiresome but necessary word — Let us wait! . . . Ah! If they knew how hard I find this waiting!

But I love life, I love its annoyances, as well as its pleasures. I love God, and I love His world in spite of its baseness, and perhaps even on account of all its baseness.

It is still very fine; this air is pleasant, the moon shines clear, the trees are sombre, Nice is beautiful. The most beautiful view in the world would not please me as much as the one I have from my window. The weather is fine, but it is sad, sad, sad!

I will read a little more and then go on with my psychological novel.

Why can one never speak without exaggeration? My gloomy reflections would be just, if they were a little more calm. My violent mode of expression takes away from their naturalness.

There are pure souls, noble actions, and true hearts, but they appear by fits, and so rarely that they must not be confounded with the world in general.

Perhaps people will say that I indulge in such thoughts, because I have been annoyed by something; but no, I have my usual vexations, nothing special. Don't look for anything but, what is recorded in this Journal. I am scrupulous, and never omit a thought or a doubt. I reproduce myself as faithfully as my poor intellect will allow. And if you won't believe me, if you try to look for something beyond or behind what I am saying, so much the worse for you. You'll find nothing, because there is nothing.

Saturday, October 9th.—Had I been born a Princess de Bourbon, like Madame de Longueville, had I counts to wait on me, kings for parents and friends, had I on my first appearance in life only seen heads lowered before me, had I never walked but on coats of arms, had my head only reclined beneath the regal daïs, had I a long line of ancestors all more or less illustrious and proud; yes, had I had all this, it seems to me that I could not be prouder or more arrogant than I am.

O God, how I thank Thee! These thoughts that come to me will keep me in the right path, and will not suffer me for an instant to lose sight of the brilliant star towards which I am advancing!

It seems to me that at present I am not advancing at all; but I *will* advance, so it is not worth my while to alter so fine a phrase. . . .

Ah! I am sick of my nothingness! I rust with inaction, I wither in obscurity. Oh for sunlight, sunlight, sunlight! . . . .

Whence will it shine on me? when, where, and how? I don't care to know if only it comes.

In my moments of mad ambition everything seems beneath me, my pen refuses to write commonplace names. I consider all my surroundings with infinite disdain, and then I say to myself with a sigh: "Well, courage, this is only a time of transition which will lead me to better times."

Friday, October 15th.—I forget! My aunt has gone out to buy some fruit outside the Church Saint-Reparate, in the town of Nice.

The market-women immediately came round me in a crowd. I sang *Rossigno che vola* in a low voice. They grew so enthusiastic that the old ones began dancing. I said all I knew in Niçois. In a word a popular success. The apple-women made a curtsey, saying *Che bella regina!*

I don't know why the common people always love me, and I too feel at home with them. I think myself a queen, I talk to them benevolently, and take my leave after a little ovation like to-day's. If I were queen the people would adore me.

Monday, December 27th.—I had such a strange dream. I was playing high above the castle holding a lyre in my hand, of which the strings were constantly getting unstrung, and I could not draw a single sound from them. I continued rising, and saw immense horizons and a strange mass of clouds, yellow and red and blue, silvery, golden torn and variegated, then they all grew grey, and after that again dazzlingly bright, and still I went on rising till I reached a height frightful to contemplate, but I had no fear; the clouds seemed wan, frozen, and as bright as copper. Then all grew dim. I continued holding my lyre with its

loosened strings, and far below me hung a reddish ball, which was the earth.

This Journal contains my whole life, my quietest moments are those when I am writing.

If I should die young I shall burn it, but if I live to be old, people will read this Journal. I believe, if I may say so, that there's no photograph as yet of a woman's entire existence, of all her thoughts, yes, all, all. It will be interesting.

If I should die young, and if this Journal should, by some unlucky accident, not be burnt, readers will say: "Poor child! she was in love, hence her despair!"

Let them say so, I won't attempt to disprove it, for the more I shall say the less will they believe me.

Is there anything more mean, more stupid, more base, than mankind. Nothing, certainly. Mankind has been created for the perdition of . . . . Dear me, I was going to say the perdition of mankind.

It's three o'clock in the morning, and, as my aunt says, I shall gain nothing by sitting up.

Ah! I am impatient. My time will come; I would fain believe it, but something tells me that it will never come, that I shall pass my time in waiting . . . . always waiting! . . . . waiting! . . . . waiting! . . . .

I am angry, and have not been crying; I have not laid down on the floor; I'm quiet. It's a bad sign; it's better to be furious.

Tuesday, December 28th.—I am cold; my mouth burns. I know well that it's unworthy of a strong nature to give way to a petty annoyance, to feel irritated by the slights of a town like Nice; to shake your head, smile contemptuously, and think no more of it, would be too much. To weep with rage gives me more pleasure.

I have grown so nervous that every piece of music which is not merely a galop, sets me weeping. I recognise myself in every opera, and the most commonplace words give me the heartache.

Such a frame of mind is worthy of a woman of thirty. But to have nerves at fifteen, and to cry like a fool at every stupid and sentimental phrase, is too much!

Only a little while ago I went down on my knees sobbing and imploring God, with outstretched arms, and looking

right in front of me, just as if God were present in the room.

It seems God does not hear me; yet I cry loudly enough. I think I say impertinent things to God.

I am so desperate, so unhappy just now, that I wish for nothing. If all the inimical Nice society came to kneel down before me, I wouldn't budge.

Yes! yes! I would kick it! For, after all, what have I done to it?

O God shall I pass my whole life thus?

There will be pigeon-shooting on Monday, I don't even trouble about it, whereas formerly!

I wish I possessed the combined talents of all authors, so as to be able to give a true idea of my profound despair, my wounded self-love, and all my thwarted wishes.

I have only to wish for a thing to make sure it won't happen.

Shall I ever find a stray half-starved dog beaten by street boys, a horse dragging enormous loads from morning till evening, a donkey in a mill, a church mouse, a teacher of mathematics without lessons, a destitute priest—in short, any poor devil sufficiently sad, wretched, and crushed sufficiently depressed and humiliated, to compare him to me?

What is really dreadful is that past slights do not slip easily off my heart, but leave a hideous trace behind!

You will never understand my condition; you will never be able to enter into my existence. You laugh. . . . yes, you laugh! But perhaps there will be somebody who will cry: "O God, take pity on me, hear my prayer! I swear that I believe in Thee."

A life such as mine, with a character such as mine!!!

I have not even the amusements of my age! I have not even what every American girl in short petticoats has; I don't even dance! . . . .

Wednesday, December 29th.—O God, if thou wilt suffer me to live as I like, I promise, if thou takest pity on me to walk on foot from Kharkoff to Kieff as pilgrims do.

Is it not a sin to do what I am doing? Saints have made vows, but I seem to make conditions. No; God sees that my intentions are good, and if I do evil He will forgive me because I wish to do well.

O God, forgive me, and have pity on me; suffer me to carry out my vows!

Holy Mary, I may be foolish, but it seems that you, being a woman, are more merciful and indulgent; take me under your protection, and I swear to dedicate a tenth part of my income to good works. . . . If I do ill it's unintentional. Forgive me!

CHAPTER IV.

ROME, NAPLES, NICE, PARIS, BERLIN—RUSSIA, 1876.

Rome, Saturday, January 1st.—Oh Nice, Nice, is there a prettier town in the world after Paris! Paris and Nice, Nice and Paris. There's no country like France, one only lives in France.

I must begin to study, considering I am in Rome on that account. Rome does not make the impression of Rome on me.

Is it really Rome? I am perhaps mistaken. Is it possible to live in any town but Nice? To see other towns, to pass through them, well and good, but to make your home in them!

Never mind! I shall get used to it.

And all those people I left behind at Nice, it seems as if they must remain in the position in which I left them and that they won't move until I return. Alas! they move without me, they enjoy themselves without me, and care not a hang for the "creature in white."

Being out of sight I should also like to be out of their gossip.

I am told that they talk of me. I can't imagine it. I can only think of the month of May when I shall make my appearance in Nice, when I shall go with my dogs to the Promenade des Anglais in the morning without a hat.

I feel here like a poor shrub that has been transplanted. I look out of window and see filthy houses instead of the Mediterranean; I go to look out of the other window and instead of the castle see the corridor of the hotel. Instead of the clock from the tower I hear that of the hotel. . . .

It's horrid to get into habits and to detest change.

Wednesday, January 5th.—I have seen the front view of St. Peter's, it is superb; it has enchanted me, especially the colonnade on the left, because no house interferes with it, and those pillars with the sky for background produce the most striking effect. You might fancy yourself in ancient Greece.

The bridge and castle of San Angelo are also to my taste! It's grand, it's sublime!

And the Coliseum!
But what can I say after Byron?

Monday, January 10th.—We paid a visit to Mgr. de Falloux, but he has not left his bed these twenty days. From there to the Countess Antonelli, but she left Rome ten days ago. At last we visit the Vatican. I have never seen great people close at hand, and I never knew how to address them, but my instinct told me that we were not behaving as we ought. Just think, the Cardinal Antonelli, the pope *de facto* if not in name, the mainspring that sets all the papal machinery going and still keeps it going!

We reach the right colonnade in sublime self-confidence. I push aside, not without trouble, the crowd of guides surrounding us, and at the foot of the stairs I accost the first soldier, and ask for His Eminence. This soldier sends me to his chief, who assigns me to another soldier, very funnily dressed, who takes us up four enormous flights of stairs of variegated marble, and at last we reach a square gallery, which coming so unexpectedly upon me produces a great effect. I could not have imagined such a view in the interior of any palace whatever, although I knew well from description what the Vatican is like.

Seeing this immensity I should not like to see the Popes abolished. They are really great in having produced this grandeur, and worthy of all honour for having used their life, their power, and their gold, in leaving to posterity this colossal Abracadabra called the Vatican.

In this gallery we find some common soldiers, an officer, and two guards dressed like knaves of cards.

I again ask for His Eminence. The officer politely requests my name, I write it down, some one takes it and we wait, I inwardly wondering at our absurd escapade.

The officer tells me that the hour is badly chosen, as the Cardinal is at dinner and will probably see no one. And in fact the man returns and tells us that His Eminence has just retired to his private rooms and cannot receive us, as he feels slightly indisposed; but that if we will have the kindness to leave our cards below and return to-morrow morning he will probably admit us.

And so we leave, much amused at our little visit to Cardinal Antonelli.

Friday, January 14th.—At eleven o'clock Katorbinsky, my young Polish drawing master, came, bringing a model with

him, a perfect head of Christ by softening the lines and tints. This poor wretch has only one leg; he only sits for the head. Katorbinsky told me that he always sat to him for his figures of Christ.

I confess I felt slightly nervous on being told there and then to copy from Nature without any preparation; I took the charcoal and boldly sketched in the outlines. "Very well," said the master, "now do the same thing with the brush." I took the brush, and did as I was told.

"Very well," he said again, "now begin to paint." And I painted, and it was done in an hour and a half.

My wretched model had not budged, and as for me, I could hardly believe my eyes. With Binsa it used to take me two or three lessons to draw a pencil outline and to make a copy, whereas now it was all done at a single sitting, and from Nature—outline, colour, background and all. I am satisfied with myself, and I wouldn't say so if I had not deserved it. I am exacting, and find it difficult to please myself.

Nothing is lost in this world. On what will my love be expended? Every creature, every man, contains within himself an equal quantity of this fluid; but according to his constitution, his character, and his circumstances, he appears to have more or less; everybody loves *continually*, but the objects of it vary, and if he appears to love nothing, it is because this fluid goes out to God, or to Nature, or spends itself in words, in writings, or simply in thinking or sighing.

It is true there are human beings who eat, drink, laugh, and do nothing else; with them the fluid is either completely absorbed by the animal functions, or else scattered without discrimination on men and things generally, and those are the people usually called good-natured, who, as a rule, do not know how to love.

There are also beings who love no one, vulgarly speaking. This is incorrect; they always love something, but differently from others, in their own peculiar fashion. But there are also unfortunates who don't love in reality, because they have loved and love no longer. Another mistake! They love no longer we say, well . . . . Why, then, do they suffer? Because they still love though they don't think so, either on account of an unhappy love or because of the loss of the loved one.

With me, more than most others, this fluid is active, and

manifests itself continually; if I were to try to suppress it I should burst.

I shower it like beneficent rain on an unworthy scarlet geranium which has no notion of it. It is one of my fancies. It pleases me, and I imagine a lot of things, and I have grown used to think of it, and now that I am used to it, it is difficult to get out of the habit.

I am sad! I am afraid of being afraid. . . . . For when I anticipate some misfortune, it's sure to happen. I dare not pray to God, for I have only to ask for a thing in order to make sure that it won't happen. I dare not omit to pray, for afterwards I might say—"Ah, had I only prayed to God!"

Certainly, I will pray; I shall have nothing to reproach myself with, at least.

Thursday, January 20th.—Faccioti made me sing all my notes to-day. I have three octaves, less two notes.

He was amazed. As to me, I am beside myself with joy. My voice, my treasure! It is my dream to grow famous on the boards. It is quite as fine, to my mind, as to be a princess.

We went to see Monteverde's studio; and then that of the Marquis d'Epinay, to whom we had a letter of introduction. D'Epinay produces wonderful statues; he showed me all his studies, all his beginnings. Madame M—— had spoken to him of Marie as an artistic and marvellous being. We admire everything, and ask him to do a statue of me. It will cost twenty thousand francs. It's dear, but beautiful. I tell him that I think a great deal of myself. He measures my foot by that of a statue, and mine turns out to be smaller. D'Epinay exclaims, "It's Cinderella's!"

He arranges the hair and draperies of his statues admirably. I am burning to be modelled.

O God, grant my prayer! Preserve my voice; should I lose all else I shall have my voice. O God, continue to show me Thy goodness; do not let me die of grief and vexation! I long so much to go into society. Time passes and I make no progress; I am nailed to the same place, I who would live, live by steam, I who burn, who boil over, who bubble with impatience!

"I have never seen in any one such a fever of life," said Doria of me.

If you knew me you would have some notion of my impatience, my grief.

O God, take pity on me! I have only Thee; it is to Thee I pray; Thou alone who canst comfort me!

Saturday, January 22nd.—Dina has had her hair done by a hairdresser, and I too; but the horrid creature has done it frightfully. In ten minutes I have changed it, and we start for the Vatican. I have never seen anything to compare with the staircases and rooms along which we pass. As in the case of St. Peter's, I find nothing to criticise. A valet, attired entirely in red damask, leads us down a long, admirably painted gallery, with bronze medallions and cameos fixed in the walls; to the right and left are somewhat hard chairs, and at the end the bust of Pius IX., and beneath it a comfortable gilt arm-chair of red velvet. Our appointment was for a quarter to twelve, but only at one o'clock the *portière* was drawn back, and, coming after a few guards and officers in uniforms, appeared His Holiness the Pope himself, dressed in white with a red cloak, and leaning on an ivory-headed stick, between several cardinals.

I knew him well from his portraits, but he is, in reality, much older; so much so that his lower lip hangs down like an old dog's. Every one knelt down, and the Pope, first of all, approached us and asked who we were; one of the cardinals read the letters of introduction, and told him the names.

"Russians? Then, from St. Petersburg?"

"No, Holy Father," said mamma, "from Little Russia."

"These young ladies belong to you?" he asked again.

"Yes, Holy Father."

We were placed at his right hand, those to the left were kneeling too.

"Get up, get up," said the Holy Father.

Dina was about to do so.

"No," said he, "I meant those on my left hand, you may remain."

And he placed his hand on her head so as to make it bend lower. He then gave us his hand to kiss, and went on to others, addressing a few words to each. When he passed to the left it was our turn to rise. He stopped again in the middle, and everybody knelt down once more, and he made a little speech in very bad French, comparing the demand for indulgence at the coming Jubilee with the repentance people experience at the approach of death, and saying that we must

gain heaven little by little by doing something pleasing to God every day.

"You must gain your country little by little," said he, "but your country is not London, not St. Petersburg, not Paris, it is Heaven. You must not wait to the last day of your life, you must think of it every day, and not do as one does at the approach of the Jubilee." "*Non e vero?*" he added in Italian turning to one of his *suite*, "*anche il Cardinale* . . . . (I have forgotten the name) *lo sa.*"

The Cardinal thus addressed began to laugh, and the others followed suit; it must have had some meaning for them, and his Holiness went away looking very pleased and smiling after having given his blessing to all the persons present, the rosaries and images, &c. I had a rosary which I have put away in my soap-box as soon as I got home.

While the old man was giving us his blessing and talking, I prayed God to bring about that the Pope's blessing should prove a real blessing, and to deliver me from all my sorrows.

There were some Cardinals there who looked at me just as if they were coming out of the opera at Nice.

Sunday, January 23rd.—Oh! how bored I am! If we were all together at least! What a foolish idea to separate in this fashion! We should always remain together, there are fewer annoyances and one feels more comfortable. Never, never more must we separate. We should feel a thousand times happier together—grandpapa, aunt, everybody, and Walitzky.

Monday, February 7th.—As we got out of our carriage at the door of the hotel I saw two young Romans looking at us as we entered. We sat down to dinner at once, and the men remained standing in the middle of the square looking at our windows.

Mamma, Dina, and the others, laughed, but I, being more prudent, and afraid lest I should betray any interest in what might prove two knaves—for I was not sure of these two men being the same as those at the door of the hotel—sent Léonie to a shop across the way, telling her to closely observe the two persons and to come back and describe them to me. Léonie returned, and described the shorter of the two. "They are perfect gentlemen," she said. From that instant we do nothing but go to the windows, looking through the blinds,

and making jokes about the poor wretches exposed to the rain, wind, and snow.

It was six o'clock when we came home, and those two angels remained in the square until a quarter to eleven, waiting for us. What legs they must have to remain standing thus for five hours!

Monday, February 14*th.*—The Italian came this evening as usual. Mamma has sent Fortuné to buy some paper. This gentleman stopped Fortuné, and spoke to him on several occasions. This is his story, which, although not as classical as that of Théramène is none the less interesting, told in a Niçois accent not without charm.

"I went out to buy some paper, and this gentleman began speaking to me. He said to me: 'Is it here that those ladies live?' I answered 'Yes.' Then he said to me: 'If they would pay a visit to my villa I would send them my coupé or a landau, whatever they wished.' Then I said to him, that you didn't know him. 'The mother of these young ladies knows me, and we meet each other every evening at the Villa Borghese and on the Pincio.' I spoke so much to him that he gave me his card. Then I brought it to you, and went down-stairs. He began talking to me again. Then I told him that my ladies had forbidden me to talk to him, and then he said, 'I am going home to write a letter; I shall return in half an hour if you will come down and take charge of it.' Then I told him that 'I could not be always going down-stairs.' Then he said to me: '*If the ladies will suspend a string from the window I will tie my letter to it*, and they can draw it up to the balcony. Have the ladies got any string?' Then I told him again that you did not know him. He answered: 'But if the ladies will tell me by whom I can be introduced, I will at once go in search of this person. I made no reply to this. Then he told me it was all for the sake of the young lady who had been at the Villa Borghese yesterday, and was dressed in black with her hair down' (it was Dina). Then he told me 'that if you would go to see his villa, he would invite people and show it to you, and if you liked he would send you his carriage' . . . ."

Fortuné's expression was a sight to see. He had crossed his hands behind him, advanced one foot, his mouth stood open to his ears, and his eyes, twinkling cunningly, looked fit for the biggest devil on the face of the earth.

It's almost Spanish, and we laughed so much that Lolo

nearly fainted for a few minutes. A genuine romance à la Rosina.

At first I was angry, and thought it impertinent; but on seeing how much pleasure it gave to Dina and her mother, I forgot my anger, and joined the lively chorus of pleasant banter.

Dina got as red as a peony; she will now give herself airs again; and she is disagreeable when she gives herself these airs.

This gentleman has a villa, he is rich, no doubt! Oh dear, if he would only marry Dina! I wish it more than anything; and we have just had new gowns sent from Worth, hers being all covered with white flowers exactly like orange blossom.

Tuesday, February 15th.—Rossi comes to see us, and we ask him at once who this gentlemen is. "It's Count A—— the Cardinal's nephew, he couldn't be anything else."

Count A——, is like G—— who, as all the world knows, is exceedingly handsome.

This evening, as he looked less at me I was able to examine him more closely. So I had a good look at A—— He is charming, but I must add that I have no luck, and those I like to look at don't look at me. He looked at me through his eye-glass, but respectfully, as on the first day. He posed a good deal, and when we rose to go he snatched up his eye-glass and never left off looking.

"I asked you who this gentleman is," said my mother to Rossi, "because he reminds me a good deal of my son."

"He is a charming young fellow," said Rossi; "he is rather *passerello*, very gay, very handsome, and full of cleverness."

I am delighted at hearing this. I have not felt so much pleasure as this evening for a long time. I bored myself. I had no wish for anything, because there was nobody to think of.

"He is very like my son," said mamma.

"He is a charming young fellow," said Rossi, "and if you like I will introduce him to you."

"I shall be delighted."

Friday, February 18th.—There is a grand fancy dress and masked ball at the Capitol this evening. I, Dina, and her

mother, go there at eleven o'clock. I have not put on a domino, but wear a black silk gown with a long train, and tight-fitting bodice, a tunic of black gauze with silver lace trimmings, draped in front, and bunched up behind, so as to make the most graceful hood imaginable; I have on a black velvet mask with black lace, light gloves, and a rose with some lilies of the valley in the bodice. It was captivating, and our appearance made a sensation.

I was very nervous, and did not dare speak to anybody, but a number of men surrounded us, and I ended by taking the arm of one of them, whom I had never seen. It is very amusing, but I think most of the people recognised me. There ought to have been less coquetry in my get-up, but never mind.

Three Russians fancied they knew us, and coming behind us spoke loudly in Russian hoping we should betray ourselves; but instead of that I made the people around us form a circle and talk Italian. They went away, saying they were fools, and that I was an Italian.

Enter the Duke of Cesaro.

"Whom are you looking for?"

"A——; is he coming?"

Yes; in the meanwhile stop with me . . . the most elegant woman in the world!"

"Oh! there he is . . . My dear fellow, I was looking for you."

"Bah! but as it's for the first time I am going to hear you, take care of your pronunciation, you lose much on a closer view. Pay attention to your conversation!"

It seems this was witty, for Cesaro and two others began to laugh with delight. I felt sure that they knew me.

"We recognise your figure," they said to me; "why are you not in white?"

"I think, upon my word, that I'm playing the part of supernumerary," said Cesaro, seeing that we continued talking to A——.

"I think so too," I said; "go away."

And, taking the young fop's arm, I passed through the various rooms, taking no notice of the rest of the world.

A——'s face is remarkably handsome; he has a pale, clear complexion, black eyes, a long, straight nose, pretty ears, a little mouth, very passable teeth, and a moustache of twenty-three.

I treated him as a little hypocrite, a young fop, a poor

wretch, a madman; and he told me, with the most serious air in the world, that he had run away from his father's house at nineteen; that he had plunged into life; that he is blasé . . . . that he has never been in love; &c.

'How often have you been in love?" he asked me.

"Twice."

"Oh! oh!"

"Perhaps even more."

"How I would like to be the *more*."

"Young jackanapes! . . . . Tell me why did all these people take me for the lady in white?"

"Well, you are like her. That's why I came with you. I am madly in love with her."

"That isn't a very amiable speech."

"What would you have? It's the case."

"You've been staring at her enough, in all conscience, and she is well pleased, and poses."

"No, never. She never poses. . . . . One may say what one likes, but not that!"

"It is easy to see you are in love."

"Yes, with you: you are like her."

"Bah! I have a much better figure."

"No matter. Give me a flower."

I gave him a flower; he gave me a spray of ivy instead. His languishing airs and tones exasperate me.

"You have the look of a priest. Is it true that you will be one?"

He laughed.

"I hate priests. I have been a soldier."

"You! You've only been at a seminary."

"I hate the Jesuits; that's why I am always on bad terms with my family."

"My dear, you are ambitious, and would like nothing better than to have your slipper kissed."

"What an adorable little hand!" he cried, kissing it—an operation which he repeated several times in the course of the evening.

"Why did you begin so badly with me?" I asked.

"Because I took you for a Roman at first, and I detest that kind of woman." And, in fact, when I was with Cesaro, and he proposed to sit down, A—— placed himself on my left hand, and while I was talking to my cavalier he tried to put his arm round my waist, looking most silly all the time.

"If you don't get rid of this little donkey," I said to Cesaro, "I shall go away."

And he got rid of the little fool.

I have seen men only occasionally—in driving, at the theatre, and at home. Oh dear, how different they are at a mask ball! They are just as attentive, tricky, and absurd here as they look grand and reserved in their carriages. Only Doria lost none of his dignity. Perhaps because he is too much above human pettinesses. I left my young fool at least ten times, and he managed to find me again as often.

Dominica urged our going, but the young fellow managed to detain us. At last we succeeded in securing two easy-chairs, and then the conversation took a different turn.

We got to talk of St. Augustine and l'Abbé Prevost.

At last we escaped without any one following us; for all who had seen me in the street knew me again.

I have been amused and disenchanted.

A—— does not altogether please me, and yet . . . . Ah! the rogue of a priest's son has carried off my glove and kissed my left hand.

"You know," he said, "I won't promise to carry this glove always next to my heart—it would be silly; but it will be a pleasant remembrance."

We left Fortuné behind, so as to make them lose the clue he came back alone.

Monday, February 21st.—I have the honour of introducing you to a madwoman. Judge for yourself. I seek, I find, I invent a man; I stake my life on him; he becomes part and parcel of all my sensations; and then when my head, open to all the winds of heaven, is full of him, it will perhaps only bring me suffering and tears. I am far from wishing that this should happen, but I say it by way of warning, and I should like to know when the true Roman carnival is to begin. At present I have only seen balconies decorated with white, red, blue, yellow, and pink draperies, and hardly any masks.

Tuesday, February 23rd.—Our neighbours have arrived; the lady is amiable; some of the carriages are splendid. Troïly and Giorgio have a fine carriage drawn by big horses, and the footmen wear white breeches. It was the prettiest carriage. They cover us with flowers. Dina blushes crimson, and her mother beams with delight.

At last they have fired the cannon, the race is about to begin, and A—— has not arrived; but the young man of yesterday turns up, and, as our balconies adjoin, we begin talking. He gives me a bouquet, I give him a camellia, and he makes as many tender and gallant speeches as is permissible to a gentlemanly young man when he has not had the honour of having been introduced to a young lady. He swears always to keep this flower, to dry it in his watch. And he promises to come to Nice and show me the petals of the flower, which will always keep fresh in his heart. It was very amusing.

The Count B—— (that's the name of the handsome stranger) did not make me sad; when, looking down on the base crowd below, I saw A—— bowing to me. Dina threw him a bouquet, and ten arms were raised from among the crowd to catch it flying. One of the men did so, but A——, with the utmost coolness, seized him by the throat and held him with his strong hands till the wretch let go his prize. It was so fine that A—— looked almost sublime. Full of enthusiasm, and forgetting my blushes, I blushed again as I threw him a camellia, the string falling with it. He took it, put it in his pocket, and disappeared. Still full of emotion, I turned to B——, who made use of the opportunity to pay me compliments on my Italian and heaven knows what. The *Barberi* pass by with the swiftness of wind amidst the shouts and hisses of the populace, but on our balcony we speak only of the fascinating way in which A—— repossessed himself of the bouquet. Really, he looked like a lion, or a tiger, I expected nothing of the kind from such a delicate-looking young man.

As I said at the beginning, he is a singular mixture of languor and energy.

I can still see his clenched hands gripping the knave's throat.

You will, perhaps, laugh at what I am going to say, but I shall say it all the same.

By such an act a man may win a woman's love at a stroke. He looked so calm while throttling this villain, that my heart seemed to stop beating. Whenever they speak of it at home I blush like a Nice rose.

Three-quarters of an hour later, when I was at the height of my flirtation with our neighbour, I saw a valet carrying an enormous bouquet fastened to a long pole, covered all over with gilt paper, and apparently not sure to whom he was to offer it, when a stick pushed against the balcony shoved it in my direction.

It came from A——, who gave me back my camellia. I did not understand nor see A—— at first, but after hesitating for an instant, I managed to lift and take the magnificent bouquet in my arms, smiling the while at this horrid son of a priest.

"Oh, how splendid!" exclaimed the English lady.

"*E bello veramente*," said B——, a little vexed.

"It really is charming," I said, quite delighted at heart.

And carrying my spoils, I got into the carriage, looking once more at that dreadful son of a priest.

Having seen me take the bouquet, he bowed in his calm way, and vanished from sight.

I can do nothing else all the evening but speak of it, and constantly break into the conversation and speak of it again. "Isn't A—— adorable?" I say it in fun, but am rather afraid of thinking so seriously. At present I am trying to convince my people that I am preoccupied with A——, and they won't believe me; but from the moment that I shall say the opposite of what I am saying now, they will have every reason to believe me.

I have grown impatient again, and should like to sleep to make the time pass, and go to the balcony again.

Monday, February 28th.—When I go out on the balcony at the Corso, I find all our neighbours at their places, and the carnival full of animation. I look down and see the Cardinalino and his friend on the opposite side. On seeing him I grew confused, and blushed and rose from my seat; but the naughty son of a priest was no longer there, and on turning round to mamma I saw her giving her hand to some one—to Pietro A——.

"Ah! that's right. You have come to my balcony; not a bad idea."

By way of politeness, he remains some time with mamma, and then sits down by me.

As before, I occupy the right corner of the balcony next the English lady's seat. B—— is late; his place is taken by an Englishman, whom his countrywoman introduces to me, and who is very attentive.

"What a life you are leading!" says A——, in his calm and gentle way. "You don't go to the theatre any more."

"I was ill; my finger still hurts me."

"Where?" (He wanted to take hold of my hand.) "I

have been every evening to the Apollo, you know, only staying five minutes."

"Why?"

"Why?" he repeated, looking me straight in the eyes.

"Yes, why?"

"Because I went there on your account, and you were not there."

He says a good many more things of the same kind, rolls his eyes, and behaves in a very amusing way.

"Give me a rose."

"What for?"

You will acknowledge that I was putting an embarrassing question. I like to ask questions which can only be answered foolishly, or not at all.

"Do look at that tube," I said, pointing to a horrid creature in a long overcoat and tall hat. "If you flatten it I will give you a rose."

Then followed a sight for the gods to see. A—— and Plowden did their best to throw old bouquets at the head of this man, who, getting animated in his turn, began aiming them at us.

I was shielded by the Cardinalino and Plowden, and the bouquets, I ought rather to say brooms, were falling all round. We ended by breaking a pane of glass and a lamp. It was very interesting.

B—— offers me a big basket of flowers; he blushes and bites his lips; I can't think what's the matter with him. But let us leave this tiresome creature, and turn to the eyes of Pietro A——.

He has adorable eyes, especially when he doesn't open them too much. His eyelids partly covering the pupils, give an expression to his eyes which goes to my head and makes my heart beat.

Sunday, March 5th.—There is a great race at the Villa Borghese; a man has taken a wager to go forty times round the Place de Sienne in the Villa in an hour and twenty-five minutes. All the world, following the lead of the charming princess, goes to see it.

Zucchini is there; he makes me laugh; Doria and many others. This makes me think of horse races; all these people walking about on the grass make a very pretty picture.

I catch sight of the Cardinalino, and turn away to speak to Debeck, because I feel that I am blushing.

"Good morning, Mademoiselle," he says, coming up to me.

"Good morning, Monsieur."

There are two people who exist for me, independently of each other, Doria and A——.

Doria, majestic, freezing, awe-inspiring.

A—— full of gaiety, coquetry, and charm.

Pietro A—— evidently pleases me.

I tell them I have been eating violets, and Plowden and Cardinalino ask me for some; I give them some from my nosegay, and they eat them like two donkeys.

A—— ended by eating the threads of silk which I pulled from my fringe.

A—— is a charming child, his little pouting ways are enchanting; for example, he brings me a pack of cards and asks me to play.

Plowden also wants to play.

"But you can't!" cries the fiery son of a priest, opening his eyes to their widest.

"Yes, yes, yes," I say. "Three can play together, it's all the same."

"It's all the same!" says he, looking at me as if he had been pricked with a pin.

I have his voice in my ears as I am writing; I am very much in love with him. I say it quite naturally, as I feel it. When he goes away I am sorry; I never have enough of him. It's absurd to get as infatuated about people as I do!

"Be good to B——," says Dina, "if only to torment Pietro."

Torment! but if I haven't the least desire for it. Torment! excite his jealousy—fie! In love, it's like the paint women put on their faces—it's vulgar, it's low. You may torment a lover unconsciously, naturally, so to speak; but do it on purpose, fie!

Moreover, I can't do it on purpose; I haven't got sufficient character. Is it possible to go and talk and do the amiable with some monster of a man, when the Cardinalino is by and one can talk to him?

The sly rogue is courting mamma most persistently, and she calls him her dear child.

I like to see him so attentive to her. He complains of his parents, who won't allow him to keep horses, because he spent too much money when he ran away at seventeen and entered the army. He will be twenty-three in April.

A child in age and in character.

Monday, March 6th.—I remember yesterday, during the race, I dropped my nosegay. A—— jumped down, picked it up, and had to climb on his knees to get up again.

"What will he do to get up?" cried Dina.

"Oh, it's very easy," I said.

"All I do is very easy," said the dear boy, dusting his knees. "I make myself ridiculous, and it's very easy." And he looked away to show he was piqued.

May, 1877 (Note)—Let me beg you, once for all, not to attach too much importance to my infatuations; I did not really think of A——, as I wrote . . . . I idealised him to make it more like a romance.

March —.—At three o'clock we approach the Porto del Popolo. Debeck, Plowden, and A—— meet us there. A—— helps me to mount, and we start.

My habit is of black cloth, and made all of a piece by Laferrière, so that it is free from English stiffness or the ugliness that's so common; it is a close clinging princess robe.

"How *chic* you look on horseback," says A——.

Plowden bores me by trying to keep always with me.

Pietro is anxious about mamma, who follows us in a landau.

Once left alone with the Cardinalino, our conversation naturally turns on love.

"Eternal love is the tomb of love," says the child: "we must love for a day and then change."

"What a charming idea! Is it your uncle, the Cardinal, who taught you that?"

"Yes," he answered, laughing.

Wretched son of a dog and a priest, I think he has annoyed me seriously with this truth, said with his habitual calm.

Once in the open country we begin to gallop, leap ditches, and race like the wind. It's delicious! He rides to perfection.

Tuesday, March 7th.—By dint of talking nonsense I have fallen in love with this good-for-nothing. It can't be called love; he has given his likeness to mamma, and when he had

left I took it to my room, looked at it, found it charming, and went to sleep dreaming of it. And I saw him in fancy, and had so much to say to him! . . . .

Tuesday, March 8th.—I am going to put on my riding habit, and at four o'clock I am at the Porto del Popolo, where the Cardinalino is waiting for me with two horses, mamma and Dina following in the carriage.

"Let us turn this way," says my cavalier.

"Let us." And we entered some kind of field, a green and pleasant spot called La Farnesina. He began his declarations again by saying:

"I am in despair!"

"What is despair?"

"It's when a man wishes to have a thing which he can't have."

"Do you wish for the moon?"

"No, the sun."

"Where is it?" I said, looking at the horizon, "I think it has set."

"No, it is there, shining on me; it is you."

"Bah! Bah!"

"I have never loved; I hate women; I have only had intrigues with light women."

"But when you saw me you loved me?"

"Yes, at first sight, the first evening at the theatre."

"You said it was over."

"I was joking."

"How can I tell when you joke and when you are serious?"

"But you can see that!"

"That's true; we can nearly always tell when a person is telling the truth; but you don't inspire me with confidence, and your fine ideas about love even less."

"What are my ideas? I love you and you won't believe me. Ah!" he said, biting his lips and looking away, "then I am nothing, and can do nothing."

"Come, act the hypocrite," said I, laughing.

"A hypocrite, always a hypocrite," he cried, turning upon me angrily; "is that what you think of me?"

"And other things besides. Be quiet and listen. If one of your friends were to pass at this instant you would look at him and wink and laugh."

"I a hypocrite; oh, if that's so, well, well!"

"You are torturing your horse, let us dismount."

"You don't believe that I love you?" he said, again trying to look me in the eyes, and stooping towards me with an expression of sincerity that made my heart beat.

"Well, no," I repeated, falteringly. "Rein in your horse and let us get off."

All his tender speeches were still mixed up with precepts of horsemanship.

"Can one help admiring you?" said he, stopping a few paces lower than I was, and looking at me. "You are beautiful," he continued, "but I think you have no heart."

"On the contrary, I have an excellent heart, I assure you."

"You have an excellent heart, and you won't love!"

"That depends on circumstances."

"You are a spoilt child, are you not?"

"Why should I not be spoilt? I am not ignorant, I am good, only I am hot-tempered."

We went down the hill all the time, but at a walking pace, for the slope was steep, and the horses kept catching in the unevennesses of the road and the tufts of grass.

"As for me, I have a bad character, I am violent, hot-tempered, choleric. I will try and get better. . . . Let us jump this ditch, will you?"

"No."

And I crossed by a little bridge, while he jumped over the ditch.

"Let us trot gently to the carriage," he said, "for we are not going down hill any more."

I set off trotting, but when we were a few paces from the carriage my horse broke into a gallop. I turned to the right. A—— followed me, my horse took to galloping very fast; I tried to rein it in, but he took the bit in his teeth. The brute had bolted. The plain stretched before us; I was borne along, all my efforts were useless; my hair tumbled down my shoulders, my hat fell on the ground, my strength relaxed, I got frightened. I heard A—— behind me, I was conscious of the emotion they felt in the carriage; I felt inclined to jump down, but the horse went like an arrow. How stupid to be killed like this! I thought. I had no strength left; they must save me!

"Hold him in!" cried A——, who could not catch me up.

"I can't," I said in a low voice.

My arms were trembling. In another instant I should

have fainted, when he came up with me, hit the horse across the head with his whip, and I seized hold of his arm as much to keep myself from falling as to touch him.

I looked at him; he was deadly pale. I never saw any one so upset.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed, "what a fright you have given me!"

"Oh yes, I should have fallen but for you; I could no longer hold him in. Now it's over . . . . Very nice, to be sure," I added, trying to laugh. "Will somebody give me my hat?"

Dina had got out, and we went to the landau. Mamma was quite beside herself, but she said nothing. She knew something was the matter, and did not want to annoy me.

"We will go gently, at a walk, to the door."

"Yes, yes."

"But what a fright you have given me! And you, were you frightened?"

"No, not at all, I assure you."

"Oh yes, I can see it."

"It's nothing, nothing at all."

And a minute later we began conjugating the verb "to love" in all its tenses. He tells me everything from the beginning, since the first evening he saw me at the opera, when, seeing Rossi coming out of our box, he left his own to meet him.

"You know," he said, "I have never loved any one, my only affection was for my mother, all the rest! . . . . I never looked at any one in the theatre, I never went to the Pincio. It's folly, all that, I laughed at those who went, and now I go there myself."

"For me?"

"For you. I am obliged." . . . .

"Obliged?"

"Morally. No doubt I could make an impression on your imagination if I rehearsed a declaration in the style of novels; but it's foolish; I only think of you, I only live for you. Of course man is a material being, he meets a lot of people, and a lot of other thoughts preoccupy him. He eats, he talks, he thinks of other things; but I often think of you in the evening."

"Perhaps at your club?"

"Yes, at the club. When night comes on I remain to dream; I smoke, and think of you. Especially when I am

alone at dusk I think and dream, and the illusion is such that I fancy you are there. Never, he added, have I felt anything like it before. I think of you, I go out to see you. The best proof is that as you no longer go to the opera I don't go either. It's chiefly when I am alone that I dream. I picture to myself that you are present. I assure you that I have never felt what I feel now, from which, I suppose, that it must be love. I desire to see you; I go to the Pincio; I long to see you, and get quite wild, and then I picture you to myself. This is how I began to feel the pleasure of loving."

"How old are you?"

"Three-and-twenty. I began life at seventeen. I might have fallen in love a hundred times, but I never did. I have never been like those fellows of eighteen, who make a fuss over a flower or a portrait, that's so stupid. If you knew, I sometimes think that I have so much to say and, and . . . ."

"And you can't?"

"No, that isn't it. I'm in love, and grow stupid."

"Don't think so, you are not at all stupid."

"You don't love me," he said, turning round.

"I know you so little," I replied, "that it's impossible to tell."

"But when you know me better," said he, gently, looking at me in quite a timid way (and then he lowered his voice), "perhaps you will love me a little?"

"Perhaps," I said, softly.

It was almost night when we arrived. I got into the carriage. He goes to mamma, making many excuses, and she gives him a few recommendations about the horses for the next time, and we separate.

"*Au plaisir de nous revoir!*" says A—— to mamma.

I give him my hand in silence, and he presses it, not as formerly.

"I know all about it!" exclaims Dina. "He said something to her, she checked him, he set his horse off and that's how it happened."

"True, my dear, he really said a lot of things to me."

"All goes well?" asks Dina.

"Swimmingly, my dear," I say, complacently.

I come in, undress, put on a dressing-gown and lie down on the sofa, tired, fascinated, bewildered. I did not take

it in at first, I forgot everything for two hours, and it required two hours to recollect what you have just been reading. My joy would be complete if I quite believed him, but I have my doubts in spite of his candid, charming, and even naïve looks. That comes of being a knave at heart oneself. Moreover, it's better so.

I leave my note-book ten times over, in order to lie down on my bed and passing it all over again in my poor head, to dream of it and to smile.

Behold, good people, I am thoroughly upset, and he is no doubt at his club.

I feel quite different, quite stupid. I am calm, but still bewildered by what he told me. I also remember his saying that he was ambitious.

Every well-born man ought to be, I replied.

I like the way he spoke to me. No rhetoric, no affectation, you saw that he was thinking aloud. He said some very pretty things to me, as for example: "You always look pretty," he said, "I can't think how you manage it."

"My hair is all undone."

"So much the better, you look even nicer so, with your hair loose, you are still more. . . . you are." (He stopped and smiled.) "You are all the more, I don't know how to express it. . . . more ravishing."

I am now thinking of the time when he said, "I love you," and when I had replied, "It's not true." He shook himself in the saddle, and stooping while he allowed the reins to drop from his hand: "You don't believe me," he cried, trying to look me in the eyes, which I dropped. (Not from coquetry, I swear it.) Oh, he spoke the truth at that moment. I raised my head and caught his troubled look; his wide-open, dark-brown eyes, which were trying to read my thoughts to the bottom of my soul. They were troubled, irritated, vexed, by my averted looks. I did not do it on purpose; if I had looked him in the face I should have begun crying. I was nervous, confused, and didn't know what to do, and he may have thought that I was acting from coquetry. Yes, at least at that moment I knew that he was not lying.

"You love me at present," I replied, "but in a week you will love me no longer."

"Oh, have pity! I am not one of those men who pass their lives in flirting with young ladies; I have never courted any one, I love no one. There is a woman who is doing all in her power to make me fall in love with her. She has given

me six or seven rendezvous, I have always missed them, because, you see, I can't love her."

But enough, I shall never finish if I call up all my memories and write them down. So many things were said!

Come, come, you must go to sleep.

Tuesday, March 14th.—I think I promised Pietro to go out for a ride. We meet him in walking dress and billycock; the poor child was in a fiacre.

"Why don't you ask your father to give you horses?" I said.

"I have asked, but if you only knew how close the A——'s are."

I was vexed to see him in a wretched fiacre.

To-day we leave the Hôtel de Londres, we have taken a large and handsome *appartement* on the first storey of the hotel on the Via Babino—ante-room, little salon, salon, four bed-rooms, *studio*, and servants' room.

March 16th.—Pietro came about ten o'clock. The salon is very large and very handsome; we have two pianos, a grand and a smaller one. I began softly playing one of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," and A—— began singing his ballad. The more fire and passion he put into it the more I laughed and the colder I got.

I find it impossible to imagine A—— really in earnest.

Whatever the beloved one may say appears adorable; people to whom I am quite indifferent sometimes find me amusing, how much more those to whom I am not so. In the middle of a sentence full of tenderness I said something irresistibly funny to him, and he began laughing. Then I reproached him for laughing, saying I couldn't believe a child who was never serious and who laughed at everything like mad. And I did this several times till he got exasperated. Then he began telling me how it had begun, since the first evening when the *Vestale* was performed.

"I love you so much that I would do anything for you," he said. "Tell me to shoot myself with two pistol shots, and I will do so."

"And what would your mother say?"

"My mother would cry, and my brothers would say, 'Instead of being three we are now two.'"

"It's useless, I don't want proofs of that kind."

"But what would you like in that case? Tell me; would

you like me to jump out of the window into the fountain below?"

And he rushed to the window; I held him back, and he wouldn't let go my hand.

"No," he said, swallowing something like a tear. "I am calm at present, but a moment ago—heavens! don't put me in such a rage again. Answer me; say something."

"Oh, that's mere nonsense!"

"Yes, I may have committed youthful follies; but I don't believe I ever felt like to-day—at this very moment. I thought I was going out of my mind."

"In a month I shall be going away, and it will all be forgotten."

"I will follow you everywhere."

"They won't permit it."

"And who is to prevent me!" he exclaimed, rushing towards me.

"You are too young," I said, beginning to play something else, and passing from Mendelssohn to a softer and deeper nocturne.

"Let us get married; we have a splendid future before us."

"Yes, if I wished it."

"Ah! no doubt you wish it."

Then he walked up and down, getting more excited. I did not even change colour.

"Well," I said, "supposing I were to get married to you, and you left off loving me after two years."

I thought he would have choked.

"No. What makes you think these things?"

And breathing hard, with tears in his eyes, he fell at my feet.

I drew back, reddening in my anger. O protecting piano!

"You must have a very good temper," he said.

"I should think so indeed, or I would already have turned you out," I answered, turning away to laugh.

Then I got up calm and contented, and went to act the hostess to the other guests.

But it was time to go away.

"Is it time?" he asked, looking at me inquiringly.

"Yes," answered mamma.

Having given a very short account of the interview to mamma and Dina, I went and shut myself up in my room, and before beginning to write, I remain an hour with my hands over my face, and fingers pushed through my hair, still trying to unravel my own feelings.

I think I begin to understand myself?

Poor Pietro, it isn't that I have no feeling for him, quite the contrary; but I cannot consent to become his wife.

The riches, the villas, the museums of the Ruspoli, the Doria, the Torlonia, the Borghese, the Chiara, would crush me. I am, above all things, vain and ambitious; and to think one should love such a creature simply because he does not know her. If he really knew her. . . . Ah! well! he would love her all the same.

Ambition is a noble passion.

Why the devil must it be A—— instead of some one else?

I am always repeating the same phrase, while I change the name.

Saturday, March 18th.—I have never had a moment's *tête-à-tête* with A—— and it annoys me. I like to hear him say that he loves me. Since he has told me everything, I sit thinking, thinking, with my elbows on the table. Perhaps I am in love. It's chiefly when I am tired and half asleep that I think I am in love with Pietro. Why am I vain? Why am I ambitious? Why am I so reasonable? I am incapable of sacrificing years of grandeur and satisfied vanity to a few moments of pleasure.

"Yes," says the novelist, "but this moment of pleasure is enough to illumine a lifetime with its rays!"

Oh no. To-day I am cold, and I am in love; to-morrow I shall be hot, and shall not be in love. On such changes of temperature does man's fate depend!

A—— says "Good evening," on going away, and takes my hand, which he keeps in his own, asking me ten questions to prolong the time.

I told it all to mamma as soon as he was gone. I tell her everything.

March 20th.—I behaved very foolishly this evening.

I spoke in a low voice to the creature, and so gave rise to all kinds of suppositions which will never be justified. He does not amuse me when other people are present; when we two are alone he speaks of love and marriage. The son of a priest is jealous, is even fiercely jealous—of whom? Of all the world.

I listen to his speeches from the height of my cold indifference, allowing him at the same time to take hold of

my hand. I take his hand in my turn with almost a maternal air, and if he is not yet driven out of his senses by his *passion* for me, as he assures me, he must see that while I drive him away with my words I hold him back with my eyes.

And while I say that I shall never love him, I do love him all the same; or, at least, I behave as if I did. I tell him all kinds of foolish things. Some one else—older than he—would be satisfied; but he tears a napkin in pieces, breaks two brushes, and destroys a canvas. All these doings make it necessary for me to take hold of his hand and call him a fool.

Then he gazes at me with a fierce, fixed kind of look, and his black eyes seem to lose themselves in my grey ones. I say to him, without a smile—"Make a face;" then he laughs, and I pretend to be angry.

"Then you don't love me?"

"No!"

"Must I give up all hope then?"

"Dear me, no. One must never lose hope; hope is implanted in man's breast; but, as far as I am concerned, I won't give you any."

And as I spoke laughingly, he went away tolerably satisfied.

Friday, March 24th; Saturday, March 25th.—A—— arrived a quarter of an hour earlier than usual; pale, interesting, sad, and calm.

Scarcely had Fortuné announced him, than I armed myself from head to foot in cold drawing-room politeness calculated to madden people under the circumstances.

I let him spend ten minutes with mamma. Poor creature; he is jealous of Plowden! . . . . How unbecoming it is to be in love!

We parted coldly from one another.

"I had sworn never to come to you again."

"Why did you come?"

"I was afraid of being rude to your mother, who is so kind."

"If that is all you can go away and never come back. Good-bye!"

"No, no, no; it is for yourself."

"Then that is another matter."

"Mademoiselle, I have been much in the wrong," said he, "I know."

"What wrong?"

"The wrong of letting you understand, of telling you that . . . .

"That?"

"That I love you," added he, compressing his lip like a man who is trying not to weep.

"Ta, ta, ta, that is not wrong."

"It is a great and immense wrong, for you play with me as you would with a doll or a ball."

"What an idea!"

"Oh, I know, I know, you are like that. . . . . You are fond of playing. Well, then, go on playing; it is my fault."

"Let us play."

"Then, tell me; it was not for the sake of giving me my dismissal that you told me to go off to the theatre?"

"No."

"It is not to get rid of me?"

"Ah, Monsieur, I do not need any *ruse* when I want to get rid of any one; I do it quite straightforwardly, as I did with B——."

"Ah! and you told me that that was not true."

"Let us talk about something else." He leant his cheek against my hand.

"You love me?" he asked.

"No, Monsieur; not the least in the world." He does not believe a word of it.

At that moment Dina and Mamma came in, and after a few minutes he was obliged to go.

Monday, March 27th.—In the evening we had some visitors. Among others A——.

I am at the piano again. . . . . "I know," said he, "the sort of man who would have a chance with you. One who has much less patience and who loves you much less. But you; you do not love me!"

"No," I say once more.

And our faces were so near each other that I wonder no spark was struck out.

"You see!" he exclaimed. "What is to be done when one only is in love? You are as cold as snow; and I, I love you!"

"You love me! no, Monsieur; but you may do so yet"

"When?"

"In six months."

"Oh! in six months from now. . . . . I love you. I am mad, and you are laughing at me."

"Truly, Monsieur, you are a good hand at guessing. Listen. Even if I did love you, it would be difficult. I am too young. And then there's the question of religion."

"Oh, I know that well enough! I should have difficulties too; do you suppose I should not? . . . . You can't understand me, because you don't love me. But, if I asked you to run away with me? . . . ."

"Dreadful!"

"Wait . . . . I am not proposing it. It is dreadful, I know, when people do not love. It would not be dreadful if you loved me."

"I do not love you."

I do not love him, and I let him say all these things to me. It's absurd!

I believe he has spoken to his father, and not received a favourable hearing. I can't make up my mind; I have no notion what sort of conditions they would make; and nothing in the world would induce me to go and live in a family. My own is quite enough for me. What would it be with strangers! Am I not very sensible for my age?"

"I will follow you," he said the other night.

"Come to Nice," I said to him to-day.

He did not answer, and kept his head cast down, which proves to me that he has spoken to his father.

I can't make myself out. I love and yet I don't.

Wednesday, March 29th.—I said that A—— had not yet trampled everything under foot for me.

"I love you," he said to me; "I will do anything for you!"

"The Pope will curse you, the Cardinal will curse you, and your father will curse you."

"Much do I care for all those people when you are in question! I don't care a hang for any one. If you loved as I do you would say the same. If your passion for me were like mine for you, you would not speak as you do, and you would see in the whole world only the one you love!"

Ah! Pietro is not an "insignificant young man!" He is developing more and more; and I am beginning to feel a certain respect for him.

Thursday, March 30th.—To-day, alone in my room with the door locked, I am going to meditate on the important matter.

For some days my position has been a false one, and why so? Because Pietro has asked me to be his wife; because I did not refuse roundly; because he has spoken to his parents about it; because his parents are not easy to lead; and because Visconti spoke as follows to mamma:

"You must know, madame, where you wish to marry your daughter?" began Visconti, after having praised Pietro's fortune and person.

"I have no fixed idea," said mamma; "and, besides, my daughter is so young!"

"No, madame, it is best to say things plainly. Do you want to marry her abroad or in Russia?"

"I should prefer abroad; because I think she will be happier abroad, as she has been brought up there."

"Well, then, you must also know, if all your family would consent to see her married to a Catholic, and to see the children that spring from this union brought up in the Catholic religion."

"Our family would be glad to see anything which would secure the happiness of my daughter."

"And what would be the relations of your family with the family of the husband?"

"Well, I think they would be on excellent terms; the more so as the two families would seldom or never see each other."

"Pierre A—— is a charming young man, who will be very rich; but the Pope meddles in all the affairs of the A——'s, and the Pope will make difficulties."

"But, Monsieur, why do you say all that? There is no question of marriage. I love this young man as a child, but not as a future son-in-law."

This is pretty well all that my mother could remember.

It would be very prudent to go away, the more so as nothing would be lost by putting it off till next winter.

We must go away to-morrow; and I am going to prepare for it—that is to say, go and see the wonders of Rome that I have not yet seen.

Yes, but what annoys me is that the opposition comes not from our side, but from the A——'s. That is unpleasant, and my pride rebels against it.

Let us leave Rome.

Truly it is not very pleasant that they should be making difficulties about me, when it's I who object to them.

Rome is such a gossipy place that every one talks about this; and I am the last to notice it. That is always the way.

Certainly, I am furious at the idea of their wanting to take Pietro away from me; but I look further for myself, and aim at something higher, thank goodness! If A—— were in harmony with the programme, I should not be angry; but a man whom in my mind I have rejected as unsatisfactory! And they to dare to say the *Pope would not allow it!*'

I am furious; but wait a minute.

Evening comes, and with the evening Pietro A——.

We receive him with some coldness, in consequence of Baron Visconti's words, and a number of suppositions; for, since that speech of Visconti's we do nothing but suppose.

"To-morrow," said Pietro, after a few moments, "I am going away."

"Where?"

"To Terracina; I shall stay there a week, I fancy.

"They are sending him away," whispered mamma in Russian.

I agreed, but what an insult! I shall weep with rage.

"Yes, it is disagreeable," I answered in the same way.

Oh! you wretch of a priest! You know well enough how humiliating it is.

The conversation was affected by it. Mamma is so offended, so angry, that her headache grows twice as bad, and she has to be taken to her room. Dina retires first. There was a tacit agreement to leave me alone with him that I might find out the truth.

As soon as we were alone, I made a bold attack, though I trembled a little.

"Why are you going? Where are you going?" Ah! well, if you think he answered me as straightforwardly as I questioned him, you are mistaken.

I asked questions, and he avoided answering them.

"What is your motto, Mademoiselle?" asked he.

"Nothing before me, nothing after me, nothing beside me!"

"Well, mine is the same."

"So much the worse."

Then began protestations so true as to become distorted.

Words of love without beginning or end, bursts of anger and reproaches. I submitted to this storm with calmness and dignity.

"I love you to distraction," he went on, "but I have no confidence in you. You have always made fun of me and laughed; cross-examining me coldly as if you were a judge. What do you want me to say when I see that you will never love me?"

I listened stiffly, and without moving a muscle, not allowing him to touch my hand even. I wanted to understand clearly at any price; I was too unhappy in this uncertainty mingled with a million suspicions.

"But, Monsieur, you expect me to love a man whom I do not know, who hides everything from me! Speak, and I will believe you; speak, and I promise to give you an answer. Listen to me, after that I promise to give you an answer."

"But you will laugh at me, Mademoiselle, if I tell you. You must understand that it is an absolute secret. If I tell it, I shall reveal myself entirely to you. There are things of so private a nature that we cannot tell them to anybody."

"Speak, I am waiting."

"I will tell you, but you will laugh at me."

"I swear I will not."

After I had promised many times not to laugh and not to tell any one, he told me at last.

Last year, when a soldier at Vicenza, he got into debt, to the amount of thirty-four thousand francs, and since his return home, about ten months ago, a coolness has arisen between him and his father, who refused to pay. At last, a few days ago, he made a pretence of leaving home, saying that he was too badly treated there. Then his mother came to tell him that his father would pay his debts on condition that he would lead a respectable life. "And to make a beginning, before being reconciled to your parents, you ought to be reconciled to God." He has not been to confession for a long while.

In short, he is going for a week's retreat in the convent of San Giovanni e Paolo, at Monte Cœlio, near the Coliseum.

I assure you I found it hard work to keep serious; to us this seems comic, but it is quite natural for the Catholics in Rome.

"So this is the secret."

I leaned against the mantelpiece and the chair, turning away my eyes, which were full of tears, goodness knows why. He leaned at my side, and we remained for some seconds without speaking or looking at one another. We remained standing for an hour, talkng of what? Of love, no doubt. I knew all I wanted to know, I have got it all out of him.

He has not spoken to his father, but he has told his mother everything; he has mentioned me.

"At any rate, Mademoiselle," said he, "you may be sure that my parents have no fault to find with you; it is only a matter of religion."

"I am quite aware that they have no fault to find with me, for if I consented to marry you, it is you who would be honoured, not I."

I am careful to appear as stern and prudish as I really am, and to set forth moral principles of overwhelming purity, so that he may tell his mother all, since he does tell her everything.

He never spoke to me before as he did to-night.

"I love you; I adore you; I am mad," he said, very softly and quickly. "Do you love me a little? Speak!"

"And if I love you, what good will it do?

"It will make us happy, surely!"

"I cannot make up my mind. You know there are fathers and mothers."

"Mine have no objection to make, Mademoiselle; you may take my word for it. Let us be engaged."

"Not so fast, Monsieur. What did you say to your mother? How did you speak to her?"

"I said to her: 'You were so very anxious that I should marry; I have found some one whom I love; I wish to marry and lead a respectable life.' And my mother answered that I ought to think the matter over carefully before taking so serious a step, and all sorts of things."

"That is quite natural. And have you spoken to your father?"

"No."

"I ask that because people in the town are talking about it, and they have spoken to mamma, who has been very much vexed about it."

No doubt my mother has spoken to him. It is past two o'clock, and I should never finish writing if I were to set down only half. And then it is so silly, one can only write *hard*

things, *soft* things cannot be written, and they are the only things that are amusing to read.

Sunday, at two o'clock, I shall be in front of the convent, and he will appear at the window and wipe his face with some white linen.

Next I run to allay mamma's wounded pride, and to tell her everything, but laughing all the time so as not to seem in love.

Enough for the moment. I am calm, happy; especially happy in presence of my family, who had already put on a dejected mien.

It is late; I really must go to sleep.

Friday, March 31*st*.—It was a splendid proof of love to tell me what he did; I did not laugh. He begged me to give him my likeness to take with him to the convent.

"Never, Monsieur. What a temptation!"

"I shall think of you all the same the whole time."

How absurd that week at the convent seems! What would his friends at the Caccia Club say if they knew of it?

I shall never tell any one; Marie and Dina don't count, they will be as silent as I am. Pietro in a convent, that will be a joke! What if he has invented it all? What a terrible character to have! I have no faith in any one.

Poor Pietro in a monk's frock, shut up in a cell, four sermons a day, a mass, vesper, matins; I cannot get used to believing anything so ridiculous.

O God, do not punish a vain creature! I swear that I am honest at heart, incapable of cowardice or baseness. I am ambitious—that is my misfortune!

The beauty and the ruins of Rome intoxicate me; I want to be Cæsar, Augustus, Marcus Aurelius, Caracalla, the devil, the Pope!

I want—and I am nothing.

But I am always the same; you may convince yourself of it by reading my Journal. The details and the shades change, but the main lines are always the same.

A nice thing to be shut up in a convent! He must be very dull, poor fellow! I was burning to tell my family about this; I am unworthy of confidence, but I could not do otherwise. Mamma was furious.

"What," said she, "they threaten to refuse us, when we do not want them? They dare to think it would be such a piece of good fortune for us! How insulting!"

She was quite right, was my mother. Well, I had to soothe her and re-establish myself in her eyes.

Indulgentia plenaria perpetua pro vivis et defunctis. Amen.

April 3rd.—It is spring now; they say that all women grow more beautiful at this season; that is true, if I am to judge by myself. . . . . The skin becomes finer, the eyes brighter, the carnation fresher.

It is the 3rd of April; I have another fortnight of Rome before me.

How strange it is! As long as I wore a felt hat, it was winter; yesterday I put on a straw hat, and it is spring directly. A dress or a hat often gives this impression, just as a word or gesture may hasten on an event which has long been preparing, but which did not seem to have come into existence, and needed this little impulse.

Wednesday, April 5th.—I write and speak about all the people who make love to me. An absurd thing to do; caused by sheer want of occupation. I paint and read, but that's not enough.

A vain creature like me must stick to painting, for that is imperishable work.

I shall not be a poet, a philosopher, or a *savante*. I can only be a singer or a painter.

That's something at least. And then I want to be in the fashion; that is the chief thing.

Do not shake your heads at me, stern judges; do not criticise me with affected indifference. Be more just, and remember that you are the same at heart. You are careful not to show it; but that does not prevent you from knowing in your inmost heart that I am speaking the truth.

Vanity! Vanity! Vanity!

The beginning and end of everything, and the sole and eternal cause of everything.

Whatever does not spring from vanity springs from our passions. Passion and vanity are the sole masters of the world.

Thursday, April 6th.—I have come to my Journal, begging it to comfort my empty, sad, foiled, envious, unhappy heart.

Yes; I, with all my impulses, all my immense desires and my fever of life, I am always and everywhere stopped

like a horse by the bit. It foams, rages and rears, but it is stopped all the same.

Friday, April 7th.—I am wretched. How true is that Russian expression—"To have a cat in one's heart." It is true there is a cat in my heart. It is always inexpressibly difficult for me to believe that a man whom I like should be capable of not loving me.

Pietro has not come. It is only this evening he leaves the convent. I have seen his clerical and hypocritical brother Paul A——. He is a creature to be stamped on—a little, black, yellow, base, hypocritical Jesuit!

If the story of the convent is true, he must know it, and how he must laugh at it with his little mysterious manner; how he must tell it to his friends! Peter and Paul cannot endure one another.

Sunday, April 9th.—I have been to confession, and taken the Communion with fervent faith, my heart full of emotion, and my soul in a fitting state. Mamma and Dina went too; then we attended mass. I listened to every word, and I prayed.

Is it not maddening to be subjected to a power that is unknown and incontestable? I speak of the power that has carried off Pietro. What is there impossible to the Cardinal, when it is a question of giving orders to the ecclesiastics? The power of the priests is immense, it is impossible to penetrate their mysterious machinations.

It fills one with wonder, fear, and admiration. One need only read the history of nations to see their hand in every event. Their sight is so far-reaching that it is lost in space for less accustomed eyes.

Since the beginning of the world, in every country, the supreme power has belonged to them, openly or secretly.

No, listen; it would be too much if, all of a sudden, in that way they were to take away Pietro from us for ever! It is impossible that he should not return to Rome, he had promised so faithfully to come!

Does he make no attempt to return? Does he not smash everything? Doesn't he cry out?

I have been to confession; I have received absolution and I swear and rage.

Man needs a certain allowance of sin, just as much as he needs a certain allowance of air for living.

Why do men remain attached to the earth? Why does the weight of their conscience fasten them to it? If their conscience were pure they would be too light, and would fly up to Heaven like fire balloons.

A strange theory that! Never mind.

And Pietro does not come back.

But since I do not love him! I want to be sensible and calm, and I cannot.

It is the Pope's blessing and portrait that have brought me ill-luck.

He is said to bring ill-luck.

There is a sort of strange whistling in my chest; my nails are red; and I cough.

There's nothing more horrible than to be unable to pray; prayer is the only consolation of those who cannot act. I pray, but I do not believe. It is abominable. It is not my fault.

Monday, April 10th.—They have shut him up for ever. No, they have shut him up for the time of my stay at Rome.

To-morrow I shall go to Naples, they can't foresee this trick. And, once he is free, he will go in search of me.

It is not that which I am anxious about, but the present uncertainty, this unforeseen, unexpected blow.

I walk about my room uttering low groans, like a wounded wolf.

I still have the branch of ivy he gave me at the Capitol. What misery!

I really do not know what is the matter with me; no doubt it is absurd, but so it is.

Besides, it is silly to grow angry, to pray, to weep. Is it always so in everything? I ought to be accustomed to it, and no longer weary Heaven by my useless lamentations.

I know not what to make of him. Is he a worthless fellow, a coward, or only a child who is tyrannised over?

I am extremely calm, but sad. You have only to look at things from a certain point of view, says mamma, to find that nothing in this world is worth troubling about.

I am quite of one mind with my mother, but to agree with her more completely, I must know for certain. All I know is that it is an odd adventure.

Wednesday, April 12th.—During the whole of this night I have been seeing him in my dreams. He was assuring me that he had really been at the convent.

We are packing and starting for Naples this evening. I hate going!

When shall I have the happiness of living in my own home, always in the same town, and always seeing the same society, and travelling now and then for change?

Rome is the place where I should choose to live, love, and die.

No, I will tell you—I should like to live where I was happy, love everywhere, and die nowhere.

Yet, I like Italian, or rather Roman, life well enough; it still retains a slight tinge of antique magnificence.

People often have false impressions of Italy and the Italians.

They imagine them poor, designing, in a state of decline. It is quite the contrary. You seldom find such wealthy families and such luxuriously appointed houses in other countries. Of course, I am speaking of the aristocracy.

Under the Pope, Rome was a city by itself, and in its way sovereign of the world. Then every Roman prince was like a petty king, had his court and his clients as in ancient times. From this *régime* springs the grandeur of the Roman families. Truly, in two generations, there will be neither grandeur nor riches, for Rome is subject to royal laws, and will become just like Naples, Milan, and the other cities of Italy.

Great fortunes will be split up; museums and galleries bought by the Government; and the princes of Rome transformed into a number of petty people, covered with a great name as with an old theatrical cloak to hide their needs. And when these great names, so much respected formerly, shall be dragged in the mud; when the king shall determine to be great alone, after trampling all the nobility under his feet, he will see clearly enough in one moment what a country is where there is nothing between the people and its king.

Just look at France!

But look at England: there is liberty, there is happiness. You will say, "But there is so much misery in England." Still, on the whole, the English people are the happiest. I do not speak of its commercial prosperity, but only of its inner life.

Let him who desires a Republic in his country begin by having one in his own house!

Enough discussion of matters of which I have but a very slight comprehension and a merely personal opinion.

What will Pietro say when he comes back to Rome and does not find me there? He will howl with rage. So much the worse; it is not my fault.

Naples, Thursday, April 13th.—See Naples and then die. I desire neither the one nor the other.

It is seven o'clock. It is as fine as at Nice. I see splendid carriages passing my window, such as there are but few of at Rome.

Naples is famous for the splendour of its horses and carriages.

Did he go *of his own accord*, or did they make him go? *That is the question.*

I am writing in front of a large looking-glass. I look like Beatrice Cenci: it is pretty, a white dress, and my hair let down! I do it now in the Pompeian style, as Pietro used to say.

Oh! how I should like one of Dumas' novels! That would save me from writing nonsense, and what is more, from reading it afterwards.

I have locked myself in, and wept several times; it is just the same as at Rome. Oh, how I hate change! how wretched I am in a new town!

They have commanded, he has obeyed, and to do so he must have loved me but little.

He did not obey when it was a question of military service. Enough, enough; for shame!

The misery, fie, the meanness! I can no longer suffer my thoughts to dwell on such a man. *If I complain, it is for my unhappy fate, my poor life hardly begun, during which I have had nothing but disappointments!*

I have sinned, no doubt, like all mankind, perhaps even more than others; but still there is some good in me, and it is unjust to humiliate me in everything.

I placed myself in the middle of the room, folding my hands, and raising my eyes, and something tells me that prayer is useless, I shall have whatever is in store for me.

Not one sorrow the less, not one grief the more, as Monseigneur de Falloux says.

There's only one thing to be done: to be resigned. I know well enough that it is difficult, good God, but else where

would be the merit? . . . Yet, fool that I am, I believe that the bursts of a frantic faith and of ardent prayers can do something!

God requires a German resignation, and I am incapable of it.

Does He believe that those who thus resign themselves have to overcome themselves?

Oh dear no! They resign themselves because they have water in their veins instead of blood, because it gives them less trouble.

Is it a virtue to be calm when this calmness is in one's nature? If I could be resigned, I should obtain everything, for it would be sublime. But I cannot. It is no longer a difficulty, it is an impossibility. In moments of callousness I shall be resigned, not by my own free will, but *because I shall be resigned.*

O God, take pity on me, give me calmness! Fashion me a soul I can cleave to. I am weary, very weary. No, no, I am not weary of storms, but of disappointments!

April 13th.—I have opened the window to air my room, which was full of smoke. For the first time for three long months I have seen a clear sky and the sea through the trees, the sea illumined by the night. I am so delighted that I am going to write. Ah! how beautiful it is after the black, narrow streets of Rome! A night so calm, so beautiful! Ah! if he were here!

If you fancy that is love!

It is impossible to sleep when it is so beautiful. Timid, weak, unworthy! unworthy of the least of my thoughts!

Easter Sunday, April 16th.—Naples does not please me. At Rome the houses are black and dirty, but they are palaces as regards architecture and antiquity. At Naples there is just as much dirt, and you see only cardboard houses in the French style.

There, how angry all the French people would be. Let them be calm. I admire and love them more than any other nation, but I must confess that their palaces will never attain the massive, splendid, and graceful majesty of the Italian palaces, especially those at Rome and Florence.

Tuesday, April 18th.—At midday we set out for Pompeii. We drove there, as the road is a fine one, and gives views of Vesuvius and the towns of Castellamare and Sorrento.

The excavations are splendidly managed. It is a strange thing to traverse the streets of this dead city.

We had taken a sedan chair, and mamma and I rested in it in turns.

The skeletons are frightful; the unfortunate wretches are in the most cruel attitudes. I looked at the remains of the houses and the frescoes, and tried to fill them up in my imagination, and re-people those houses and streets.

What a terrible force is that which could swallow up a whole city!

I heard mamma talking marriage.

"The wife is bound to suffer," said she, "even with the best of husbands."

"The wife before marriage," say I, "is Pompeii before the eruption; and the wife after marriage is Pompeii after the eruption."

Perhaps I am right!

I am very tired, worried, vexed. We did not get back till eight o'clock.

Wednesday, April 19th.—This is the disadvantage of my position. Pietro, without me, has his club, his friends, and the world—everything, in short, except me; while, as for me, without Pietro I have nothing. I am only an object of luxury for him. He was everything to me. He made me forget my anxiety to play a part in the world; and I did not think of it, being only occupied with him — too glad to escape from my thoughts.

Whatever becomes of me, I bequeath my Journal to the public.

All the books we read are inventions—the situations are forced, the characters false; while this is the photograph of a whole life. "Ah!" you will say, "this photograph is tedious, while the inventions are amusing." If you say that, you will give me a very poor idea of your intelligence.

I offer you that which has never yet been seen. All the memoirs, all the journals, all the letters that are published, are only inventions intended to deceive the world.

I have no interest in deceiving it. I have no political action to conceal, nor criminal relation to hide. No one cares whether I love or do not love—whether I cry or laugh. My chief anxiety is to express myself as accurately as possible. I have no illusions about my style or my orthography. I write letters without mistakes; but amid this

ocean of words, no doubt I let a good many slip in. Besides, I make mistakes in my French. I am a foreigner; but ask me to express myself in my own language, I should probably do it still worse.

But it was not to say all this that I opened my Journal. It is to say that it is not yet midday; that I am more than ever abandoned to my tormenting thoughts; that there is a pressure on my heart; and I should like to howl. However, that is my natural state.

The sky is grey, the Chiaja is only crossed by cabs and dirty foot-passengers; the stupid trees planted on each side shut out the view of the sea. At Nice, on the *Promenade des Anglais*, there are the villas on one side, and on the other the sea, which comes and breaks on the shingle without obstruction. Here there are the houses on one side, on the other a sort of garden extending as far as the road which separates it from the sea, from which it is itself separated by a tolerably large extent of waste land, covered with stones and buildings and presenting a spectacle of genuine desolation.

When you get to the square at the end of the Chiaja, which is planted with pretty shrubs, you feel much better, and this place is pretty. Farther on you get to the quay; on the left hand are the houses, on the right the sea; but the sea is stopped by a wall with balustrades, and lined by sellers of oysters and shells; then come the railings of the harbour, the various erections belonging to the service of boats, the harbour itself; but that is no longer the sea; it is a dirty place encumbered by a mass of hideousness.

Dull weather always makes me a little sad; but here, to-day, it oppresses me.

This deathly silence in our hotel, the worrying noise of cabs and carts with bells outside, this grey sky, this wind shaking the curtains! Ah! I am very wretched; and it is not the fault of the sky, or the sea, but of the earth!

Friday, April 21st.—When I went into the drawing-room this morning I was stifled by the smell of flowers. The room is literally full of them. They are flowers from Doenhoff, Altamura, and Torlonia. Doenhoff has sent a table of flowers. The table of flowers has taken the place of the stand; but it is not that of which I wanted to speak.

Listen to this then: Since the soul exists—since it is the soul which animates the body; since it is this vaporous substance alone which feels, loves, hates, desires; since, in

short, it is through the soul that we live—how is it that a rent of any sort in this vile body, or some internal disorder—excess in wine or food—how is it that these things can make the soul take flight?

I make a wheel turn; and I do not stop it till such is my will. This stupid wheel cannot stop my hand. Just so the soul, which sets the members of the body in motion, considering that it is the thinking essence, ought not to be expelled by a hole in the head or the indigestion caused by a lobster! It ought not to be, and yet it is. Whence one must conclude that the soul is a mere invention. And this conclusion overthrows one after another all our most intimate and cherished beliefs, like the falling scenery when a theatre is on fire.

Rome, Monday, April 24th.—I had something to tell all day; but I can no longer remember anything. I only know that, on the Corso, we met A——; he ran up to the carriage, quite radiant and joyous, and asked whether we should be at home this evening. We should be at home. Alas!

He came, and I went to the drawing-room, and began to talk quite naturally like the others. He told me that he had been at the convent four days, and afterwards in the country. At present he is at peace with all his relations, he intends to go into society, to be prudent, and think of the future. Finally, he told me that I had enjoyed myself at Naples, that I had been a coquette, as I always was, that this proved quite plainly that I did not love him. He told me also that he had seen me the other Sunday near the convent San Giovanni e Paolo. And to prove that he was speaking the truth, he told me how I was dressed and everything I did, and I must confess that he was right.

"You love me?" he asked at length.

"And you?"

"Ah, that is your way, you always make fun of me!"

"And if I were to say yes! . . ."

He is quite changed. You would say that in twenty days he has become a man of thirty. He talks quite differently, and has grown so sensible that it's a perfect miracle. He seems to be half a Jesuit.

"You know that now I practise hypocrisy, I bow to my father, I always say yes to him; I am prudent, and think of my future."

To-morrow perhaps I shall be able to tell something, but this evening I am so stupid that it's ridiculous.

Tuesday, April 25th.—"I will come to-morrow," he said, as if to quiet me, and we will talk seriously about all this."

"It is useless, Monsieur. I see well enough what to think of your fine love. You need not come back any more," I added, more feebly. "You have vexed me, I bid you good-bye in anger, and I shall not sleep all night. And you can boast that you have put me in a passion; go! . . ."

"But, Mademoiselle, how strange you are! I will speak to you to-morrow when you are calmer."

It is he who complains, it is he who says that I have always refused him, that I have always laughed, that I do not love him. I should not have spoken differently in his place, but all the same I think him rather haughty and collected for a man who really loves.

At present I have had enough of it, and I shall not speak another word on the matter.

If he wishes it let him be the first to begin.

It seems to me that he no longer loves me. Well and good, there is something to rouse me, to make my blood boil, and my back feel cold.

I much prefer that, oh yes, at any rate I am furious! furious! furious!

The rain continues, and Baron Visconti is announced—that charming man is witty in spite of his age. Suddenly they began to talk about Pietro in the midst of a conversation about the Odescalchi marriage.

"Oh, Madame, little A—— as you call him, is not a match to be despised, for that poor Cardinal is getting worse from day to day, so that one of these days his nephews will be millionaires, and in consequence Pierre will be a millionaire."

"You know, Baron, I have been told that the little fellow has gone into a convent," said mamma.

"Oh no, he has something very different in his mind, I assure you."

Then we talked about Rome: I said how much I loved it, and what it cost me to leave it.

"Well then, stay here."

"I should like to very much."

"I am glad to see that your heart loves our city."

"Talking of hearts, have you seen mine? Look here. . ."

I showed him the silver heart: a man's heart.

"You know," I added, "I am to be left behind in Rome, in a convent."

"Oh!" said Visconti, "I hope you will stay there in some other way, we shall find the means, and I shall find it," said he, pressing my hand warmly.

Mamma is radiant, I am radiant, there is a universal Aurora Borealis.

This evening, contrary to all expectation, there is a tolerably large gathering, among others A——.

The company at one table, and I with Pietro at another, and we discussed love in general, and Pietro's love in particular. He has deplorable principles; or, rather, he is so mad that he has none at all. He spoke so lightly of his love for me that I knew not what to think. Altogether he is so like me in character that it is extraordinary.

I know not what was said, but at the end of five minutes we were no longer quarrelling. We had had an explanation and had agreed to be married—at any rate, he had. For my part, I was silent most of the time.

"You are going away Thursday?"

"Yes, and you will forget me."

"Ah, certainly not. I shall go to Nice."

"When?"

"As soon as possible. At present I cannot."

"Why? Tell me, tell me at once!"

"My father would not allow it."

"But you have only to tell him the truth."

"Of course I shall tell him that I am going for your sake, that I love you, that I want to marry, but not at once. You do not know my father; I have just been forgiven, but I dare not ask any favour of him just yet."

"Speak to-morrow."

"I should not dare. I have not yet won his confidence. Only fancy, for three years he never spoke to me. In a month's time I shall be at Nice."

"In a month's time I shall be there no longer."

"And where shall you go?"

"To Russia, and then I shall go away, and you will forget me."

"But in a fortnight I shall be at Nice. . . . And then we will go away together. I love you! I love you!" he repeated, falling on his knees.

"You are happy?" I asked, clasping his head between my hands.

"Oh yes, because I believe in you; I believe in your word."

"Come to Nice at once," said I.

"Ah! if I could."

"One can do whatever one wishes."

Thursday, April 27th.—O God, thou hast been so good to me hitherto, do, for pity's sake, get me out of this!

And God has got me out of it.

At the station I began walking up and down with the Cardinalino.

"I love you," he cried, "and shall always love you, to my sorrow perhaps."

"And you see me go away, and it's all one to you?"

"Oh don't say so! . . . . You shouldn't talk like that; you don't know what I've suffered. Besides, I know where you were, and what you were doing. Since I saw you I am entirely changed; just look at me. But you have always treated me like a scamp. If I have committed follies in my time, so have others; that's no reason for thinking me a good-for-nothing, a hare-brained fellow. For your sake I have broken with the past; for your sake I have endured it all; for your sake I have made peace with my family."

"Not for me, Monsieur. I can't see what I have to do with this peace."

"Ah, it was because I have been thinking of you seriously."

"How so?"

"You always want me to explain myself in detail, with mathematical precision, and yet certain things are none the less clear for being merely hinted at; and you always make fun of me."

"That is not true."

"Do you love me?"

"Yes; and let me tell you this. I am not in the habit of saying the same thing twice over. I want to be believed at once. I have never said to any man what I am saying to you. I am very much offended, for my words, instead of being considered a favour, are taken very lightly, and commented on. And you dare doubt what I say? Indeed, Monsieur, you put me out of patience."

He grew confused, and begged me to excuse him; we scarcely spoke after this.

"Will you write to me?" he asked.

"No, Monsieur, I cannot; but I allow you to write to me."

"Ah, ah! what fine love!" he exclaimed.

"Monsieur," I said, gravely, "do not ask too much. It is a very great favour when a young lady allows a man to write to her; if you don't know it, I tell you so. But we shall have to get into the carriage; don't let us lose our time in idle discussions. Will you write to me?"

"Yes; and, say what you like, I feel that I love you as I shall never love again. Do you love me?"

I nodded in the affirmative.

"Will you always love me?"

Same action.

"Good-bye till we meet again, Monsieur."

"When?"

"Next year."

"No!"

"Come, good-bye, Monsieur!"

And without giving him my hand I got in the railway carriage, where all our people were already settled.

"You did not give me your hand," said A——, coming near.

I held out my hand.

"I love you," he said, looking very white.

"*Au revoir!*" I said, softly.

"Think of me sometimes," he said, getting still paler. "As for me I do nothing but think of you."

"Yes, Monsieur; *au revoir!*"

The train began moving, and for some minutes I could still see him looking at me with so much emotion that it appeared like indifference; then he made a few steps to the door but as I was still visible he stopped again like an automaton, pulled his hat over his eyes, made another step forwards . . . . and then, and then, we were already too far to see.

I should have felt wretched at leaving Rome, to which I have got thoroughly used, had not an idea struck me in seeing the new moon towards four o'clock.

"Do you see that crescent?" I asked Dina.

"Yes," she replied.

"Well, this crescent will become a fine moon in eleven or twelve days."

"No doubt."

"Have you seen the Coliseum by moonlight?"

"Yes."

"And I have not."

"I know."

"But perhaps you don't know that I wish to see it?"

"Probably."

"Yes, and on that account I shall go back to Rome in ten or twelve days, partly for the races, and partly for the Coliseum."

"Oh!"

"Yes, I shall go with my aunt; and it will be so nice without you and mamma, only with aunt. We shall drive out in a victoria, and it will be very amusing.

"Very well," said mamma, "it shall be so, I promise you!"

And she kissed me on both cheeks.

Friday, April 28th.—I went to sleep and had frightful dreams, like nightmares.

At eleven o'clock I lay down, so as not to see the olive trees and the red earth, and at one o'clock we arrived at the station in Nice, to the great delight of my aunt, who became quite excited, as did also Mlle. Colignon, Sapogenikoff, &c. &c.

"You know," I said, before the doors were opened, "that I am very sorry to come back, but I couldn't help it."

And I embraced them all together.

The house is furnished most exquisitely; my room is dazzling, all decked out in pale-blue satin. In opening the door to the balcony to look at our pretty garden, and the Promenade, and the sea, I was prompted to say out loud—

"They may say what they like, there is nothing so magnificently simple and exquisitely poetical as Nice."

Thursday, May 4th.—The genuine season of Nice is in May. The beauty of it is quite maddening. I went out for a stroll in the garden by the light of a young moon, the croaking of the frogs mingling with the murmur of the waves as they softly broke on the pebbles. Divine silence and divine harmony!

Naples is considered a marvel. I am sorry, but, for my part, I prefer Nice. Here the sea bathes the shore without any hindrance; while it is stopped over there by a wall with a stupid balustrade, and even this wretched bit of seaboard is obstructed by shops and stalls, and other nuisances.

"Think of me sometimes. As for me I shall do nothing else but think of you!"

O God, forgive him, for he knew not what he was saying! I allow him to write, and he doesn't avail himself of this permission! Will he even send the promised telegram to mamma?

Friday, May 5th.—What was I saying? Ah, yes, that Pietro's conduct towards me was unpardonable.

I, who am not in love, can't understand these hesitations!

I have read in novels that men will often appear forgetful and indifferent, owing to the strength of their love.

I should like to believe those novels.

I feel sleepy and bored, and in this state would like to see Pietro, and make him talk of love. I should like to dream he was here; I should like to have a nice dream. Reality is dangerous.

I am bored, and when I am bored I grow very tender.

Ah! when will this state of dulness, disappointment, envy, and vexation, come to an end!

Ah! when shall I live as I would like to!

When I am married to a great fortune, to a great name, and to a sympathetic man, for I am not as mercenary as you think. But if I am not it is from egoism.

It would be horrible to live with a man one hated, and neither wealth nor position would avail me anything. May God and the Holy Virgin protect me!

May 6th.—You know I have an idea. I am mad to see Pietro again.

This evening I give a fête, such as has not been seen for years, at the Rue de France. You must know there is a custom in celebration of May in Nice; they hang up a garland and a lantern, dancing in circle and singing the while. Since Nice has become French this custom has been more and more neglected, and now you scarcely see three or four lanterns in the whole town.

Well, as for me, I give them a *rossigno*. I call it thus because the *Rossigno che vola* is the most popular and the prettiest song in Nice.

I have had prepared beforehand a big thing, consisting of foliage and flowers, and suspended across the street, decorated with Venetian lamps.

Triphon (grandpapa's servant) has been entrusted with the preparation of fireworks on the wall of our garden, and charged to light up the scene from time to time with Bengal

fire. Triphon is beside himself with joy. All these splendours are accompanied by a flute, a harp, a violin, and cheered with wine in abundance. Some kind neighbours came to ask us to come to their terrace, for Olga and I were looking on perched on a wooden ladder.

We went to the neighbour's terrace, and Olga, Marie, Dina, and myself, went into the middle of the road, calling the dancers, trying and succeeding in putting spirit into the thing.

I sang and danced with everybody, to the delight of the good Niçois, especially the people of our quarter, who all know me and cannot say enough in praise of "Mademoiselle Marie."

Not knowing what else to do I make myself popular, and it flatters mamma. She doesn't consider the expense. What pleased them more than anything was my singing and saying some words in *patois*.

While I was standing on the ladder with Olga, who pulled me by the skirts, I felt much inclined to make a speech! but I prudently refrained for this year. . .

I looked at the dancing, and listened to the cries in a dreamy way, as often happens to me. And when the fireworks ended in a magnificent catherine wheel, we all returned home accompanied by a murmur of satisfaction.

Sunday, May 7th.—There is a certain despairing satisfaction in finding a reason for despising everybody. It is free from illusion at least. If Pietro has forgotten he has cruelly insulted me, and I inscribe one more name on my tablets of hatred and revenge.

I like mankind as it is, and love it and am part of it; and I live with all those people, and my fortune and happiness depend upon them.

All this is very stupid. Indeed, in this world, all that is not sad is stupid, and all that is not stupid is sad.

At three o'clock to-morrow I am going to Rome, as much for the change as to despise A——, if I have the opportunity.

Thursday, May 11th.—As I said on Tuesday evening, I left yesterday at two o'clock with my aunt. It's a terrible proof of love I seem to be giving Pietro.

Ah, so much the worse. If he thinks I love him, if he thinks anything so monstrous, he is only a brute.

At two o'clock we are in Rome. I jump into a fiacre;

aunt follows me, the porter of the hotel takes our tickets, and . . . . and . . . . I am in Rome. Oh delight! . . . .

Our luggage will only arrive to-morrow. In order to see the return from the races we must be satisfied with our travelling dresses. However, I looked very well in my grey costume and felt hat. I take my aunt to the Corso. How delightful to see the Corso again after Nice! I bewilder her with explanations and a lot of nonsense, for she seems to see nothing.

And here is the *Caccia Club*, there was a thrill of excitement as I passed; *the monk* gapes open-mouthed, then takes off his hat, smiling from ear to ear.

We go to the Villa Borghese, where there is an agricultural show of the district.

We walk through the exhibition, admiring the flowers and plants, and meet Zucchini. There are a good many people still.

They seem much surprised at seeing me appear for the third time. I am well known in Rome.

Simonetti comes up. I introduce him to Madame Romanoff, and tell him that it is owing to a wonderful accident that I am here.

I give Pietro a sign to come; he quite beams, and looks at me with eyes that show he has taken everything very seriously.

He made us laugh a great deal by describing his stay at the convent. He said he had agreed to stay for four days, and once he was there they detained him for seventeen days.

"Why did you tell a story, why did you say you had been at Terracina?"

"Because I was ashamed to tell the truth."

"And your friends at the club know it?"

"Yes. At first I said I had been at Terracina, and then they talked to me of the convent, and at last I told them everything and laughed, and everybody laughed. Torlonia was enraged."

"Why?"

"Because I didn't tell him everything at first; because I didn't confide in him."

Afterwards he told us that to please his father he pretended to let a rosary fall out of his pocket as if by accident, to make him believe that he always carried one about with him. I assailed him with sarcasms and impertinent speeches, which he parried very well, I must say.

Saturday, May 13th.—I don't disguise my feelings or my thoughts, and I haven't the strength to bear anything with dignity, for I have been crying. And while I am writing I hear the noise my tears make in falling on the paper—big tears which flow unhindered and without distorting my features. I laid down on my back to keep them back but did not succeed.

Instead of saying what makes me cry, I describe my way of weeping! But how can I tell why? I can't account for things. Is it possible, I cried, with my head thrown back on the sofa, that that's it? He has forgotten! No doubt, since he carried on an indifferent kind of conversation interspersed with words said in such a low tone that I could not catch them, besides he said again that he only loved me when I was near him, that I was made of ice, that he should go to America, that he is in love when he sees me, but forgets when I am away.

I begged him very coldly not to speak of it again. Ah! I can't write, and you will see yourself what my feelings must be, and how deeply I am insulted.

I can't write, and yet something seems to force me to. As long as I have not told everything I feel ill at ease.

I talked and made tea as well as I could until half-past ten. Then Pietro came; Simonetti left soon afterwards, and we three remained. We spoke of my Journal, that is, of the subjects which I treat in it, and A—— begged me to read him something on the soul and God. So I went into the adjoining room and knelt down by the famous white box, looking for what I wanted, while Pietro held a candle. But as I found certain passages of mutual interest while turning over the leaves, I read them out and went on for about half an hour.

Afterwards in the salon he began telling us all sorts of anecdotes about his life since his eighteenth year.

I listened to all he said with a certain terror and jealousy.

His complete dependence on others chills me; I feel sure if they forbade him to love me he would obey.

His family, these priests, these monks, frighten me. However much he may praise their goodness, I am filled with horror on hearing of their wickedness and tyranny. Yes, they frighten me, and so do his two brothers; but that is not the question, I shall be free to accept or refuse.

Thank Heaven I can write again to-day; I was tortured yesterday by not being able to express what I felt.

All I heard this evening, the conclusions I am forced to draw, and what has happened before, seems like a weight for my head to carry. Then there is also the simple regret of seeing him go away this evening; it's so long till to-morrow! I felt a great inclination to weep from uncertainty, and perhaps from love.

Then leaning my chin in my left hand, and the left elbow in my right hand, with frowning brows and scornful lip I began dreaming of it all, of what I wanted, and especially of what I hadn't got.

Then I began writing, but feeling irresistibly impelled to think, I left off for a moment and wrote all I have just put down.

Wednesday, May 17th.—I had still a great deal left to say of yesterday, but everything fades before this evening.

He has spoken again to me of his love; I assured him that it was useless, that my parents would never consent.

"They would be quite right," he said, immediately; "I am not fit to make any one happy. I said so to my mother. I spoke of you, I said: 'She is so good, so religious, and as for me, I believe in nothing, I am a wretch.' I remained seventeen days in the convent, I prayed and meditated, but I don't believe in God, religion does not exist for me, I believe in nothing."

I looked at him with large frightened eyes.

"You must have faith," I said, taking his hand, "you must amend and be good."

"That's impossible, and no one can love me as I am, can they?"

"H'm! H'm!"

"I am very unhappy. You will never have any idea of my position. As far as appearances go I seem to be on good terms with my people. I hate them all—my father, my brothers, my mother herself; I am most unhappy. And if you ask me why, I don't know. . . . Oh, these priests!" he exclaimed, gnashing his teeth and clenching his hands, and turning his face, disfigured by hatred, to heaven. "The priests, oh! if you knew what they are like!"

It took him five minutes to calm down.

"Yet I love you, and you only."

"Give me a proof."

"Ask one."

"Come to Nice."

"You make me feel beside myself when you say so; you know very well that I can't."

"Why?"

"Because my father won't give me any money; because my father doesn't want me to go to Nice."

"I quite understand, but suppose you tell him why you wish to go?"

"He won't hear of it. I have talked to my mother. They are so used to my bad habits that they won't believe me any more."

"You must amend your ways; you must come to Nice."

"But since I shall be refused, as you say?"

"I have not said that I would refuse you."

"Ah, it would be too much," he said, looking closely at me, "it would be a dream."

"But a beautiful dream, don't you think?"

"Oh yes!"

"Then ask your father's leave."

"Yes, certainly; but he doesn't wish me to get married. Affairs of this kind ought to be arranged for us by our father confessors."

"Well, let them do so."

"Heavens! and it's you who say that?"

"Can't you see, I don't want you, but I would like some satisfaction for my wounded pride."

"I am a wretch and accursed on earth."

It is useless, impossible, to follow these hundreds of phrases in detail. I shall only say that he repeated a hundred times that he loved me, in such a soft voice and with such entreaty in his eyes, that I went close to him of my own accord, and that we spoke like excellent friends of a number of things. I assured him there was a God in heaven and happiness on earth. I wanted him to believe in God, and to see Him with my eyes and pray to Him with my voice."

"Then, all is over," I said, going away; "adieu!"

"I love you!"

"And I believe you," I said, pressing his two hands, "I pity you!"

"Will you never love me?"

"When you are free."

"When I am dead."

"I can't love you at present, for I pity and despise you."

Why, if they told you not to love me, you would obey them."

"Perhaps!"

"How dreadful!"

"I love you," he said, for the hundredth time, and he went away crying. I went close to the table, where my aunt was sitting, and I said to her in Russian, "that the monk had paid me compliments, which I would tell her to-morrow." He came back again, and I bade him good-bye.

"No, not good-bye."

"Yes, yes, yes. I have loved you until we had this conversation." (1880.—No, I never loved him, it was merely the result of a romantic imagination in quest of excitement.)

"Ah! so much the worse, I loved you, I was wrong, I know it."

"But. . . . " he began again.

"Adieu!"

"Then, you are not coming for a ride to Tivoli to-morrow?"

"No."

"And it's not because you are tired that you have given up the idea?"

"No, fatigue is only an excuse; I don't wish to see you any more."

"Oh no! Impossible!" said A——, holding my hands.

"Good-bye!"

"You told me to speak to my father, and to come to Nice," said A——, on the staircase before going.

"Yes."

"I will do so, let it cost what it may; I swear it."

And he went away.

During the last three days I have a new idea. I fancy I am going to die; I cough and am in pain. The day before yesterday I sat down in the salon at two o'clock in the morning; my aunt begged me to go to sleep and I didn't budge, saying that it was a proof I was going to die.

"Ah!" said my aunt, "from your manner of going on I don't doubt that you will die."

"All the better for you, you won't have many expenses; you won't have to pay Laferriere so much."

And seized with a fit of coughing, I threw myself on the sofa, to the terror of my aunt, who ran out to make me believe she was angry.

Friday, May 19th.—My aunt has gone to the Vatican; and as I can't be with Pietro, I prefer remaining alone. He is coming about five o'clock; I hope so much that my aunt won't be back. I should like to be alone with him as if by chance, for I must no longer appear to seek him.

I have been singing, but my chest hurts me. Do you see that I have been posing as a martyr? It's too silly! . . . .

My hair is dressed à la Venus Capitoline; I am all in white like a Beatrice, with a rosary and an ivory cross round the neck.

Whatever one may say, there is in man a certain need of idolatry, of material sensations. We must have images to look at, and crucifixes to kiss.

Last evening I counted the beads of the rosary—there are sixty—and I prostrated myself sixty times, each time hitting the floor with my forehead. I was quite out of breath, but it seemed to me I had done something pleasing in the sight of God. No doubt it was absurd, but the intention was good.

God takes count of our intentions!

Ah, I have got the New Testament here. Let us see. Not being able to find the Bible, I read Dumas. It isn't the same thing.

My aunt came back at four o'clock, and after about twenty-five minutes I managed to rouse her interest so cleverly that she has gone to Santa Maria Maggiore. It is half-past four. I did wrong, I ought to have despatched her at five o'clock, for I fear that she will again return too soon.

When Count A—— was announced, I was still alone, for my aunt had the inspiration to go to see the Pantheon as well as Santa Maria Maggiore. My heart was beating so violently that I was afraid it might be heard, as they say in novels.

He sat down near me, and took hold of my hand, which I withdrew immediately.

He then told me that he loved me. I pushed him away, smiling politely.

"My aunt will be in soon; have patience," I said.

"I have so much to say to you!"

"Really?"

"But your aunt will be back soon."

"Then be quick about it."

"They are serious matters."

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"Tell me."

"To begin with, you did wrong to write all those things of me."

"Don't let us talk of that, Monsieur; I warn you that I am very nervous, so you will do well either to speak in a straightforward manner, or to keep silent."

"Just listen. I have spoken to my mother, and my mother has spoken to my father."

"Well, what next?"

"I did well, did I not?"

"That doesn't concern me. What you have done you did to please yourself."

"You don't love me?"

"No."

"And I love you to madness."

"So much the worse for you," I said, smiling, and letting him take my hand.

"No, listen, let us talk seriously; you will never be serious. I love you; I have spoken to my mother. . . . Be my wife!" said he.

"At last!" I said to myself; but I did not answer him.

"Well?" he asked.

"Well," I replied, smiling.

"You know," he said, feeling encouraged, "we must get somebody to take it up."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I can't do it myself; somebody must take the matter in hand, some grave and respectable person, who will speak to my father, and, in short, arrange everything. Who shall it be?"

"Visconti," I said, laughing.

"Yes," said he, very seriously, "I thought of him; he is the man. He is so old that he is only fit to act Mercury now. . . ." "Only," he went on, "I am not rich, not rich at all. Ah, I wish I were a hunchback and had millions."

"That would not help your cause with me."

"Oh! oh! oh!"

"I think you are insulting me," I said, getting up.

"No, no; my remarks did not apply to you. You are quite an exception."

"Then don't speak of money to me."

"Dear dear! how difficult you are to please! it is impossible to know what you want. Do, do, consent to be my wife!"

He wanted to kiss my hand; and I offered the cross of my rosary, which he kissed. Then, raising his head—

"How religious you are!" he said, looking at me.

"And you! you don't believe in anything!"

"I—I love you. Do you love me?"

"I don't speak of these things."

"But, in Heaven's name, do make it clear to me."

After a moment's hesitation, I gave him my hand.

"Then you consent?'

"Softly!" I said, rising from my seat. "You know there are my father and my grandfather, and they will be strongly opposed to a Catholic marriage."

"Oh, then there's that still?"

"Yes; there is that to take into account."

He took me by the arm, and made me sit next him opposite the looking-glass. We looked very beautiful together.

"We will let Visconti manage matters," said A——.

"Yes."

"He is the man. But how young we are to get married! Do you think we shall be happy?"

"To begin with, you will want my consent."

"Of course. But *supposing* you consent, shall we be happy?"

"*If* I consent, I will take my oath that there shall not be a happier man on the face of the earth than yourself."

"Then we will get married. Be my wife." I smiled.

"Ah!" he cried, leaping about the room; "how happy I shall be; how funny it will seem when we have children!"

"Monsieur, you are going mad."

"Yes, with love!"

At this moment we heard voices on the stairs. I sat down quickly, awaiting my aunt, who entered immediately.

A great weight was taken from my heart. I grew lively, and A—— was enchanted.

I was tranquil and happy; but I have a great many things to say and hear still.

With the exception of our apartment, all the rest of the hotel is empty. In the evening we take a candle and go through those immense rooms, in which the perfume of the ancient grandeur of Italian palaces still seems to linger. But my aunt is with us. I don't know how to manage.

We remain over half an hour in a large yellow

salon, and Pietro mimics the cardinal, his father, and brothers.

My aunt makes A—— write some nonsense in Russian.

"Copy that," said I, taking a book and writing something on the fly-leaf.

"What?"

"Read."

And I indicated the following eight words:—"Leave at midnight. I will speak to you down-stairs."

"Did you understand?" I asked, rubbing it out.

"Yes."

I felt easier then, and yet strangely agitated.

A—— kept looking at the clock every minute, and I was afraid lest the reason might be guessed; as if any one could possibly have guessed! Only bad consciences have these terrors.

At midnight he rose and bade me good-night, pressing my hand tightly.

"Good evening, Monsieur," I said.

Our eyes met, and I cannot describe what a simultaneous flash it was.

"Well, aunt, we shall leave early to-morrow; you had better go to your room, and I shall lock you in to prevent your disturbing me while I am writing; then I shall go to bed quickly."

"You promise?"

"Certainly."

I locked my aunt's room, and, after giving a glance in the looking-glass, I went down-stairs, and Pietro slipped through the half-open door like a shadow.

"So much may be said without words when we love! As for me," he whispered, "I love you."

It amused me to act a scene in a novel, and involuntarily I thought of Dumas.

"We leave to-morrow. And we must talk seriously of things; and I am forgetting it. . . . ."

"Impossible to think of anything."

"Come," I said, shutting the door so as only to leave a faint glimmering of light.

And I sat down on the last step of the little staircase at the bottom of the passage.

He knelt down.

Every instant I thought I heard somebody coming. I remained motionless, trembling at every drop of rain which beat against the panes.

"It's nothing," said my impatient lover.

"You speak very much at your ease, Monsieur. If any one were to come, you would feel flattered and I should be lost."

With my head thrown back, I looked at him through my eyelashes.

"With me?"—misunderstanding the meaning of my words—"with me? I love you too much; you are quite safe."

I gave him my hand on hearing those noble words.

"Have I not always been well-behaved and respectful?"

"Oh no, not always. You wanted even to kiss me once."

"Don't speak of that, I beg. Oh, I have begged your pardon so often! Be good! Forgive me!"

"I have forgiven you," I said, gently.

I felt so thoroughly at ease! So that is being in love, I thought. Is it really serious? I kept thinking he would laugh, because his manner was so very grave and tender.

I dropped my eyes beneath his; they flashed with such extraordinary brilliancy.

"But we are again forgetting to speak of our affairs; let us be serious and talk."

"Yes; let us."

"But, first of all, what are we to do, as you are going away to-morrow? Don't go away; oh, pray don't go away!"

"It's impossible! my aunt . . . ."

"She is so good; do stay!"

"She is good; but she won't consent. And so, adieu; perhaps for ever."

"No, no; since you have consented to become my wife!"

"When?"

"I shall be in Nice at the end of this month. If you would allow me to make my escape by getting into debt, I should leave to-morrow."

"No, I don't wish it; I could not consent to see you in that case."

"But you can't prevent my going to Nice and getting into scrapes."

"Yes, yes, yes; I forbid you."

"Then I must wait till my father gives me the money."

"Listen; I hope he will be reasonable."

"He is not opposed to it—my mother has been speaking to him; but if he were not to give me any money, you know how dependent, how miserable I am!"

"Insist upon it."

"Give me some advice—you who argue like a book, you who speak of the soul and God—give me some advice."

"Pray to God," said I, offering him my cross, quite ready to laugh if he were to see the ridiculous side of the thing, or to keep my countenance if he took it seriously.

He looked at my impassive face, pressed the cross to his forehead, and dropped his head in prayer.

"I have prayed," he said.

"Really?"

"Really! But let us continue. . . . . We are agreed to put the matter into Baron V——'s hands?"

"Very well."

I said "Very well," while I thought "Provisionally."

"But it can't be arranged immediately," I continued.

"In two months."

"You are laughing at me," I said, inquiringly, as if it were the most impossible thing in the world.

"Then in six?"

"No!"

"In a year?"

"Yes, in a year. You will wait?"

"If it must be; with the condition of seeing you every day."

"Well, come to Nice, for in a month I am going to Russia."

"I shall follow you."

"That's impossible."

"And why?"

"My mother won't allow it."

"No one can prevent my travelling."

"Don't talk nonsense."

"But as I love you!"

I bent towards him in order not to lose one of his words.

"I shall always love you," he said. "Be my wife."

We drifted into the commonplaces of love-making—commonplaces which would be divine if one really loved always.

"Yes, truly," he said. "How beautiful it would be to pass our lives together! . . . . Yes, to pass my life with you; always together, at your feet . . . adoring you. . . . . And

when we are both of us old, so old as to take snuff, we shall still love each other. Yes, yes. . . . . dearest!"

He could find no other words, and these commonplace words became a tender caress in his mouth.

He looked at me with folded hands.

Then we talked sense; then he cast himself at my feet, crying, in a choked voice. that I couldn't love him as he loved me, it was impossible.

He said we ought to tell each other our secrets.

"Oh yours, Monsieur, don't interest me."

"Oh, tell me, how many times have you been in love, Mademoiselle?"

"Once."

"And with whom."

"With a man I didn't know, whom I have seen ten or a dozen times in the street, who didn't even know of my existence. I was twelve years old then, and have never spoken to him."

"This is a fable!"

"It's the truth."

"But it's a romance, a phantasy; it's impossible; it's a shadow."

"Yes but I feel that I am not ashamed of having loved him, and that he has grown a kind of divinity for me. I don't compare him to any one, for no one is worthy of it.

"Where is he?"

"I don't even know. He is married far away."

"What folly!"

And my confounded Pietro looked rather incredulous and disdainful.

"But it's true; and you see I love you, and that's another matter."

"I give you my whole heart, and you only give me the half of yours," he said.

"Don't ask too much, and be content."

"But that isn't all. There's something else."

"That's all."

"Forgive me, and suffer me not to believe you this time."

(Oh, the depravity of it!)

"You must believe the truth."

"I can't."

"So much the worse for you," I cried, vexed.

"It's beyond me," he said.

"Then you must be very depraved."

"Perhaps so."

"You don't believe that I have never allowed any one to kiss my hand?"

"Pardon me, but I don't believe it?"

"Come and sit down by my side," said I; "let us talk, and tell me everything."

He begins telling me all they have said to him, and he has said to them.

"You won't be angry?" he asked.

"I shall be angry if you hide something from me."

"Well, then, you know that our family is a well-known one."

"Yes."

"And you are strangers in Rome."

"What next?"

"Well, my mother wrote to Paris, to several persons."

"Very naturally; and what did they say of me?"

"Nothing as yet. But let them say what they like, I shall always love you."

"I require no indulgence. . . ."

"Next," he said, "comes religion."

"Yes, religion."

"Oh," said he, in the calmest manner, "do turn Catholic!"

I stopped him short *very severely*.

"Then do you want me to change my religion?" cried A——.

"No, for if you did so I should despise you."

I should really only have been vexed on account of the Cardinal.

"How I love you! how beautiful you are! how happy we shall be!"

For all reply I took his head in my hands and kissed him on the forehead, on the eyes, on the hair. I did it more for his sake than for mine.

"Marie, Marie!" called my aunt from above.

"What's the matter?" I asked, in a calm voice, passing my head through the trap door, so that my voice might appear to come from my room.

"It's two o'clock, you must go to sleep."

"I am sleeping."

"Are you undressed?"

"Yes; do let me write."

"Go to bed."

"Yes, yes."

. I came down and found the place empty; the poor fellow had hidden himself under the staircase.

"Now," said he, taking his place again, "let us speak of the future."

"We will."

"Where shall we live? Do you like Rome?"

"Oh yes."

"Then we will live in Rome, but not with my family, quite alone!

"I should think so; in the first place, mamma would not hear of my living with my husband's family."

"She is quite right. And then my family has such extraordinary principles! It would make us miserable. We will buy a little house in the new part of the town."

"I should prefer a big house."

And I tried to hide an expressive grimace.

"Well then, a big one."

And we began, or at least he did, to plan future arrangements.

He was evidently very eager to change his condition.

"We shall go into society," I went on; "we shall live in grand style, shall we not?"

"Oh, certainly; tell me everything,"

"Yes, when two people are going to pass their life together, they ought to do so as well as possible."

"I quite understand. You know all about my family, but there's the Cardinal."

"We must be on good terms with him."

"I should think so indeed; I shall try to be so. And you know the greater part of his fortune is to go to the one who first has a son; so we must have a son as soon as possible. Only I am not rich."

"What does it matter?" I said, a little hurt, but sufficiently mistress of myself not to make any gesture of contempt; it might be a snare.

Then, as if tired of this grave discussion, he drooped his head.

"*Occhi neri*," I said, covering them with my hand, for his eyes frightened me.

He threw himself down before me, and made such protestations, that I redoubled in watchfulness, and made him sit down again by my side.

No, it can't be true love. If it were, there would be nothing mean or vulgar about it.

I was dissatisfied at heart.

"Be reasonable!"

"Yes," he said, folding his hands, "yes, I am reasonable and respectful; I love you!"

Did I really love him, or was it an affair of the imagination? Who can tell exactly? And yet, from the moment one doubts. . . . doubt is no longer possible.

"Yes, I love you," I said, taking his two hands in mine and pressing them hard. He said nothing; perhaps he did not understand what importance I attached to my words, or perhaps he only considered them natural.

My heart had ceased beating. It was a delicious moment, for he remained as motionless as I did, without uttering a syllable.

But I grew frightened, and told him to go.

"It is time."

"Already? Stop just another minute by my side? How happy we are here! You love me?" he said. "Thou wilt always love me? Say, thou wilt always love me!"

His saying, "thou," chilled me, and appeared humiliating to me.

"Always!" I said, inwardly discontented; "always, and you, you, love me?"

"Oh! how can you ask such a question? Oh, my darling! I wish it were impossible to leave this spot!"

"We should die of hunger," I said, humiliated by the caressing appellation, and not knowing what to answer.

"But what a delicious death! Then, in a year!" said he, devouring me with his eyes.

"In a year," I repeated, for the sake of saying something. I was acting the part of a woman in love, intoxicated, inspired, grave, and solemn.

Just then I heard my aunt, who, still seeing a light in my room, grew very impatient.

"You hear?" I said.

We embraced each other, and I ran away without looking back. It's like some scene in a novel I have read somewhere. Fie! I am displeased with myself! Shall I always be my own critic, or is it because I am not altogether in love?

"It is four o'clock," exclaimed my aunt.

"No, aunt, in the first place it's only ten minutes past two; and then, do leave me alone."

I began undressing, deep in thought all the time. If any one had seen me go into the drawing-room, near the staircase, at midnight, and leaving it at two o'clock, past two

o'clock, after an uninterrupted *tête-à-tête* with one of the most profligate young Italians, this person would not believe the Almighty himself, if he should have a fancy for coming down from heaven in order to declare my innocence.

Even I, supposing I were in somebody else's place, would not believe it, and yet you see! Can we be sufficiently on our guard against trusting to appearances? How often people condemn others, and form conclusive judgments when there is *next to nothing*.

"It's dreadful! You will kill yourself with sitting up so late!" cried my aunt.

"Listen," I said, unlocking her door, "don't scold or I won't tell you anything."

"Oh dear, dear!"

"Oh, dear aunt, you will be sorry . . . ."

"What's the matter? Oh, what a girl!"

"Well then, I have not been writing; I was with Pietro."

"Unhappy girl, where were you?"

"Down-stairs."

"How dreadful!"

"Oh, if you make such a row, I won't tell you anything."

"You have been with A——?"

"Yes!"

"Well," she said, in a voice that made me tremble, "I knew it when I was calling you a little while ago."

"How could you?"

"I dreamed that mamma had come and said to me, 'Don't leave Marie alone with A——.'"

I felt a chill down my back as I realised that I had run a serious risk. I expressed my fears lest any one should write scandalous reports of me to Nice.

"There's nothing to be said," replied my aunt. "People may venture to talk slander, but they dare not write them."

Nice.—Tuesday, May 23*rd.*—I should like to be clear about one thing: am I in love or am I not?

I have pictured such worldly splendours and riches to myself, that Pietro appears in my eyes a very twopenny-halfpenny sort of Count. Ah, H——n!

Suppose I were to wait! But to wait for what? For a prince and millionaire, a H——n; and if nothing comes of it.

I try to convince myself that A—— is very *chic*, but

seeing him so intimately makes him appear less so than he is.

This has been a sad day! I have begun Colignon's portrait on a background of sky-blue draperies. It's sketched in, and I am very pleased with myself and with my model, for she sits very well.

I know quite well that A—— has not yet had time to write to me, but am uneasy nevertheless.

This evening I am in love with him! Would I do well to accept him? As long as there's love it will be all right, but afterwards?

I fear that mediocrity will make me hang myself with rage. I reason and argue as if I were mistress of the situation. Oh, misery of miseries! . . . .

"Wait! Wait for what? . . . ."

"And if nothing comes? Bah! with such a face as mine things do come, and the proof is . . . . that I am hardly sixteen, and that I might have been a countess twice and a half—I say a *half* for Pietro."

Wednesday, May 24th.—This evening, as I was going away, I kissed mamma.

"She kisses like Pietro," she said, laughing.

"Has he kissed you?" I asked.

"But he has kissed you!" said Dina, laughing, fancying she was saying something awful, and on that account giving me a violent sense of remorse, almost of shame.

"Oh, Dina!" said I, with such a look that mamma and aunt turned to her with an expression of reproach and displeasure.

"Marie kissed by a man! Marie, the proud, the severe, the haughty! What an idea! Marie, who has made so many fine speeches on the subject!"

This made me feel inwardly ashamed. Why, indeed, have I been untrue to my principles? I won't admit that I gave way to any weakness, any momentary impulse. If I were to admit it I should no longer esteem myself! I can't say that it was from love.

To pass for unapproachable is enough. They are so accustomed to it in me that they would refuse to believe their own eyes; and I myself have so often held forth on the rigidity of my views, that I would hardly believe it myself were it not for this Journal.

In the first place, we should never allow any man to *make advances* to us without being certain of his love; for

in that case he will not accuse us: whereas, with people who are only flirting, we ought to be armed at all points, like a porcupine. Let us be frivolous with a grave, loving man, but severe with a frivolous one.

Ah! how pleased I am to have written exactly what I think!

Friday, May 26th.—My aunt says that A—— is only a child.

"That's true," says mamma.

And these remarks show me that I have soiled myself for nothing; for, after all, I have soiled myself without love and without an object. . . . . How vexing!

After he had left me in Rome, I looked at myself in the glass, fancying that my lips had changed colour. No one is as sensitive as I am! Since my face has been soiled, I feel as dirty as after travelling twenty-four hours in the train.

A—— will be able to say that I loved him, and that I was very unhappy at the marriage coming to nothing.

The failure of a project of marriage is always a stain on a young girl's reputation.

All the world will say that we loved each other. But nobody will say that I refused him. We are neither sufficiently popular nor sufficiently powerful for that.

Appearances, besides, will justify those who say so. It's maddening! . . . .

If V—— had not said those few words I would never have gone so far. . . . "Oh, young lady! you are still so very young!" . . . . In fact, to appease my vanity, I needed to hear all those proposals of marriage. Observe that I did not commit myself to any positive promise; but, as I let him speak, and allowed the young rascal to take my hands and kiss them, he did not notice my tone; and, in his happiness and excitement, had no suspicions at all.

I knew quite well that he was in earnest; but I did not anticipate, though I did in a way, that his family and all these people would make such a fuss. I did not expect it, because I was not in earnest.

I must tell you that the man is a sack filled with self-love and covered with vanity. There's one thing gives me some comfort: before the great explanation he was always saying that he suffered a great deal, that I made him very unhappy with my coquetries and my heart of ice.

That's some consolation, but not enough. Indeed, I

must admit, by way of softening my complaints, that his complaints and his torments appear very insignificant to me, because it isn't I who have experienced them.

They say that the most poetic woman is the *blonde ;* but I assert, on the contrary, that she is the material woman *par excellence.*

Look at that golden hair, those blood-red lips, those dark-grey eyes, that rosy body, which Titian paints so admirably, and tell me what thoughts they suggest to your mind! And for that matter, the pagan Venus and the Christian Magdalen are both fair. Whereas the dark woman, who is a paradox of nature, like a fair man—the dark woman, with her velvet eyes and ivory cheeks, may remain pure and divine.

There is a beautiful picture by Titian at the Borghese Palace, called *Pure Love and Impure Love.* Pure love is depicted as a beautiful woman with rosy cheeks and black hair, tenderly looking at her child which she is bathing in a tank.

Impure love is a fair, possibly red-haired woman, leaning against I know not what, with her arms crossed above her head. And in short the normal woman is fair and the normal man dark.

Varieties of an opposite type may sometimes be admirable, but they are phenomenal.

I shall never see anything comparable to the Duke of H——; he is tall, strong, with reddish hair tinged with gold, a moustache of the same colour, small eyes of a piercing grey, and a lip modelled on that of the Apollo Belvidere.

And his whole person has something so grand, majestic, nay, insolent even, in his indifference to others.

Perhaps I considered him with the eyes of a person in love. . . . . But I don't think so.

How is it possible to be in love with a vain, brown, ugly fellow, having fine eyes, indeed, but still timid in his walk and without any style whatever, after a man like the duke, even three years later? And remember that three years, from thirteen to sixteen, are like three centuries in a girl's life.

Therefore I love no one but the duke! He, it is true, won't be proud of it, and won't care. I often invent stories and picture known and unknown men to myself. Even to an emperor I don't say "I love you," with genuine conviction. There are some to whom I can't say it at all! . . . .

Stop there! For I have said it in reality. . . . . Dear me, yes; but so little did I think it that it isn't worth speaking of.

Sunday, May 28th.—On coming in from our walk I went to my room and sat at the window. It's odd that nothing seems changed; it seems as if we were back in last year. The songs of Nice have never seemed so charming before; the croaking of the frogs, the murmur of a fountain, a sound of singing in the distance, are desecrated by the noise of a prosaic carriage.

I am reading Horace and Tibullus. The latter only speaks of love, and that suits me. And I have the French text opposite the Latin to give me practice. If only all this talk of marriage, which I have thoughtlessly set going, won't injure me. I fear it.

I ought not to have promised A—— anything. I ought to have answered him—

"I thank you, Monsieur, for the honour you do me; but I can promise you nothing before consulting my parents. Let your family confer with mine and we shall see. As for me," I might have said to soften my reply, "I would have no objection to you."

This answer, accompanied by one of my sweet smiles, with my hand given him to kiss, would have sufficed.

And I should not have been compromised, and there would have been no gossip in Rome, and all would have been well.

I think of clever things, but always too late. I should have done better, no doubt, to have made a fine speech like the one you have just read, but I should have economised so much pleasure, and besides . . . . life is so short! . . . . and besides, there is always a—*besides!*

I did wrong in not making the above answer, but I was really so much moved; sensible people will say, certainly; and sentimental ones, no.

Wednesday, May 31st.—Has it not been said that *les beaux esprits se rencontrent?* Just now I am reading La Rochefoucauld, and I find many things in him which are written here. And I, who prided myself on having said some really new things, and they are things that have been known already and said long ago. . . . . Then I read Horace, La Bruyère, and some other author besides.

I am nervous about my eyes. I have been obliged to

stop several times during my painting. I use them too much for I spend all my time in painting, reading, and writing.

I have spent this evening in going over my abstracts of the classics, as it gave me something to do, and then I discovered a very interesting work on Confucius, in a Latin and French translation. There's nothing like having one's mind occupied; work overcomes everything, especially brain work.

I can't understand how women can pass their time in knitting and embroidering, keeping their hands occupied and their heads idle. . . . . You must have a world of useless, even dangerous thoughts, and if there is anything on the mind the heart begins brooding over it, with lamentable results, may-be.

If I were calm and happy I think I could do needlework in order to think of my happiness.

No, in that case I should like to think of it with my eyes shut, and should be incapable of doing anything.

Go and ask any of my acquaintances what they think of me, and they will tell you that they know no girl as gay, light-hearted, determined, and happy as I am; for it gives one much satisfaction to appear proud and radiant, aloof in all ways; and I willingly engage in some closely-contested argument either grave or gay.

In these pages you see my inner self.

But outwardly I am quite another person.

You would say I had never known an annoyance, that I am used to be obeyed by men and things.

. . . .

Saturday, June 3rd.—Just now on coming out of my dressing-room I had a superstitious terror.

I saw a woman in a long white gown at my side with a light in her hand, and looking plaintively before her, with her head a little on one side, like a phantom in some German legend. Don't be alarmed, it was only my reflection in the glass.

Oh, I fear, I fear that some bodily ill will be the outcome of all these moral tortures!

Why does everything turn against me?

O God forgive me for weeping! There are people more miserable than myself—there are people in want of bread, whereas for me I sleep in a bed covered with lace; there are people who bruise their feet in walking over the stones of the road, whereas for me, I walk on the softest carpets; people who have only the sky for a covering, whereas for me

I have above my head a canopy of blue satin. O God, perhaps thou art punishing me for these tears I shed; then why not stop my weeping?

Besides all I have suffered already, I now feel personally ashamed, ashamed in my soul.

"Count A—— has asked her hand in marriage, but he met with opposition, and has now altered his mind and withdrawn his offer."

This is the way good impulses are rewarded.

Oh, if you knew what a sensation of despair takes hold of me, what an infinite sadness when I look round me! What ever I touch perishes and disappears.

And my fancy continually conjures up the picture afresh, and I fancy I hear them saying, "Count A—— wished to marry her," etc. etc.

Sunday, June 4th.—After Jesus had cured the lunatic His disciples asked Him, why those who had tried to cure him had not succeeded; and Jesus answered them, "It is because of your want of faith, for verily I tell you that if you only had as much faith as a grain of mustard seed you would say to yonder mountain, 'Remove thyself from yonder place to this,' and the mountain would be removed, and nothing would be impossible to you."

On reading these words I felt suddenly enlightened, and perhaps for the first time I believed in God. I rose quite carried out of myself. I clasped my hands, I raised my eyes to heaven, I smiled, I was in ecstasy.

I will never, never doubt again, not in order that I may get something, but because I have been convinced, because I believe.

Until my twelfth year they spoilt me, they did whatever I pleased, but no one ever dreamed of educating me. When I was twelve I wished for masters to teach me; they gave them me, and I drew up a plan of study. I owe everything to myself. . . .

After this fit of enthusiasm I was afraid of exaggerating my feelings, afraid of the convent.

Oh no, I was transformed, I was joyous; I slept soundly, I woke up feeling calmer.

Monday, June 5th.—Dina, Mlle. Colignon, and myself, stopped out on the terrace in the moonlight reflected in the smooth sea, until ten o'clock. We discussed friendship and what ought to be our relations with our fellow-men; I made

my confession of faith. The Sapogenikoffs suggested the topic, as they have not yet written to us.

Colignon's admiration for them is well known; indeed, she cannot exist without adoring some one. She is the most romantic and sentimental woman in the world. She believes in friendship and in the happiness of trusting others.

I, the opposite.

Just consider how unhappy I should be had I felt a great friendship for the Sapogenikoffs.

We never regret having been kind, obliging, amiable, or having acted on an impulse of the heart; we only regret it when we meet with ingratitude in return. And it is, indeed, a great grief for a kind-hearted person to discover that sympathy and friendship have been wasted.

"Oh, Marie, I don't agree with you."

"But do listen, Mademoiselle. Here I have been for the last hour exhausting my breath in explanations and arguments, to find that after all my talk you are deaf to what I've been saying.

"No doubt of it."

"I don't blame you, I don't blame any one; because I don't expect anything from anybody. On the contrary, the reverse of ingratitude would have surprised me. I assure you it is much safer to regard life and our fellow men as I do; to give them no place in your heart; but use them as rungs in the ladder by which you rise."

"Marie! Marie!"

"It can't be helped. You are differently constituted from me! Look here! I am sure you have spoken ill of me to the Sapogenikoffs and others. I am as certain of it as if I had heard with my own ears, and yet I trust you exactly as I used to, and shall always do."

"It is your study of the philosophers which gives you this distrust of everybody."

"I don't distrust people, only I don't place my trust in any one; there's a great difference between the two."

"No, listen, Marie, you have no friendship for anybody."

"But just reflect what it would be if I had; supposing that instead of taking Marie and Olga at their true worth, as good-natured girls, ready to laugh with me and at me when my back was turned, as I at them; supposing Olga and I had become bosom friends. I write to her from Rome; she answers three words at the end of three weeks; I write to her

again, and this time she doesn't answer at all. What do you say to that? And it's not the first instance."

"But what can you expect from your friends if you give them nothing in return?"

"We don't understand each other. I show them all kinds of attention. I am ready to do all I can for them; let them ask me anything they like, I should be happy to meet their wishes; but I don't give them my heart, for, believe me, it's exasperating to give it for nothing."

"We can never feel exasperated when we have done what is right—our duty, in short."

"Friendship is not a duty. You are neither doing a good nor a bad action in bestowing your friendship on some one. Your friendships don't count because you have such a constant craving for it; but when it comes from the heart, it is very distressing to find yourself repaid with ingratitude."

"So much the worse for those who are ungrateful."

"How selfish that is! I used to think formerly that I loved the whole world; but I see that this universal love is only another name for universal indifference. I am full of benevolence for my fellow men. I see they are all bad, and this makes me feel supremely indulgent towards them. . . . Have you read Epictetus? It seems to me that one must be a stoic as regards friendship. You receive a shock and you can't help making a gesture of fear and surprise: it does not depend on yourself; but it depends on you to acquiesce in your first feelings. We cannot avoid feeling certain preferences, but we can avoid acquiescing in them."

"Your reading will land you in atheism; you won't believe in anything at last, Marie."

"Oh no! If you could read my thoughts you would not say so."

"All philosophers are dangerous reading."

"Not if you have a sound mind. . . . But the truth is," I said, "when everything's said and done, there's only one thing that's worth anything in life (I speak of our feelings), and that's love."

"Yes."

"There's no greater pleasure in the world than to love and be loved."

"That's true."

"And for goodness' sake don't let us go into subtleties about it. Let us only take the pleasure we receive, and

that which we give. Love is a divine thing in itself, I mean as long as it lasts, it makes a man behave perfectly towards the object he loves; it gives him devotion, tenderness, passion, sincerity, faithfulness, everything. We may, therefore, try to fathom love, but never man. Man may be compared to a cavern. You always find damp or dirt at the bottom, or else an opening, so that in reality there is no bottom at all. But all this doesn't prevent my loving my neighbours."

"It is impossible to enjoy anything if one is indifferent to it all."

"No, no; I am not indifferent, but I only value people according to their merit."

Mamma has been crying to-day, and my aunt's face looks troubled; they have talked over all my misery.

I was coming home with my arms hanging down listlessly, eyes staring and knitted eyebrows; I was choking in spite of the blue sky, the bubbling fountain, the medlar trees covered with fruit, and the pure air. I walked on without noticing anything.

Why not suppose that I love him, unworthy as he is.

Heavens! What is the meaning of this man, and of this love?

Everything is to be crushed in me, my self-love, my pride, and my love.

Tuesday, June 6th.—I have been reading over my account of yesterday; only misery and tears.

By two o'clock my spirits had risen sufficiently for me to cease being angry, and to enable me to merely sigh from contempt. These thoughts are unworthy of me, we should only remember injuries when we can be revenged. To think of them otherwise is to give too much importance to people who don't deserve it—it's degrading to oneself; but indeed I am not thinking of these people, I am thinking of myself, my position, and of the carelessness of my relations. For that's the cause of all the trouble.

If the A——'s had raised the question of religion, that would only amuse me, and I really think that if they were to beg me to accept Pietro I would not have him.

But it's the disgrace, the thought that things have been said against us.

For this marriage has been all the talk, and, for certain, people won't say that the refusal comes from me. Indeed, they would be right. Did I not consent? To gain time; to

keep him hanging on in any case. I don't repent of it, I did well, and if it's turned out badly it's not my fault.

We are not known; people catch up a word here and there, they gossip, exaggerate, invent! and to be quite helpless—oh, heavens!

Let us understand each other. I don't complain, I narrate facts, that's all.

I have a profound contempt for the whole world, so I can't complain or be angry with any one. Love, as I imagined it, does not exist! 'Tis only an imagination, an ideal!

Is it possible that perfect modesty, perfect purity are only words of my invention? So when I went down to speak to him on the eve of our leaving he simply looked upon it as a rendezvous of the ordinary kind?

When I leant upon his arm it was only with desire that he trembled. When I looked at him in a grave and deeply moved way like a pagan priestess of old, he saw nothing but a woman and a rendezvous.

And did I indeed love him? No; or more correctly speaking, I loved his love of me.

But as I am incapable of treachery in love, I felt for him exactly as if I loved him myself.

It was an exaltation of the fancy; you may call it fanaticism, shortsightedness, stupidity—yes, stupidity!

If I were cleverer I should have understood the man's character better.

He loved me as he could. It was for me to see that one does not cast pearls before swine.

The punishment is hard; my illusions are destroyed for a long time to come, and I feel remorse for myself; I was wrong to think as I did.

I should have been as others are, vulgar and prosaic.

It is owing to my great youth, I suppose, that I committed these futilities. What is the meaning of these ideas of the other world? We understand them no longer, for the world has not changed. Now I am falling into the common mistake and accusing the world on account of the villainy of one man. Because one man turns out to be base I deny all greatness of mind and soul.

I deny that man's love because he has done nothing for it Even if he had been threatened with being disinherited and cursed, could that have prevented his writing to me? No, no. He is a coward.

Thursday, June 8th.—Books of philosophy astound me. They are productions of the imagination altogether upsetting. By reading much of them in time I should get used to it, but at present they take my breath away.

What do you say to Fourier? And then look at Jouffroy's system: "The soul goes outward under the pressure of sensation, and then retires within herself carrying back the object."

It's astonishing, but it's nonsense. When the fever of reading is upon me I go mad over it, and it seems as if I could never read enough; I would like to know everything, and my head seems bursting, and then again only ashes and chaos are around me.

I am all in a fever in my haste to read Horace. Oh! to think that there are chosen ones, who enjoy themselves who rush about, who dress, and dance, and gossip, and laugh, and love, who, in short, plunge into all the delights of a worldly life, while I, I am rusting in Nice!

I am pretty resigned on the whole, as long as I don't remember that we live but once. Oh, just to think that *we live but once*, and life is so short!

When I think of it I am like one possessed, and my brain seethes with despair.

We live but once, and I am losing this precious life hidden in the house, seeing nobody!

We live but once! and they spoil my life!

We live but once! and they make me lose my time miserably! And the days are passing, passing, never to return, and abridging my life!

We live but once! and must this short life be still further shortened, spoilt, stolen—yes, stolen by infamous circumstances.

Oh, Lord!

Friday, June 9th.—In reading about my stay at Rome, and my perturbed state at Pietro's disappearance, I am quite surprised at having written with so much vivacity.

I read and shrug my shoulders. I ought not to be astonished, knowing how easily my fancy is touched.

There are moments when I don't know what I hate or what I love, what I desire or what I fear. Then all becomes indifferent, and I try to understand things, and the consequence is such a whirl of excitement in my brain that I have to shake my head and stop my ears, preferring

even a state of stupor to this self-analysis and heart-searching.

Saturday, June 10th.—"Do you know," said I to the doctor, "that I spit blood, and ought to be taken care of?"

"Oh, Mademoiselle," said Walitzky, "if you persist in sitting up every night till three o'clock in the morning you will get no end of diseases."

"And why do you think I go to bed so late? Because my mind is not at rest. Give me peace and I will sleep peacefully."

"You might have had it. You had an opportunity at Rome."

"With whom?"

"With A——, in getting married without changing your religion."

"Oh, friend Walitzky, how shocking! With such a man as A——! Are you thinking of what you are saying? A man who has no will or opinions of his own. How can you talk such nonsense, really?"

And I began to laugh softly.

"He doesn't come; he does not write," I went on; "he is a poor child whose *importance we have exaggerated.* No, my friend, he isn't a man, and we did wrong to think so."

I said these last words with the same calmness with which I had spoken all along, from the conviction I had of having said what was true and just.

I went to my room, and all at once I saw everything with extraordinary clearness. I understood, at last, how wrong I had been in allowing a kiss, only one, but still a kiss; to appoint a rendezvous at the bottom of the stairs. I understood that if I had not gone into the passage, nor to any other place, if I had not sought this rendezvous, the man would have had more respect for me, and I should have been spared my vexation and tears.

(How I like myself for saying this! How charming of me! Paris, 1877.)

Always stick to this principle; I lost sight of it, and committed a folly owing to the attraction of novelty, the ease with which I take fancies into my head, and my want of experience.

Oh, how could I have understood it all since!

Ah! my good friends, don't blame me. One is young and

makes mistakes. A—— has taught me how to behave to my admirers.

To live a hundred years, to learn a hundred years!

Oh, how plain it all seems, how calm I feel, and how cured I am of love!

I mean to go out every day, to be gay and hopeful.

"Ah! son felice;
Ah! son rapita!"

I am singing "Mignon," and my heart is full.

How beautiful the moon looks reflected on the sea! How adorable is Nice.

I love the whole world! All the faces I see passing look smiling and amiable.

It's over, I said that couldn't last. I will live in peace! I will go to Russia; that would improve our position. I would take my father to Rome.

Monday, June 12th; Tuesday, June 13th.—I who wanted to live seven lives at once, and can't even get the quarter of one. I am fettered.

God will take pity on me; but I feel weak, and I think I shall die.

It's as I say. Either I must have all that God has given me . . . . the power of perceiving and understanding—and then I would deserve to have it—or I shall die.

For my Maker, not being able to grant me everything without injustice, will not be cruel enough to keep a wretch alive to whom He has given understanding and the ambition of what she understands.

God has not made me as I am without some intention. He cannot have given me the faculty of *seeing all* to torture me by giving me nothing. This supposition is not in harmony with the nature of God, who is all goodness and mercy.

I will have things, or I shall die. It's as I say. Let His will be done! I love Him, I believe in Him; I beseech Him to forgive me when I have done wrong.

He has given me understanding to satisfy it if I show myself worthy of it. If I prove unworthy He will make me die.

Wednesday, June 14th.—Besides the triumph I have procured to the little Italian fellow, which is very annoying

to me, I also perceive the scandal which the affair has caused.

I never expected an adventure of this kind; I could never have foreseen it. I never imagined such a thing happening to me. I knew such things did happen, but I did not believe it; I did not picture it to myself, as one doesn't picture death if one has never seen a corpse. O my life, my poor, poor life!"

If I am as pretty as I say, why don't people love me? They look at me! They are enamoured! But they don't love me. I who have such a great need to be loved!

Novels have turned my brain! No, no; I read novels because my brain is already turned. I read over again the old books. I look with lamentable eagerness for the scenes and speeches of love. I devour them because it seems to me that I love, and because it seems to me that I am not loved. I love; yes, because I won't give it another name.

Well, no; it isn't that which I want. I want to go into the world; I want to shine in it; I want to occupy a supreme position. I want to be rich; I want to have pictures, palaces, jewels. I want to be the centre of a circle that shall be political, brilliant, literary, philanthropic, and frivolous. I want all that . . . . may God give it to me!

O God! do not punish me for these wildly ambitious thoughts!

Are there not people who are born in the midst of it all, and who find it quite natural, and never thank God at all?

Am I guilty in wishing to be great?

No; for I will use my greatness in thanking God, and in wishing to be happy!

People who are satisfied with a modest and comfortable home, are they less ambitious than I? No; for they can't see beyond.

He who is content to pass his life humbly in the bosom of his family, is he modest and moderate in his desires, owing to his virtue, his resignation, and his wisdom? No, no, no! It makes him happy to be so; he finds his greatest happiness in this retired existence. If he does not wish it, it is because it would make him wretched. There are others who dare not; as for them, they are not wise—they are cowards! for they secretly covet things, but nevertheless remain where

they are, not from Christian humility, but owing to their timid and incapable natures. O God, if my conclusions are are wrong, enlighten me, forgive me, and have mercy upon me!

Thursday, June 22nd.—I used to joke when people praised up Italy, and ask myself why they made such a to-do about that country, and why it was spoken of as a country apart. But so it is. We breathe more freely there. For life is different there—large, free, mad, fantastic, languid; at once burning and soft as its sun, its sky, its campagna. So I soar on my poet's wings (for at times I am wholly a poet and nearly always by some side of my nature), and I would exclaim with Mignon:

"Italia, reggio di ciel;
Sol beato!"

Saturday, June 24th.—I was waiting to be called to the *déjeuner*, when the doctor came, quite out of breath, to tell me they had just received a letter from Pietro. I blushed very much, but did not raise my eyes from the book I was reading.

"Well, well, what does he write?"

"They would not give him any money; however, I don't know; you had better see for yourself."

I took good care not to be too eager; I was ashamed to show so much interest.

I was the first at table, quite against my usual habit—eating . . . . most impatiently, but saying nothing.

"Is it true what the doctor has told me?" I asked at length.

"Yes," replied my aunt; "A—— has written to him."

"Where is the letter, doctor?"

"In my room."

"Give it to me."

This letter is dated the tenth June; but as A—— simply addressed it Nizza, it travelled all the way to Nizza, in Italy, before getting here.

"I have been trying all this time," he writes, "to get leave of my parents to come here; but they absolutely refuse to hear of it." So that, in short, it's impossible for him to come; and all that remains to him is the hope of the future, which is always uncertain.

The letter is in Italian, and they expected to have it translated. I said not a word, but, gathering up my train

with affected slowness, so that they should not think I was running away choking, left the room and crossed the garden with outward calm and hell in my heart.

This is not an answer to a friend's telegram from Monaco sent as a joke. It's written to me by way of advice. To me! to me, who had placed myself on an imaginary eminence! . . . . It is to me he says it!

Die? God forbids it! Turn singer? I have neither sufficient health nor patience.

What, what am I to do then?

I threw myself into an easy-chair, and, with eyes fixed on vacancy, tried to understand the letter—to think of something. . . . .

"Will you go to the clairvoyant?" shouted mamma from the garden.

"Yes," I replied, getting up stiffly. "When?"

"This minute."

Anything, anything not to remain alone; not to go out of my mind; anything to escape from myself.

The clairvoyant, we find, has gone.

The ride in the heat was neither good nor bad for me. I took a handful of cigarettes and my journal, intending to poison my lungs while writing the most inflammatory pages; but all strength of will seemed to have left me.

As in a dream I walked slowly to my bed, quite stiff and straight, and lay down just as I was, drawing the lace curtains together.

Impossible to describe my suffering; indeed, there comes a moment when one cannot even complain. Crushed as I am, what should I complain of?

I find no words to express my profound disgust and discouragement. Love!! No, I have never known it. This then is the truth! that that man has never loved, but looked upon marriage as a means of emancipating himself. I won't say anything of his protestations; I never mentioned them, for I never took them quite seriously. I don't say he was lying; we nearly always believe ourselves what we say at the moment—but afterwards? . . . .

And in spite of everything, in spite of the Gospel, I am burning to be revenged. I shall take my time, never fear, and I will be revenged.

"Chi lungo a tempo aspetta
Vede al fin la sua vendetta."

I went to my room, wrote a few lines, and then, suddenly losing heart, began to weep. Oh, after all I am only a child! All these sorrows are *too heavy* for me to bear *quite alone*, and I thought of waking my aunt, but she would think that I was weeping for love, and I couldn't bear that.

To say that love has nothing at all to do with my state is the bare truth. I loathe it at present.

A mere boy, a laughing-stock lined with a scapegrace, and covered with a Jesuit; a child, a Paul! And that's the thing I loved! Bah! Why not? Don't men fall in love with a cocotte, a grisette, a country-wench, any sort of creature? Great men and great kings have loved nonentities, and have not been discrowned on that account.

I seemed to be going mad with impotent rage; all my nerves were on the rack, and I began to sing; that calms you.

If I were to sit up all night I could never say what I want to; and if I did, it would be nothing new, only the same things I have said already.

All the things I saw and heard in Rome come back to me, and in meditating on that singular mixture of devotion and libertinism, of religion and rascality, of submission and depravity, of prudery, haughty pride, and lowest meanness, I said to myself, "Rome is certainly a unique city, at once singular, savage, and refined."

Everything in it is different from other towns. You seem to be in another planet.

And no doubt Rome, which has had a fabulous origin, a fabulous prosperity, and a fabulous decline, should be something striking and out of the common, both morally and physically.

The city of God—I mean to say the city of priests. Since the king is there everything has changed, but only amongst the Liberals; the priests always remain the same —that's why I never understood anything of what A—— used to tell me, because I always regarded his affairs as fables, or as entirely peculiar, whereas they were simply Roman.

Why must I have come across this inhabitant of the moon, of the old moon, of old Rome, I mean the Cardinal's nephew!

But it's interesting at least to me, who love the extra-

ordinary. It's original. Well, it's very strange all the same —Rome and the Romans.

Instead of giving vent to expressions of astonishment, it would be much better if I were to tell what I know of Rome and the Romans.

You must know that when Pietro was at death's door six years ago, his mother made him eat slips of paper, on which this word was written over and over again, *Maria, Maria, Maria.* She did this that the Virgin might cure him. It's perhaps on that account he fell in love with a Maria—a very earthly one however. Besides that, they made him drink holy water instead of medicine.

But that's nothing. Little by little, no doubt, I shall recall all I heard, and you will find some very curious things.

The Cardinal, for example, is by no means a good man, and on being told that his nephew was trying to amend in the monastery, he laughed, saying it was absurd, for a man of three-and-twenty did not suddenly become good at the end of eight days passed in a convent; that if he seemed so, he wanted money, no doubt.

Friday, June 30th.—How I pity old men, especially since grandpapa has become quite blind; I am so sorry for him.

To-day I had to lead him down-stairs, and feed him myself. He is ashamed of it, owing to a kind of self-love which has always made him wish to appear young, and it had to be done with a great deal of management. But he accepted my services very gratefully, for I had offered them with a kind of brusque persistence, mixed with tenderness, which people can't resist.

Sunday, July 2nd.—Oh, how hot it is! and how dull! No, I am wrong in calling it dull; one cannot be dull with so many mental resources as I have. I am not dull, because I can read, sing, paint, and muse to myself, but I am restless and depressed.

Is my poor youth to be spent between the dining-room and petty domestic worries? A woman lives from sixteen to forty. I shudder at the thought of losing even a month of my life.

What is the good of my having studied, of having tried to know more than other women, of priding myself on knowing all the branches of learning that are attributed to famous men in their biographies?

I have some idea of them all, but I have only really gone into history, literature, and natural philosophy, so as to read everything about them—everything that is interesting. As a matter of fact, I find everything interesting that I put my heart into, and this sets me on fire.

What then is the good of my having studied and thought? Why endowed with wit, beauty, and a voice? To grow mouldy, to be bored to death? If I were ignorant and coarse, perhaps I should be happy.

Not a single living soul to talk to! A girl of sixteen cannot be quite satisfied with the family circle, especially when she is a girl like me.

Of course grandpapa is clever. But then he is old and blind, and he is everlastingly quarrelling with his man Triphon and grumbling about the dinner.

Mamma has plenty of *esprit*, but not much information; her manners are not polished, she hasn't any tact, and her mind has got dull and rusty through her never talking about anything but the servants, my health, and the dogs.

Auntie is rather better. She even rather impresses you when you don't know her well.

Have I ever mentioned their ages? Mamma would still be a fine woman if it were not for her bad health. Auntie is a few years younger, but she looks the elder of the two. She is not good-looking, but tall and well proportioned.

Amor decrescit ubique crescere non possit.*

That is why lovers, when once they have felt perfectly happy, begin imperceptibly to love each other less and less, and end at last by drifting apart altogether.

I am going away to-morrow. I can't say how sorry I am to leave Nice.

All these preparations for the journey rather damp my resolution.

I have selected the music to take with me, and some books, the encyclopædia, a volume each of Plato, Dante, Ariosto, and Shakespeare; also a number of English novels by Bulwer, Collins, and Dickens.

I was rude to auntie, and then I went out on the terrace. I stopped out in the garden till dusk. How lovely the twilight is with the sea and space for background, and these luxuriant

* It is *dolor* in Syrus, but I say *Amor*, because the maxim is equally applicable to both.

plants and thick foliaged trees! And then, by way of contrast, the bamboos and palm-trees. The fountain, the grotto with its little waterfall trickling from rock to rock before falling into the basin. All round, the bushy trees give the spot a look of peacefulness and mystery, which makes one lazy and sets one dreaming.

Why does water always make one dreamy?

I stopped in the garden and looked at a stone vase in which a lovely canna rose was just unfolding. I thought how pretty my white dress and leafy crown must look in that entrancing garden.

Is *that* all I am ever to do in life—dress myself carefully, put leaves in my hair, and think about the effect?

Well, candidly, if other people were to read me I think they would consider me a bore. I am still so young, I know so little of life!

I cannot speak with the authority or the assurance of writers who profess—what presumption!—to know men, to lay down laws and to bind their maxims on other people.

My maid is here with a dress for me to wear to-morrow; it reminds me of my departure.

I went back to my room, followed by all the dogs. I drew my white trunk close to the table. Ah, my chief regret! . . . my diary . . . it is part of myself. Every day I have been in the habit of running through the pages of one of my manuscript books, when I wished to recall Rome or Nice, or something older still!

The night was too lovely!

And on this my last evening, just as if it had done it on purpose, the moon shone out cold and clear, illuminating all the beauties of my town. Mine! Of course it is, *my town*. No one is likely to dispute the possession with me. I am too insignificant.

Besides, does not the sun belong to everybody? I went into the dining-room. The moonlight poured in through the large open windows and flooded the white stuccoed wall and the white chair covers. We can't help feeling melancholy on such a summer night, whether we will or no.

I went twice round the room. I felt a lack of something or other, and yet I was not unhappy. Far from it. I did not want anything. I should have liked always to feel so gentle, so good. My soul expanded under this feeling of happy calm; it seemed as though it would enwrap me all

round. I sat down at the piano, and let my white tapering fingers wander over the keys. But still there was something wanting, some *one* perhaps. . . .

I am going to Russia. . . . How willingly I ought to go to bed early to-night, so as to shorten the time before starting, on the day I have looked forward to so impatiently!

I am drawn towards Rome. . . . Rome is a city one doesn't understand at first. The first few days I was there I saw nothing but the Pincio and the Corso. I did not understand the simple beauty of a country treeless and houseless, yet surcharged with associations. Nothing but a plain swelling like the sea in a storm, dotted here and there with flocks of sheep with their shepherds, just as Virgil describes.

For it is only our demoralised class of society which undergoes such numberless transformations. Simple people, unartificial people, do not change, and are the same in every country.

Side by side with these vast plains, furrowed with aqueducts whose straight lines cut the horizon and produce the most thrilling effect, we see the finest relics of barbarism and civilisation.

Though why should I say barbarism? It is we modern pigmies, in our petty pride, who consider ourselves more civilised, because we were born last.

No description can give a correct idea of those lovely and noble lands, those lands of sunshine, beauty, soul, genius, art; of those lands which have fallen so low and remained prostrate so long that it seems impossible they should ever rise again.

When people talk of glory, soul, or beauty, they are only talking of love. They only talk of glory and beauty in order to make a fittingly handsome frame for that picture which is always the same yet ever new.

The idea of leaving my diary here hurts me.

Poor diary, it contains all my strivings towards the light, all those aspirations which would be considered those of an imprisoned genius if they were crowned in the end with success. If, on the other hand, I never come to anything, they will be looked upon as the conceited ravings of a commonplace person.

To marry and have children! Any washerwoman can do that.

Unless I could find a civilised and enlightened man, or one who is pliant and very much in love.

What do I want? Oh, you know well enough. I want GLORY.

This diary certainly won't give it me. It will only be published after my death, for I cannot lay myself *quite bare* to the world in my lifetime. Besides, it ought only to be complementary to a distinguished life.

A distinguished life! A will-o'-the-wisp produced by isolation, historical readings, and a too lively imagination! . . .

I don't know any language really well. My native tongue I merely know because it was spoken at home; and I left Russia when I was ten years old.

I speak English and Italian well, I think, and write in French, and I believe I still make mistakes in spelling! And I am often at a loss for a word, and then I find my thought easily and gracefully expressed by some celebrated writer. It is aggravating beyond anything!

Take this for instance, "Whatever may be said to the contrary, travelling is one of the saddest pleasures of life; when you really feel at ease in some strange town, it is because you are beginning to make it a home."

It was the author of *Corinne* who said that. And how many times have I sat, pen in hand, losing patience because I cannot make my meaning clear! how often have I finished by bursting into some such expression as this—"I hate new towns; what an infliction new faces are!"

We all think alike, it seems; the difference consisting in our way of expressing it: just as all people are composed of the same materials, yet how vastly they differ in features, height, complexion, and character!

And some day or other I shall be sure to meet with this very idea, only expressed cleverly, eloquently, and attractively.

What then am I? Nothing. What do I want to be? Everything.

My head is tired. Let me rest it after all these yearnings for the Infinite. Let me think about A——. Ah, still harping on him! A mere child, a wretch!

No; is it not possible that he does not altogether love me?

He loves me as I love him. Oh, well then, it is not worth talking about. . . . . No; the chief thing is that I am leaving my diary behind.

I have finished this manuscript-book. When I get to Paris I will begin another, which will probably do for Russia as well.

No one will take any notice of a manuscript-book at the Custom house.

I am taking Pietro's last letter.

I have just re-read it. He is unhappy! But why hasn't he got more spirit?

I can speak of it quite coolly; yes, I in my most exceptionally despotic position—but he? . . . . Those Romans!—It is a most unheard-of thing.

Poor Pietro! My future fame prevents me from thinking seriously about him. It seems to rebuke me for the thoughts which I bestow on him.

Dear goddess, make yourself easy. Pietro is only a diversion, *a strain of music under which to conceal my soul's lament.* And yet I am angry with myself for thinking about him, because he is useless to me! He can't even serve as the first rung of the divine ladder on whose topmost round rests satisfied ambition.

GRAND HOTEL, PARIS.
July 4th.

Amor, ut lacryma, oculo oritur, in pectus cadit.
PUBLIUS SYRUS.

Wednesday, July 5th.—Yesterday, at two o'clock, I left Nice with my aunt and my maid Amelia. Chocolat has hurt his feet, and will be sent on in a couple of days.

Mamma was crying over my departure for three days before I left, so I have been very gentle and affectionate with her.

The loves of husbands, lovers, friends, and children, come and go, for all those relationships *can occur twice.*

But there can only be one mother, and a mother is the only being on whom we may absolutely rely, whose love is disinterested, devoted, and eternal. Perhaps I felt all this for the first time when I was bidding her good-bye. And how scornful I felt towards my loves for H——, L——, and A——! How paltry it seems to me now! Nothing at all.

Grandpapa nearly melted into tears. But then there is always something solemn in an old man's farewells. He blessed me and gave me a picture of the Madonna.

Mamma and Dina came with us to the station.

As usual, I looked as cheerful as possible at starting, but I felt very much distressed all the same.

Mamma did not cry, but I could feel how unhappy she

was, and a flood of regret came over me at parting for having so often been harsh towards her. However, as I looked at her from the carriage window, I reflected that I had never been harsh out of perversity, but because I was so sad and despairing myself, and now I am going away so that I may change our life altogether.

When the train had started, I felt that my eyes were full of tears, and I involuntarily compared this departure with the last I made—that from Rome.

Were my feelings weaker then, because I was not leaving so great a sorrow—a mother's sorrow—behind?

I at once began to read *Corinne*. The description of Italy is most fascinating to me. And what a pleasure to be able to see Rome once more through my author's eyes!—Rome, my beautiful Rome, with all its treasures!

I admit, frankly, that I did not understand Rome at first. What impressed me most was the Coliseum. If I knew how to express my thoughts, I should have uttered a crowd of beautiful ideas that came into my head, when I was standing speechless in the precinct of the Vestal Virgins, opposite the Emperor's.

We reached Paris at half-past one. It must be admitted that if Paris is not the most beautiful of towns, she is, at any rate, the most winning and charming.

Has not Paris also the history of greatness, decay, revolution, glory, and terror? And yet all pales before Rome, for Rome was the mother of all the other nations.

Rome swallowed up Greece, the nursery of civilisation, art, heroes, and poets. As to architecture, sculpture, or thought, which has since been developed, is it aught but imitation of the ancients?

With us there is no originality except in what is mediæval. Oh, why, why is it that the world is *effete*? Is it that the spirit of man has already done all that it is capable of doing?

Monday, July 10th.—It is all very well for the novels to say the contrary, but it is quite true that power and glory (inferior things that this world can give) *do* set a halo round what we love, and even almost make us love what is distasteful to us.

So true is this that, notwithstanding the outcry of all the *sentimentalists*, it is quite clearly demonstrated that the strongest minds are not proof against plausible advantages, against outside show.

Putting that aside, how does it look from the side of the affections?

How horrible it is that a trifling cause can separate two persons, can make one suffer the agonies of doubt, estrangement, and unhappiness! all on account of money. I despise money, but I admit that it is very necessary.

When we are physically well, our brain and affections are unfettered. Then we can love disinterestedly, without reservation and without sordid ideas.

Why have so many women loved kings?

Because a king is a type of power, and though a woman loves to rule, she needs something strong to lean upon, just as a frail and delicate plant entwines itself round a tree.

Now I love A——; but my love is constantly shaken, now by doubt, now by fear.

At one moment I am degraded in my own self-respect, humiliated by my undignified dependence; I might have loved him very much, with a strong and enduring love. Instead of that I am buffeted by a feeling which drags me now this way, now that, and which makes me doubtful, undecided, mercenary, and wretched.

Oh, don't impute mean and sordid motives to me! I don't love a man because he is rich, but because he is free, unhampered in his actions. I should like to be rich, because then I shouldn't have to think about money at all, should not have to submit to this brutal but irresistible force of circumstances.

I was just going to begin again, but all I can say resolves itself into this: Perfect moral well-being can only exist when the material side of us is satisfied, and when we are not forced to remember that we have an empty stomach.

When we love the passion is at white heat, carries all before it, but only for a moment, and afterwards you become more conscious of all I have been saying. I didn't read it in books, nor have I experienced it myself. But let those who have lived, who are no longer sixteen years old like me, put aside that false shame which prevents them from confessing things of the kind, let them tell the truth for once, and say whether I am not right in what I am trying to prove. *If people are contented with little it only proves that they don't see further than their noses.*

Thursday, July 13th.—In the evening we go to see Countess M. She talks marriage to me.

"Oh no," I said, "I don't want to be married; I want to be a singer. Now, dear Countess, I'll tell you what we must do. I will disguise myself like a poor girl, and you and my aunt will take me to the best singing master in Paris, and tell him I am a little Italian whom you are interested in, and who shows promise in singing."

"Dear me!" said the Countess, "what next?"

"You see," I went on calmly; "that is the only way in which I shall be able to learn the truth about my voice. And I have a last year's frock which will do beautifully." And I pursed up my mouth.

"Very well," said the Countess; "it is a brilliant idea."

Father sends a telegram to say he is expecting me impatiently. Uncle Étienne sends another to say that he will meet me at the frontier. Uncle Alexander sends a third to say that the cholera is in Russia. I am not in the least afraid. I am no fatalist, nor do I believe in predestination. I firmly believe that nothing happens without the will of God. If God intends me to die now, nothing in the world can hinder it. And if He intends me to live long, no epidemic that ever raged can do me any harm.

Auntie has come to beg me to go to bed, because it is one o'clock.

"Oh, do go away!" I said; "if you worry me I shall go out of my mind."

O God! what is this weight on my mind? Paris! yes, it is Paris, the common meeting-ground of genius, glory, everything. Light, vanity, dizziness!

O God, give me the life I would have, or let me die!

Thursday, July 14th.—I have been taking great care of myself all the morning. I cough as little as I can; I keep still; I am baked with the heat, and parched with thirst, and yet I don't drink to quench it.

Not before one o'clock did I have a cup of coffee and an egg. The egg had so much salt in it that it was like eating salt accompanied by egg rather than egg accompanied by salt.

I have an idea that salt is good for the throat.

I put on a plain grey cambric dress, a black lace *fichu*, and a brown hat. When I was dressed I thought I looked so nice that I should always like to be dressed like that.

We started at last, picked up Madame on the way, and

reached the door of 27, Chaussée d'Antin. This is the house of M. Wartel, the first singing-master in Paris.

Madame M—— had already called on him, and spoken of a girl from Italy, who had come to her with the very best recommendations. Her relatives wished to know what course to take with regard to her musical career.

M. Wartel said he would see her on the following day, and with considerable trouble appointed four o'clock for the interview.

We reached the house at three o'clock, and were shown into an outer room. We were just going further, but were stopped by a servant, who would not let us pass till we said that M. Wartel was expecting us.

We were then shown into a small room leading into another, where the professor was giving a lesson.

"The interview is at four o'clock, madame," said a servant entering.

"I know; but perhaps you will allow this young lady to sit here and listen."

"With pleasure, madame."

So we sat there for an hour and listened to the Englishwoman's singing. She had a frightful voice, and such a style! I never heard anybody sing like that.

I indignantly recalled to mind Faccioti, Tosti, and Creschi.

The walls of our waiting-room were covered with portraits of well-known artistes, with the most affectionate inscriptions underneath.

Four o'clock struck at last. That Englishwoman departed.

I began to tremble, and my strength oozed out of me.

Wartel beckoned to me to go in.

I did not understand.

"Come in, come in, mademoiselle!"

So in I went, followed by my two chaperons. I asked them to go back into the waiting-room, for they made me nervous, and I was really frightened.

Wartel was an old man, but the accompanist youthful.

"Can you read music?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"What can you sing?"

"I can't sing any song, Monsieur, but I can sing a scale or an exercise."

"Take an exercise, Monsieur" (to the accompanist) "What is your voice? Soprano?"

"No, Monsieur, contralto."

"Well, we shall see."

Wartel, remaining seated in his arm-chair, signed to me to begin. So I attacked an exercise, trembling at first and then infuriated, but at my ease by the time it was ended, for I did not take my eyes off the master's immensely long face. It is a remarkable face.

"Oh," he said, "yours is more of a mezzo-soprano. Its pitch will rise."

"What is your opinion, Monsieur?" said the two ladies, coming in.

"She has some voice, but of course you will understand that she will have to work very hard. Her voice is very young as yet, but it will grow, and it will develop *pari passu* with the young lady herself. There is good material, there is good compass, but she must work."

"Then you think, Monsieur, that it is worth while to cultivate it?"

"Yes, yes, if she works."

"Her voice will be a good one?" asked Madame M——

"It will be a good one," replied the man coolly, in his off-hand and reticent way. "But it must be developed, pitched, practised, and of course all that means business."

"I sang badly," I got out at last, "I was nervous."

"Ah, well, Mademoiselle, of course you must get accustomed to control that nervousness; it would be entirely out of place on the stage."

But I was delighted with what he said. It was an immense deal to say to a poor girl who would not bring him any profit.

Accustomed as I am to flattery, the man's grave and magisterial way of treatment seemed chilly, but I divined that he was satisfied.

He had said, "There is good material, you must work hard." That is splendid to begin with.

All this time the accompanist was eyeing me all over, minutely examining my figure, arms, hands, and face. I lowered my eyes and reddened as I asked the ladies to go back to the other room.

Wartel sat down, and I stood in front of his arm-chair.

"Have you taken lessons?"

"No, Monsieur, never; at least, only ten lessons."

"Yes, you must work. . . . Can you sing a ballad?"

"I know a Neapolitan song, but I have not the music with me."

"*Mignon!*" cried my aunt from the other room.

"Good. Sing *Mignon*."

While I was singing a slight look of surprise appeared on Wartel's face, which had been at first merely attentive; then he looked astonished, and at last relaxed sufficiently to bend his head to the time, smile pleasantly, and join in himself.

"H—m—m—m!" said the accompanist.

"Yes, yes," nodded the *maestro*.

I sang on, though very nervous.

"Do keep still; don't move; breathe deeply!"

"Well, Monsieur?" we three chorused.

"Ah, that is very nice. Let her do a ——" (Oh, bother it, I have forgotten the word.)

The accompanist made me do the ——, the name of it doesn't matter; he made me run over all *my* notes.

"Up to *si*," he said to the old gentleman.

"Yes, it is a mezzo-soprano; all the better, all the better for the stage."

I was still standing.

"Sit down, Mademoiselle," said the accompanist, measuring me from head to foot.

So I sat down on the edge of the sofa.

"Well, Mademoiselle," said the severe Wartel, "you must work hard and you will succeed."

He made several observations, in that impassive way of his, about the stage, singing, and study.

"How long will it take before her voice is formed?" asked Madame M——.

"Of course, Madame, you will understand that that depends on the student herself. Those who are clever take less time than others."

"That child has quite as much ability as she need have."

"Really? All the better. It will be easier for her."

"But how long will it take?

"To form her voice properly, to render it perfect, three years. . . . Yes, three years of hard work. *Quite* three years!"

I was holding my tongue and vowing vengeance against that horrid accompanist. He looked as if he was thinking, "That girl is well-grown. She is pretty. What fun!"

After a few more remarks, we got up to go. Wartel remained seated, but held out his hand to me kindly. I bit my lips.

"Look here," I said, when we reached the door, "let us go back and tell him the truth."

My aunt proffered her card. We went back laughing, in high spirits. I told the severe *maestro* the trick I had played him.

I shall never forget the accompanist's face when he heard it. Revenge is sweet.

"If you had talked a little more," said Wartel, "I should have known you for a Russian."

"Yes, Monsieur," said I, "I knew you would. That is why I didn't talk much."

The two ladies explained how I had wished to learn the truth from his famous lips. "It is just what I told you, ladies; she has a voice, she must have talent too."

"I mean to have talent, Monsieur; in fact, I have some already. You shall see."

I was so delighted that I agreed to walk all the way to the Grand Hotel.

"Set your mind at ease, my dear," said the countess, "I watched the professor's face from the other room. When you sang *Mignon* he was really surprised, wasn't he, Madame? He hummed it himself—just fancy a man like him doing so! —with a little Italian before him whom he was prepared to criticise as severely as he could." . . . .

We dined together. I was in high spirits, and showed myself as I really am. All my whims and crotchets came out, all my ambitions and hopes.

After dinner we lingered for some time on the step in front of the door to enjoy the fresh evening air and the sight of the countless numbers of people who came and went through the courtyard.

I must study under Wartel. And Rome?

We will see about it.

It is getting late. I will tell it all to-morrow.

Sunday, July 16th.—When I think about the good fortune of Mademoiselle K——, Princess de S——, all my worst feelings revive in me. I am envious!

That girl, she was nothing at all at Nice, with her vulgar red cheeks and big Moldavian nose!

Of course, she is good looking, but it is a style of beauty that I should like to have in a lady's maid in some outlandish costume, a woman to put my boots on, and to fan me with a large fan when I am hot. Now she is a queen, made queen in a critical moment, such a moment as would be invaluable

to ambitious girls. Certainly, *her* place in history is settled. What about me!

Tuesday, July 18th.—I have had some very extraordinary experiences to-day. We paid a visit to the celebrated clairvoyant, Alexis.

He seldom gives consultations now except on the subject of health.

We were ushered into a half-darkened room, and as soon as Madame M—— had said "We have not come for a medical consultation," the physician went away, leaving us alone with the man who was lying in a trance.

The fact that it was a man that was lying there, and the absence of anything that looked like imposture, made me incredulous.

We have not come for a medical consultation," said Madame M——, putting my hand into Alexis'.

"Ah!" said he, his eyes half closed and glazed like those of a corpse, "But meanwhile, I may tell you your little friend is very unwell."

"Oh," I cried out, frightened, and I was just going to tell him not to say anything about that, for fear of what I might hear, only before I could speak he had diagnosed my ailment, which is laryngitis, something chronic. But my lungs are very strong, and that has saved me.

"You had magnificent lungs," said Alexis sympathetically. "Just now they are overworked. You must be careful."

I ought to have written it down; I can't remember all those details about the bronchi and the larynx. I will go back and get them to-morrow.

"I have come to consult you, Monsieur, about this person," said I, and handed him a sealed envelope containing the Cardinal's photograph.

Before I write down here all the extraordinary things that happened, let it be understood that there was nothing in my appearance which could at all indicate that I was concerning myself about a Cardinal. I hadn't breathed a word of it to any one. Besides, what likelihood was there of a young Russian lady of fashion going to consult a clairvoyant about the Pope, the Cardinal, the Devil?

Alexis concentrated his thoughts and bethought himself. I grew impatient.

"I can see him," he said at last.

"Where is he?"

"In a great city, in Italy; he is in a palace, surrounded by many people; he is a young man. . . . No! It is his impressive face that deceived me. He is grey-headed. . . . He is in uniform. . . . He is a man over sixty."

I, who had been snatching the words from his mouth with increasing eagerness, felt suddenly chilled.

"What kind of uniform?" I asked.

"It is rather strange. . . . he is not in the army."

"No, that is quite true."

"Very well, then what uniform is it?"

"A strange one; not of our country. . . it is. . ."

"It is . . . well?"

"It is an ecclesiastical vestment . . . wait a moment. . . . He occupies an elevated place, he bears rule over others, he is a bishop. . . . No! a cardinal."

I started up, and flung my slippers to the other end of the room. Madame de M—— shook with laughter at my excitement.

"A cardinal?" I repeated.

"Yes."

"What is he thinking about?"

"Something very serious. He is much engrossed by it."

Alexis' slowness, and his seeming difficulty in uttering the words, made me nervous.

"Come," said I, "try and see who is with him? What does he say?"

"He is with two young men . . . in the army, two young men whom he often sees, who belong to the palace."

I always used at the Saturday receptions to see two young soldiers who were in the Pope's retinue.

"He is talking to them," continued Alexis, "he is talking in a strange language. . . . Italian."

"Italian?"

"Ah, he is very learned, he knows nearly all the languages of Europe."

"Can you see him now?"

"Yes, I can. Those people about him also belong to the Church. There is one, very tall and spare, in spectacles, who is going up to him and speaking in a low voice. He is very short-sighted. He is obliged to go quite close to an object to see it."

Oh, my word! that is the man whose name I always forget. He is very well known at Rome. It was he who talked about me at that dinner at the Villa Mattei.

"What is the Cardinal doing?" I asked. "What was he doing a little while ago? Whom did he see last?"

"Yesterday. . . yesterday there was a great gathering at his house. . . Churchmen. . . all! Yes, they discussed a serious, a very serious matter, on Monday, yesterday. He is very much worried, for the discussion was about . . ."

"About what?"

"They have been discussing, working. . . . they want. . ."

"They want what? Look again!"

"They want to make him. . . . Pope!"

"Oh. . . . !"

The tone in which he said it, the clairvoyant's astonishment, the very words themselves, electrified me. The ground went from under my feet. I took off my hat, tangling my curls, taking out the pins and sending them spinning into the middle of the room.

"Pope!" cried I to myself.

"Yes, Pope," repeated Alexis. "But there are great difficulties in the way. . . He is not the man who has the best chance."

"But will he be Pope?"

"I do not read the future."

"Oh, Monsieur, do try, you can . . . come!"

"No, no, I do not see the future! I cannot see into it?"

"Who is the cardinal? What is his name? Can't you make out from his surroundings, from what people say to him?"

"A. . . wait a bit. Ah!" said he, "the picture of him that I see is destitute of vitality, and you are so restless that you take all the strength out of me; your nerves give electric shocks to mine. Do be quieter!"

"Very well," said I, "but you say things which make me jump. Now then, what is the Cardinal's name?"

He pressed his hand on his forehead, and began to sniff at the envelope. It was grey and of extra thickness.

"A——!"

I had nothing more to take off; I fell backwards in a heap into my arm-chair.

"Is he thinking about me?"

"A little. . . . and not favourably. He is against you. He is dissatisfied in some way. I do not quite see how. . . . on some political grounds."

"Political grounds?"

"Just so."

"But will he be Pope?"

"I don't know. The French party will fall to pieces. I mean there is so small a chance of one of their nominees being elected. Oh, hardly any at all. . . . and so his party will be amalgamated with Antonelli's or the other Italian one."

"Which of the two? Which will be victorious?

"I can't say until they set about it, but there is much opposition to A——, the other will. . . ."

"Will they soon set it going?"

"I can't tell. The present Pope is still there. They can't kill him. The Pope must live. . . ."

"Will Antonelli live long?"

Alexis shook his head.

"Is he ill?"

"Very much so."

"What is the matter with him?"

"He has something the matter with his legs. He has gout, and yesterday, no, it was the day before yesterday, he had a severe attack. He has decomposition of the blood—but I cannot go into that with a lady. . . ."

"It's quite unnecessary."

"Don't be so restless," he said, "you tire me. Think quietly, I cannot keep up with you. . . ."

His hand trembled, and I shook all over. I let it go, and became calm.

"Take this," I said, giving him Pietro's letter sealed up in an envelope exactly like the other.

He took it, and as before pressed it to his heart and forehead.

"Ah!" said he, "this one is younger, very young. This letter was written some time ago. It was written at Rome. Since then the writer has changed his residence. In Italy, still. . . . but it is not Rome. . . . no, there is the sea. . . . This man is in the country. . . . out in the open country, Oh, he has left Rome since yesterday; certainly not more than twenty-four hours ago. This man is in some way connected with the Pope, I see him behind the Pope. . . . There is a link between him and A——, there is a tie of near kindred between them."

"But what sort of man is he? what's his disposition? what does he think about?"

"His is a strange nature. . . . reserved. . . . *sombre*

ambitious. . . . His thoughts turn to you constantly. . . but he thinks most of gaining his ends. . . . He is ambitious."

"Does he love me?"

"Very much. Still it is a curious, an unhappy nature. He is ambitious."

"Then he can't love me."

"Yes, he does! but in him love and ambition go together. *He needs you.*"

"Tell me more about his disposition."

"He is just the opposite of you," said Alexis, "although just as nervous."

"Does he visit the Cardinal?"

"No, they are not on good terms. The Cardinal has been estranged from him for some time, for political reasons."

I often remember what Pietro told me "my uncle wouldn't mind the Caccia Club and the volunteers; what are they to him? There are political reasons at the bottom of his animosity."

"He is his near relative," went on Alexis. "The Cardinal is dissatisfied with him."

"Haven't they seen each other lately?"

"Wait a moment!" You think of too many things at once. These are difficult questions. I am mixing up this note with that other one! They have been in the same envelope!"

"It was true. They were in the same envelope yesterday."

"*Do* try and see, Monsieur!"

"I see now. They saw each other two days ago, but they were not alone. . . . There is a lady with him."

"Is she young?"

"No, an old lady. His mother."

"What did they talk about?"

"Not very openly about anything. They felt embarrassed. They talked vaguely, and hardly said anything about that marriage."

"What marriage?"

"Between you and him."

"Who mentioned it?"

"*They* did. Antonelli does not speak of it, but he lets other people do so. . . He, himself, is against it, and has been from the very first. Just now they regard the idea rather more favourably."

"But what are the young man's ideas?"

"He knows what he wants. He would like to marry you . . . but Antonelli will not let him. However, he is less hostile to you within the last day or two."

Madame M—— was dreadfully in my way, but I went on manfully, though my spirits had fallen to the very lowest ebb.

"If that man is only thinking of his own ends, he evidently can't care about me."

"Oh yes he does. I told you so. If you were once united to him, you and his ambition would march in step."

"Then he does love me?"

"Very much."

"Since when?"

"You are too restless, you tire me; your questions are too hard. . . I can't see it."

"Oh, *do* try, do!"

"I can't. . . . Has he loved you long? I can't see that."

"What is the connection between him and A——?"

"He is a near relative. . ."

'Has A—— any intentions as regards the young man?"

"Oh yes. But there are political differences between them. But things are going more smoothly now.

"You say that A—— is against me?"

"Strongly. He does not wish this marriage to take place, for religious reasons. But he is beginning to soften. . . . just a little. . . It all depends on political questions. . . I told you that some time ago there was open hostility between A—— and the young man. A—— was opposed to him at all points."

Well, what do you think of that, you who call all such things quackery? If it is quackery, it certainly produces extraordinary results. I have written it down exactly as it occurred. I may have left out a little here and there, but I have added nothing at all. Well now, don't you think it astonishing? Don't you think it strange?

Aunt pretended she didn't believe it, because she is so angry with the Cardinal. She began a string of commonplaces to Alexis without any object whatever, which irritated me greatly, because I knew perfectly well she wasn't thinking of what she was saying one bit.

I am as wretched to-day as I was happy yesterday.

Saturday, July 22nd.—Finding that I did not come to Russia, I—— telegraphed to mamma. She wrote to me to say that he and L—— are my best friends. It is quite time. I don't think any more about Pietro. He isn't worth it. Thank God I didn't love him!

Until the day before yesterday I used to pray every night that God would keep him for me and make me victorious. I don't say anything more about it in my prayers now. Besides, God knows that I intend to have my revenge, even though I don't pray for it. Vengeance is not a Christian sentiment, but it is a noble one for all that. It is all very well for plebeians to forgive injuries. Besides, people only forget things when they can't help themselves.

Sunday, July 23rd.—Rome. . . . Paris. . . . The stage, singing, painting!

No. Russia before everything else. That is the basis of all. Heigh-ho! Since I am setting up as a philosopher, let me reason the matter out in a fit and proper manner. No imaginative will-o'-the-wisp shall delude me from the right path.

Russia first! I pray God to help me. I have written to mamma. I am heart free, and up to my eyes in work. Oh, if God will only help me, all will go well!

O Virgin Mary, pray for me!

Thursday, July 27th.—We left Paris yesterday at seven in the morning.

I whiled away the time on the journey with giving a history lesson to Chocolat. Thanks to me, the young beggar has some idea of the ancient Greeks, Rome under the kings, then Rome developing through the Republic into the Roman empire like France. He also knows something of the history of France from the king's accession up to the time that his head was cut off.

I explained all about the different political parties as they are now, and gave him all the facts. He even knows what a deputy is. After I had told him all, I began asking questions.

And when I had done, I asked him what party he belonged to, and the rascal answered—

"I am a Bonapartist!"

This is how he sums up what I taught him: "The last king was Louis XVI. He was very good, but the Republicans cut off his head. The Republicans are the people who only want to get money and honours. They also beheaded his wife, Marie Antoinette, and made a Republic instead. Then France was very wretched, and there was a man born in Corsica who was Napoleon Bonaparte. He was so clever and brave that they made him colonel and then general. Then he conquered the whole world, and the French liked him very much. But when he went to Russia he forgot to take the soldiers' great-coats, and they were very wretched because of the cold; and the Russians burned Moscow. Then Napoleon, who was already Emperor, went back to France; but because he was unlucky, the French didn't like him any more, because they only like those who are lucky. And all the other kings wanted to be revenged, so they said he must abdicate. Then he went to the island of Elba, then he came back to Paris for a hundred days; after that they chased him. Then he saw an English ship and asked them to save him; and they took him on board and made him prisoner, and took him to St. Helena, where he died."

There is a good deal of truth in what Chocolat says.

We reached Berlin this morning.

The town impressed me very favourably. The houses are very fine.

I can't write anything to-day — it is too much trouble.

"Two feelings are common to lofty or affectionate natures. One is extreme susceptibility to other people's opinions, the other is extreme bitterness when those opinions are unjust."

Friday, July 28th.—Berlin reminds me of Florence. No, stay! It reminds me of Florence because I am there with my aunt, and because I am living the same sort of life.

We went first of all to the museum. Whether it was from ignorance or from prejudice I know not, but I was quite unprepared to find anything of the kind in Prussia.

As usual, the sculpture fascinated me most; I seem to have an extra sense, a *special faculty* for understanding statues.

In the large hall there is a statue which I thought at first was an Atalanta, owing to a pair of sandals which I took as a criterion. The inscription said it was a Psyche. It is all the same, however, a remarkable piece of sculpture, both for beauty and naturalness.

After looking at the Greek casts, we passed on. My eyes and head were already tired, and I noticed nothing in the Egyptian section but those hurried flying lines which remind me of the ripples made in water when you throw something in.

There is nothing more trying than to go about with a person who is bored by what interests you. My aunt hurried on, tired and grumbling. It is true we have been on foot for two hours.

I was much interested in the historical museum of miniatures and statues, as well as in the early engravings and miniature portraits. I am passionately fond of those sort of things; and in looking at such portraits my imagination goes wandering off ever so far, into all epochs; it invents characters, adventures, dramas. . . . Enough, however.

Then the pictures.

We have reached the time when painting has attained perfection—reached the ideal of art.

The old painters began by hard lines and colours that were too violent and not well united; they arrived at feebleness, bordering on confusion. There never has been a faithful copy of Nature, whatever they may say and write to the contrary.

Let us ignore all art between the early masters and modern art,* and consider these two only.

Harshness, colours that dazzle you, rudely-drawn lines, are the characteristics of the first.

Softened tints, shades so harmonised as to lose much of their relief, a want of lines, are characteristics of the second.

What we now want is to take up, with the end of the brush, so to speak, the too striking colours from the old pictures of the early masters and mix them with the insipidities of the moderns. Then you will have perfection.

There is also that latest style of painting which consists of painting by patches. It is a grave mistake, although by means of it one may produce some striking effects.

* By modern, I mean here Raphael, Titian, and the other great masters.

In the new style of pictures, tangible objects—furniture, for instance, and houses or churches—are not clearly defined. Precise delineation is held in contempt, and a kind of *disintegration* of line is the result. There is too much stumping done, even without using a stump at all, the result being that the figures do not stand out from the background, and seem as lifeless as the surrounding objects, which latter, lacking in precision of form, do not seem to be altogether fixed and motionless.

Very well, my dear, since you know all about perfection .... Never mind, I am going to work hard, and, what is more, I am going to succeed!

I came in extremely tired, after having bought thirty-two English books, some of them translations from the best German writers.

"A library already!" cried my aunt in alarm.

The more I read, the more I want to read; and the more I learn, the more there is to learn. I don't make this remark in imitation of some ancient sage or other. I really feel what I say.

I am deep in Faust. I am sitting before an old-fashioned German desk, with books, manuscript-books, and rolls of paper before me. ....

Where is the devil? Where is Marguerite? Alas! the devil is always with me. My mad vanity is the devil. O fruitless ambition! Useless aspiration towards an unknown goal!

I have the most profound objection to the happy mean. What I want is either a life in the very thick of the fight or absolute repose.

I don't quite see that it is relevant, but I certainly don't love A——. Not only I do not love him, but I don't think of him any more. *All that* seems a mere dream.

But Rome attracts me; it is the only place where I shall be able to study. Rome—its noise and its silence, its dissipation and its dreams, its light and shadow .... stay a moment: light and shadow; yes, that's right—where there's light there's shadow, and *vice versâ*. .... Oh no; I am quibbling, that's certain. At any rate, all I want is there! I want to go to Rome—the only place on earth which suits me—the only place I love for itself.

The Berlin Museum is a very fine and valuable one; but is it due to Germany? No; to Greece, Egypt, Rome!

After contemplating all these antiquities, I got into the

carriage deeply disgusted with our arts, our architecture, our manners and customs.

If people would take the trouble to analyse what they feel when they leave places like the Berlin Museum, they would find that they thought just as I do. But why wish to identify oneself with other people?

While disliking the materialism and the cut-and-driedness of the Germans, we must acknowledge their good qualities; they are very polite, very obliging.

What I especially like about them is their devotion to their Prince and their national traditions; they are untainted by the virus of so-called Republicanism.

There is nothing to equal the ideal republic; but republics are like ermine—the smallest stain is fatal. And where will you find a republic which knows not a stain?

No; I really couldn't stand this life. It's a horrid country. There are fine houses, handsome streets; but nothing whatever for the soul or imagination to feed on. The smallest town in Italy is worth all Berlin.

My aunt wants to know how many pages I have written. She "should think I have written a hundred."

I don't wonder; for I seem to be writing while I think and muse, and read; and then I write two words. Thus it goes on all day.

It seems strange that, since I became a Bonapartist I should understand the advantages of a republic so well.

Yes; truly a republic is the only happy form of government. But a republic is impossible in France. Besides, the French Republic is founded in blood and mud. Come now, why should I think about republics? I have been thinking of them for nearly a week. Well, then, has France been worse off since becoming a republic?

No, quite the contrary. What then?

And how about the abuses? There are plenty everywhere.

What is really wanted is a good Liberal constitution, with a man at the head to hold the reins loosely and be a sort of imposing figure-head, which does not really increase the value of the shop, but inspires confidence and is agreeable to look at. Very well, a president can't be that.

But enough for this evening. Some other time, when I know more about it, I will write more too.

Sunday, July 30th.—There is nothing more depressing than Berlin. There is a stamp of simplicity about the city, but it is a hideous disgusting simplicity. All the monuments which encumber the bridges, streets, and gardens look idiotic and out of place. Berlin reminds me of a picture moved by clock-work. At certain fixed moments the soldiers come out of barracks, the ferrymen begin to row, and the ladies in hood-bonnets pass by holding ugly children by the hand.

On the eve of entering Russia and remaining there without mamma or my aunt, my spirits are sinking, and I feel afraid. I wish I didn't vex my aunt so much.

The lawsuit, and the uncertainty of it all . . . . And then, and then—I don't know, but I am afraid I shan't effect any change!

The thought of having to begin again my old life when I go back, only then without hope of change, without the prospect of "Russia," which used to console and strengthen me. . . . . O God, have pity on me; consider the state of my soul, and be merciful!

We leave Berlin in two hours. To-morrow I shall be in Russia. No, I am strong; I won't give way. . . . . Only, if I should be going in vain? That's the worst of it. We ought never to despair beforehand. Oh, if only some one could know what I feel!

Monday, July 31st.—My aunt, I, Chocolat, and Amalia, arrived at the station yesterday evening at ten o'clock. I was feeling pretty wretched, but cheered up at the sight of our compartment, as comfortable as a little room, especially as it was lighted by gas, and we were sure of being alone. As there were only three places, the servants sat side by side. Considering that we were on the point of separating, I should have liked a talk with aunt, but I am never effusive when I feel deeply, and she held her peace for fear of making me cross or worrying me if she talked. So that I had no choice but to bury myself in Octave Feuillet's *Mariage dans le Monde*. A wholesome work, upon my word, which gave me the deepest horror of adultery and all its filthiness.

Pondering these reflections, I went to sleep, and only woke within three hours of the frontier, at Eydtkühnen, which we reached towards four o'clock.

The country is flat, the trees green and bushy. Although

the foliage is fresh and vigorous, it is yet slightly depressing after the luxuriance of the South.

We were shown to an inn called the Hôtel de Russie, and established ourselves in two little rooms with whitewashed ceilings, unstained wooden floors, and simple wooden furniture to match.

Thanks to my dressing-case, I was able at once to get a bath and to dress properly; and after having partaken of eggs and milk served by a stout blooming German girl, I am beginning to write.

There is a certain fascination in sitting in this bare little room, in a white dressing-gown, with my lovely bare arms and golden hair.

I have just been looking out of window. The immensity of the view tires one's eyes. The absence of hills and general flatness give one the impression of being on the top of a mountain, overlooking the whole world.

Chocolat is ridiculously vain.

"You're my courier," said I. "How many languages can you speak?"

The youngster said he could speak French, Italian Niçois, and a little Russian; and that, if I would teach him he would be able to speak German too.

He came to me in tears, while Amalia roared with laughter, to complain that the landlord had assigned him a bed in a room already inhabited by a Jew. I looked very serious, and pretended that I thought it quite in the ordinary course of things that he should sleep with a Jew. But poor Chocolat howled so much that I began laughing, and consoled him by making him read several pages of a universal history that I had bought on purpose for him.

I like this little black boy. He is a real live plaything. I teach him, I train him for service, I encourage him in the nonsense he talks. He is my pet dog and doll rolled into one.

Life at Eydtkühnen has its charms. I am devoting myself to young Chocolat's education. He is getting on famously in morals and philosophy.

This evening I made him go through his Scripture history. When he got to the place where Judas is on the point of betraying Jesus, he told me in a pathetic way how the said Judas sold the Lord for thirty pieces of silver, and pointed Him out to the guards by a kiss.

"Look here, Chocolat," said I, "would you sell *me* to my enemies for thirty francs?"

"No," said Chocolat, looking down.

"Would you for sixty?"

"No, I wouldn't."

"For a hundred and twenty?"

"No."

"Well, for a thousand francs?" I went on.

"No, no," said Chocolat, fidgeting his monkey-like fingers on the edge of the table, looking down and shuffling his feet.

"Well, but, Chocolat, suppose somebody offered you ten thousand?" I persisted, affectionately.

"No."

"Good boy! But if they offered you a hundred thousand francs, would you then?" I asked once more, to get my conscience clear.

"No;" said Chocolat, and his voice changed as he whispered, "I should want more——"

"*What?*" I shouted.

"I should want more."

"Well then, my dear boy, you faithful young scapegrace, how much? Tell me. Come, two millions? three? four?"

"Five or six."

"But, bless the boy," I cried, "isn't it just as bad to be a traitor for six million francs as for thirty?"

"Oh no," said he, "when you have got all that money. . . . the others couldn't do one any harm."

So in utter disregard of all morality, I fell upon the sofa shouting with laughter, and Chocolat, highly pleased with the result, departed into the other room.

Guess who cooked my dinner? Amalia. I should have died of hunger if she had not roasted two chickens. As for thirst—well, they brought us some perfectly undrinkable Château Larose.

It is really funny here! Eydtkühnen! We shall soon see what Russia is like.

Tuesday, August 1st.—I should like to write a novel on Chivalry. The one I began is stowed away at the bottom of my white box.

My aunt and I are here in the blissful inn of Eydtkühnen, awaiting my most honoured uncle's arrival.

About half-past eight I got tired of being shut up indoors, and went to meet the train myself. As I was told that I was in plenty of time, I took Amalia and went for a walk first.

Eydtkühnen has a charming promenade, well paved and shady, with pretty little well-kept houses along the right hand side. It even boasts two cafés and a kind of restaurant. The engine whistle recalled me in the middle of my walk, and forgetting my little feet and high heels, I set off at a run across kitchen gardens, and heaps of stone and railway lines, hoping to get there in time—and in vain.

What is my noble uncle about?

Wednesday, August 2nd.—As if I hadn't worries enough already, I find that my hair is coming out. To lose your hair is a grief that no one can at all appreciate, unless they have gone through it themselves.

Uncle Étienne sends a telegram from Konotop. He is only starting to-day. So we are in for another twenty-four hours of Eydtkühnen! There is nothing to see or hear but a grey sky, a cold wind, some Jews in the street outside, and now and then the noise of a passing cart, and in fact noises of every kind by the yard.

This evening aunt tried to make me talk about Rome. . . . I haven't cried since I don't know when, but I cried this evening, not from love, but at the recollection of our humiliating life at Nice!

Thursday, August 3rd, and Friday, August 4th (July 23rd Old Style.)—I went to meet the train at three o'clock yesterday, and by good luck my uncle was there this time.

But he could only stay a quarter of an hour, for he had had the greatest difficulty to pass the Russian frontier at Wirballen without a passport, and he had pledged his word to an official at the Custom-house to come back by the next train.

Chocolat ran to fetch my aunt, for there were only a few minutes to spare. When she came we had scarcely time to exchange two words. As we went back to the inn, aunt, in her anxiety about me, imagined that she had observed a certain kind of constraint in my uncle's manner, and threw out so many obscure hints, that I got depressed and uneasy too. I got into the carriage at last about midnight. Aunt was crying, but I held my head very high to prevent any tears from falling. The guard gave the signal, and for the first time in my life I was quite alone!

I began to cry out loud, but don't think that I did not

turn my tears to good account. I studied from Nature how we cry.

"Look here, my dear," I said to myself, getting up, "enough of that." It was high time. I was in Russia. On getting out of the carriage I fell into the arms of my uncle, of two policemen, and two Custom-house officials. They treated me like a princess, and did not even examine my luggage. The station is large; the railway people are a fine set, and uncommonly civil. Everything was so nice that I thought I was in Utopia. A common policeman here is better than an officer in France.

I may as well remark here, that there is something to be said on behalf of our poor Emperor—people say that there is something queer about his eyes Every one who wears a helmet—and there are not a few at Wirballen—has the same sort of eyes. I don't know whether it is due to the weight of the helmet over the eyes, or to imitation. It may be imitation, because it is well known in France that all his soldiers had a look of Napoleon.

They gave me a compartment to myself, and after I had talked over business and other matters with my uncle, I went to sleep, raging inwardly about my telegram to A——.

You can get a good lunch at the station refreshment-rooms, so I got out pretty often.

I can't say that my fellow-countrymen roused any feeling in particular in me—nothing of the rapture I feel when I come again to a country I have seen before. Still I felt very sympathetic towards them, and I began to feel very happy.

And really you can't help being pleased; everything goes so smoothly, the people are so polite, and there is such a look of frankness, cordiality, and kind-heartedness in every Russian.

Uncle came and woke me up at ten o'clock this morning.

The engine fires are fed with wood, and so we are spared the horrible griminess of coal smoke. I woke up quite fresh, and whiled away the day in chatting, sleeping, and looking out of window at our beautiful country, which is very flat, but recalls the Campagna about Rome.

At half-past nine it was still light. We had passed Gatchina, the former residence of Paul I., who was so persecuted in the life-time of that wonderful mother of his. Soon we reached Tzarskoë-Selo, and in twenty-five minutes were in Petersburg.

I went to the Demouth Hotel with an uncle, a lady's maid, a negro boy, a quantity of luggage, and fifty roubles in my pocket.

I was having supper in my good-sized sitting-room—it has no carpet and a plain ceiling—when my uncle came in.

"Do you know who is here with me?" he asked.

"No. Who?

"Guess, Princess."

"Oh, I can't."

"Paul Issayevitch. May he come in?"

"Yes, let him."

Issayevitch is here at Petersburg with the military Governor of Wilna, M. Albedinsky, who married the Emperor's old mistress.

He had received the telegram I sent him before leaving Eydtkühnen. As he could not get leave, he had told his friend, Count Mouravieff, to come and meet me. But the Count had all his trouble for nothing, for we passed Wilna at three o'clock in the morning, and I was happily asleep.

Who will deny that I am kind-hearted, when I have said that I enjoyed myself this evening because I knew that Issayevitch was pleased to see me? Or is it selfishness?

I was glad to give another so much pleasure. At any rate, I have a knight to escort me about Petersburg. I am at Petersburg at last!

I haven't yet seen anything but *droshkis*. The droshki is a one-seated vehicle on eight springs (like Binder's great carriages) drawn by one horse. I have caught a glimpse of the Cathedral of Kasan, with a colonnade in the style of St. Peter's at Rome, and of numerous public-houses.

Everybody here is singing the praises of Princess Margaret—"so unaffected, so kindly!" Oh yes, nobody appreciates simplicity in an ordinary woman. You may be as unaffected and kindly and amiable as you please, but if you are not a queen your inferiors will take liberties with you, and your equals will put you down as a "nice little thing," and will much prefer women who are neither the one nor the other.

Oh, if I were a queen! Wouldn't they adore me! Wouldn't I be popular!

The Italian princess, with her husband and retinue, is still in Russia. They are at Kieff just now.

"The mother of all the Russian cities," as the great king Saint Waldemar called it after he had become Christian, and had baptised half Russia in the Dnieper.

Kieff is the richest town in the world in churches, convents, monks, and relics. The gems which these convents possess are something fabulous; they have cellars full of them, as in the *Arabian Nights*.

I saw Kieff eight years ago, and I can still remember the subterranean passages, crammed with relics, which go right round the town, and under all the streets, and which serve as means of communication between the different convents. Thus you get miles of passages ornamented on both sides by tombs of saints. May I be pardoned for a bad thought . . . . but I really don't believe there *were* as many saints as all that!

Sunday, August 6th.—Instead of going to see churches I slept late, and Nina came to fetch me to breakfast with her. Her parrot chattered, the children cried, and I sang. I almost imagined myself back at Nice. The three Graces went through the pouring rain, in a two-seated carriage, to see the Cathedral of Issakië, celebrated for its malachite and lapis-lazuli colonnade. These columns are extremely rich, but in bad taste, the green of the malachite and the blue of the lapis-lazuli jar. The paintings and mosaics are quite ideal, they are genuine figures of the Virgin, the saints and angels. The whole church is built of marble. The four façades, with their granite columns, are fine, but do not harmonise with the gilded Byzantine dome. And, taken all together, the exterior gives you a rather painful impression, for the dome is too overpowering for the four small domes above the façades, which would be beautiful by themselves.

The profusion of gold and ornaments in the interior produces the happiest result. What is motley is harmonious and in the best taste, with the exception of the two lapis-lazuli columns, which would be splendid elsewhere.

There was a popular wedding going on. The bridal couple were ugly, and we did not stop long to look at them. I do like the Russian people—simple, good, faithful, and frank. These men and women stop in front of every church and chapel, before every niche where there is an image, and cross themselves in the middle of the street, just as if they were at home.

After having seen the Cathedral of Issakië, we went on to the Cathedral of Kasan. We saw another wedding, and the bride looked charming. This Cathedral is built in the style of St. Peter's at Rome, but the colonnade looks superfluous: it does not seem to belong to the rest of the building, and it is too short, so that the semicircle is incomplete; all this gives an odd and unfinished look to the whole.

Further on is the statue of Catherine the Great on the Newsky.

In front of the Senate, near the Winter Palace, which, it may be parenthetically remarked, is merely a great barrack, stands the statue of Peter the Great, one hand pointing to the Senate, the other to the Neva. The popular interpretation of this attitude is rather curious. They say that the Tzar points one hand to the Senate and the other to the river to indicate that it is better to be drowned in the Neva than to argue in the House.

The chief thing to notice about Nicholas's statue is that it is not supported on the two hind legs and tail of the horse, that is, on three supports, but only on the two legs; this singularity made me reflect in a melancholy way that, as the tail support is wanting, the Nihilists won't have so much to do.

I dined alone with the three Graces, Étienne and Paul looking on. They tell me quite seriously that they are my retinue, and they irritate me beyond endurance. I wish only to be with Giro and Marie.

It rains, and I have caught cold. I wrote to mamma:—"Petersburg is a muddy hole! The paving is disgraceful, considering it is the metropolis; you get so frightfully jolted. The Winter Palace is a barrack, and so is the Grand Theatre. The cathedrals are magnificent, but barbaric and difficult to make out."

Add to all that the climate, and there you are

I tried to get up some excitement as I looked at Pietro A——'s portrait; but he does not seem handsome enough to make me forget that he is a sorry devil, a despicable creature.

I am not angry with him any longer, for I despise him too much, not for any personal insult, but for the way he lives, for his weakness. Stay, let me define this feeling. The weakness which stirs us to kindness and tenderness, which makes us forgive injuries, may be called weakness. But the weak-

ness which incites us to base and mean actions is rightly cowardice.

I expected I should miss my own people more than I do. Yet I am not happy. This, however, is due rather to the presence about me of disagreeable and commonplace people (my poor uncle, for instance, in spite of his good looks) than to the absence of those whom I am fond of.

Monday, August 7th, 1876 (*July 26th*).—"All our originality is mediæval," I wrote in the last book of my journal.

Our? Whose? The Christians? Which is the truth? has the world been really regenerated? Or has it gone on with the same morals that have prevailed from the very first, under different exteriors merely, though always tending to amelioration?

The life of nations resembles a stream flowing slowly, sometimes over rocks, sometimes over sand, now between two mountains, now underground, and now across a sea and mingling with it, but emerging at the other end really the same, though it may have changed its name and even its course. But, whatever form and direction it assumes, it is always pursuing the same *end*, an end which is fixed and unknown.

Fixed by whom?

By God? or by Nature? If God is Nature, then we are but fools, for Nature has nothing to do with men and human interests.

Philosophical lectures demonstrate the existence of a Supreme Being, by which they mean the mechanism of the universe. But do they demonstrate the existence of a God such as we picture to ourselves?

Nature has to do with the motion of the stars; to look physically after our planet. But what about our mind and soul? We must admit a God other than a mere vague personification of a universal mechanism.

Why must we?

At this point I was interrupted, and at present I have lost the thread.

I have been to the post to get my photographs and a telegram from my father. He telegraphed to Berlin that it would be "a real pleasure" to him to see me.

Finding Giro in bed I stopped with her for some time. A passing word set us off upon Rome. I told her all about my

doings in that city with much animation. I only stopped talking to laugh, and Giro and Marie rolled over in their beds with laughing.

An incomparable trio. I never laugh like that except with my Graces.

Then by a sudden and perhaps natural reaction, I grew melancholy on the way home.

I came in at midnight with uncle and Nina.

Petersburg gains upon you at night. I know nothing finer than the Neva, with its rows of lamps contrasting with the moonlight and the deep blue, almost grey, sky. The defects of houses, roads, and bridges are mellowed by the kindly shadows of night. The great wharfs stand out in all their majesty. The peak on the Admiralty seems to melt into the sky, and through a blue haze edged with light loom the dome and graceful outline of the cathedral of Issakië, looking itself like a floating cloud from heaven.

I should like to be here in winter.

Wednesday, August 9th (*July 28th*), 1876. I am without a sou. What a condition!

Étienne is a most estimable man, but he always rubs all my most delicate feelings the wrong way. I got very angry this morning, but when we were at the Sapogenikoffs' half an hour after, I was laughing as if nothing had happened.

Dr. Tchernicheff was there, and I should have liked to ask him for a remedy for my hoarseness, only I hadn't any money, and this gentleman does nothing gratis. This is a most charming position to be in. But I won't cry out beforehand; it is bad enough when it comes, without crying beforehand.

At four o'clock Nina and the three Graces departed in a carriage for the Peterhoff station, all the three dressed in white under long dust-cloaks.

The train was just starting, and we got in, without tickets, under the protection of four guardsmen, doubtless fascinated by my white feather and my Graces' red heels. So there we were, Giro and I, like chargers at the sound of the military band, with our ears pricked up, our eyes bright, and full of spirits. . . .

When I got home I found supper waiting, Uncle Étienne, and the money which Uncle Alexander sent me.

I ate the supper, got rid of my uncle, and concealed the money.

Then, oddly enough, I felt depressed, conscious of a great void. I looked at myself in the glass; my eyes looked as they did that last night at Rome. Heart and head were filled with the remembrance.

I shut my eyes, and that evening came back when he begged me to stop only one day longer.

"Yes," I murmured, as if he had been there, "I will stay for my love, my lover, my well-beloved! I love you, I wish to love you. You do not deserve it, but what does it matter, it pleases me to love you." . . .

Then suddenly I took a few steps in my room, and began to weep before the glass. A few tears make me look rather beautiful, on the whole.

Having worked myself up by a whim, I calmed down because I was tired, and began to write, laughing softly to myself.

I often invent a hero, a romance, and a drama to myself like that, and then I laugh and cry over my imaginary scene as though it were real.

I am delighted with Petersburg, but one can't sleep here. It is daybreak already; the nights are so short.

Thursday, August 10th (July 29th), 1876.—To-night is a memorable one. I here give up looking upon the Duke of H—— as my cherished shadow. I have seen a portrait of the Grand Duke Vladimir at Bergamasco's house. I couldn't tear myself away from that portrait.

No more perfect and entrancing beauty could be imagined. Giro and I raved about it together, and ended by kissing the portrait on the lips. Have you noticed how much pleasure a portrait's kiss gives?

It is the fashion to adore the Emperor and the Grand Dukes; and we have done the same as all the other young ladies of the Institute; but then they are all so absolutely handsome that there is nothing to wonder at in that. I brought away with my kiss from the picture a curious feeling of sadness, and something to dream about for a whole hour. I had been adoring the Duke when I ought to have been adoring a Russian Imperial Prince. It's silly, but one can't help that kind of thing; and then I always have looked upon H—— as my equal, as the man for me. I have forgotten him now. Who is going to be my idol? Nobody. I shall look for fame, and simply a *man*.

My heart will overflow as it has done before, dropping its fulness as may happen along the dust of the road-side, without emptying this heart, so constantly replenished from generous springs that will never dry up.

Where did you read that, young lady? In my own mind, you pitiful readers!

So I am free. I love nobody, but am looking for some one to love. May it happen soon. Life without love is a bottle without wine. But for all that, the wine should be good.

The lamp of my imagination is lit; but shall I be more successful in my search than that dirty old madman called Diogenes?

Saturday, August 12th (July 31st).—Everything was ready; Issayevitch had bidden me good-bye; the Sapogenikoffs had come with me to the station, when—oh, confound it!—money ran short; we had miscalculated the fare. I was obliged to wait at Nina's house until seven o'clock in the evening, so that uncle might get me some money in town.

At seven I departed, more or less humiliated by the accident; but just as I was going off, I was very much pleased to see a dozen officers of the guard, followed by six soldiers in white uniforms, carrying flags. This brilliant escort had just taken down two officers who were going to Servia on a Government mission. Servia is perfectly draining Russia of her men; for as the Emperor will not declare war, all Russia volunteers, and subscribes willingly, on behalf of the Servians. Nobody talks of anything else, and every one is loud in the praises of a Russian colonel and several officers who died really heroic deaths. I can't help feeling touched with pity for our countrymen thus coolly allowed to be hacked and butchered by those Turkish savages—a race without genius, without civilisation, without morals, and without renown.

And to think that I cannot even subscribe!

About an hour before I reached my destination I threw my book aside, so as to get a good view of Moscow, our real capital, the city which is really and truly a Russian one. Petersburg is a German copy; still, as the Russians have made the copy, it beats the Germans hollow. Here, however, everything is Russian, the architecture, the vehicles, the houses, the peasants by the road-side who watch the train pass, the little wooden bridge thrown across a stream, the

very mud in the road is all Russian; everything is open-hearted, simple, pious, and loyal.

The churches, with their cupolas shaped and coloured like a green fig upside down, give one a favourable impression as one reaches the city. The porter who came to take our luggage took off his cap and greeted us like old friends, with a broad but respectful smile.

The people here are equally free from French impudence and the stupid and heavy gravity of the Germans.

A carriage was called, and as we drove to the hotel I looked out of the window the whole time.

The air is cool, but damp and unhealthy, as at Petersburg. The city is very old; and, judging by the extent of ground covered, the largest in Europe. The streets are paved with large irregular cobbles, and are themselves irregular, first up, then down, and all the time in and out among low-storeyed houses, often of one storey only, but airy and with large windows. The luxury of having plenty of space is so common that nobody takes any notice of it, and the heaping of several storeys on the top of each other is a thing unheard of here.

The "Bazar-Slave" is an hotel like the Grand Hotel at Paris. You even find the great circular restaurant which you see from the first floor as from the gallery of a playhouse. But although it is perhaps not quite so luxurious as the Grand Hotel, the Bazar-Slave is infinitely more comfortable and infinitely cheaper—especially when you compare it with the Demouth hotel.

The porters of the houses are clad in black jackets, trousers tucked into high boots up to their knees, and an astrakan cap.

The various national costumes are rather conspicuous here. Everybody wears a characteristic dress. Those odious German jackets are not to be seen, and German sign-boards are still rarer, though I regret to say there are a few.

When I chose my cab I was quite overcome—the cab-drivers beg you to get in with so much earnestness that you are really afraid to choose one for fear of mortally offending the others. At last we got into a sort of phaeton, exceedingly narrow, and then started on a wild career. We flew along like the wind right through the middle of carriages, foot-passengers, over cobble paving and tramway lines, jolted at every step and often nearly shot out of the carriage. Uncle

groaned with anxiety, and I laughed at him, at myself, at the frantic way we went along, at the wind which tossed my hair and burned my cheeks—in fact, I laughed at everything. And whenever we came to a church or chapel or niche for images, I devoutly crossed myself like those good folk in the street.

I was disagreeably surprised to see women going barefoot.

I went into the Solodornikoff passage to buy a white frilling. I walked in with my head in the air, my hands hanging down, and a smiling face, just as if I were at home. I want to get on to-morrow, so I can't buy anything, because I have only just enough cash to take me to Uncle Étienne's house.

Catherine II.'s triumphal arch is painted red, with green columns, and yellow ornamentation. Notwithstanding the startling colours, you can't help liking it. Besides, it harmonises well with the roofs of the houses and churches, which are nearly all of sheet iron, painted green or dark red. The ingenuousness of exterior decoration makes you feel the kindly simplicity of the Russian people, and gives you a feeling of great satisfaction. And the Nihilists are already undermining it—Mephistopheles seducing Margaret. The propaganda does its deadly work, and when the day comes that these simple people, deceived and roused, rise in revolution . . . . the result will be perfectly awful. For if the Russians are as gentle and obedient as sheep in times of peace and quietness, when they *do* rise they will be raving maniacs, demons of cruelty.

At present their love for the Emperor is still intense, thank God! and so is their respect for religion. There is something touching in their devotion and loyalty.

Perfect flocks of grey pigeons inhabit the square in front of the Grand Theatre. They are not a bit afraid of vehicles, and the wheels pass within a few inches without the pigeon's putting itself out. You know, the Russians don't eat these birds, because the Holy Spirit descended in the form of a dove.

I am not going to see any sights this time. When I come back and have some money I shall go and see all the historic curiosities—to see Moscow is a good week's work. I have merely caught a glimpse of the Kremlin, for just as some one was pointing it out my attention was absorbed by a cab painted to look like malachite.

Amongst the names posted up in the list at the hotel I saw that of Princess Souwaroff. I immediately sent Chocolat to ask whether she would receive me, but he came back to say that the princess was out and would not be back till seven o'clock.

Uncle Étienne is asleep, and I am writing in the dining-room.

On the back of the breakfast menu was printed a desperate appeal to the Russian people and clergy on behalf of the Slav Committee of Moscow. A copy was given me this morning when I arrived. I shall keep it.

This appeal has stirred a chord in me. Why don't they go to the Tzar and ask him to declare war? If the whole nation were to rise and go and fall before the knees of the Emperor and beseech him to go and help his brothers given over to the rage of savages, who would dare to refuse?

But then there are the Nihilists, that's the worst of it. If once the troops were out of the way, they would make a rising with all kinds of convicts and blackguards, and would have a little Commune all to themselves—*just to make a beginning.*

To think of being here, in the very heart of this lovely and promising country, and to feel threatened with horrors like that! I would fain take it up in my arms and carry it far off, like a child whose eyes we cover and whose ears we stop, lest it should see and hear ribaldry and vileness.

Oh, how could I kiss him on the face, I the first? O foolish accursed creature! Ah, I cry and shiver with rage! *Turpis, execrabilis!*

He thought it came quite natural to me, that it wasn't the first time, that it was a regular habit! Vatican and Kremlin! I am suffocated with rage and shame!

A cup of broth, a hot calatch, and some fresh caviare, were the first courses of an incomparable dinner. Calatch is a kind of bread, but you have to go to Moscow to make its acquaintance properly, and at Moscow calatch is almost as celebrated as the Kremlin. As one helping of *assétrine* I received two huge slices, which would be looked upon abroad as enough for four helps. Of course I didn't eat it all. Besides that I had a veal cutlet fifty square centimetres in size, with green peas and potatoes; and a whole chicken. And a saucer of caviare is considered "half a help."

Étienne laughed, and told the servant that in Italy that would be considered enough for four people. Without moving a muscle or altering a line of his face, the man, who was tall and thin, like Gianetto Doria, and impassive as an Englishman, replied that that accounted for the smallness and spareness of the Italians. And the Russians are so strong, he added, because they like to feed well. With that remark the impassive brute condescended to smile, and went off with about as much animation as a wooden doll.

But quantity is not the only merit of the food here, it is of the finest quality too. When you have had a good meal your spirits rise, and when you are in good spirits you look upon happiness with more complacency, and misfortune in a philosophical spirit, and you are benevolently disposed towards your fellow-creatures. Gluttony is monstrous in a woman, but a little epicureanism is as desirable as wit and good dressing; besides, a simple and delicate diet maintains health and consequently youth, the clearness of the skin, and the roundness of contour. Take me, for instance. Marie Sapogenikoff was quite right when she said that I ought to have had a much prettier face to match a body like mine, and yet I am by no means ugly. When I think of what I shall be when I am twenty, I smack my lips. . . When I was thirteen I was too fat, and I used to be taken for sixteen. Now I am thin, my figure is entirely formed, with ample curves—perhaps too ample. I compare myself with all the statues I see, but none of them are so curved and broad across the hips as I am. Is this a defect? And my shoulders require just a trifle more fulness.

"Yes," I said, "I should like some tea," so they brought me a samovar, with four-and-twenty lumps of sugar, and enough cream for five cups of tea, both of the finest kind. I am very fond of tea, even when it is poor in quality, and I drank five cups—they were only little ones—with cream, and three without, like a regular Russian.

Real Russians and their two capitals are entirely new experiences to me.

Before I went abroad I knew nothing of Russia except the Ukraine and the Crimea.

The few Russian peasants who used to come out into the country as pedlars seemed almost foreigners to us, and we used to laugh at their dress and their speech.

I may say what I like, but all the same my lips have been soiled since that defiling kiss.

You good people, cynical women, I pardon your contemptuous smile at my affectation of candour! . . . But really am I degrading myself by admitting such a thing as incredulity. . . Must I swear it? . . . No, I think I do a great deal in thus speaking my least thoughts, especially as no one obliges me to do so. I don't make a merit of it, because my journal is my life, and in the midst of all my enjoyments I think "What a lot I shall have to tell to-night!" as if I were under some compulsion.

Monday, August 14*th* (*August* 2*nd*).—We left Moscow yesterday at one o'clock. The city was in a great stir, and lined with flags, because of the coming of the kings of Greece and Denmark.

The whole journey Uncle Étienne nearly worried me to death.

Imagine me deep in a study of Cleopatra and Mark Antony, and continually interrupted by this sort of remark: —"Would you like something to eat?"—"Do you feel cold?" —"There is some roast fowl and cucumber here."—"Will you have a pear?"—"Shall I shut the window?"—"What will you have to eat when we get there?"—"I have telegraphed to them to have a bath ready for you, our queen. I sent for a marble one for you; and the whole house has been got ready to receive your Majesty."

It is all very kind, of course; but unspeakably tiresome.

There are some gentlemen paying attentions to Amalia, as if she were a lady. Chocolat is surprising me by his emancipated ideas and his ungrateful, sly, and cat-like nature. At Grousskoë station we were met by two carriages, six peasant serving-men, and my good-for-nothing brother. He is tall and broad, but beautiful as a Roman statue, with comparatively small feet. Then an hour and a half's drive to Chpatowka, during which I foresee a number of petty rivalries and bones of contention between my father and the Babanines. I held up my head, and kept my brother in his right place, who is, for that matter, delighted to see me.

I am not going to take sides with any one. I want my father.

"Gritzko"—the Ukraine *patois* for Gregory—"waited here a fortnight to see you," said Paul; "we thought you were never coming."

"Has he gone, then?"

"No; I left him at Poltava. He wanted to see you very much. "You know," he said; "I knew her when she was that high!"

"Then he thinks that he is grown up, and that I am a little girl?"

"Yes."

"Of course. What is he like?"

"He always speaks French, and he goes into society at Petersburg. He has the reputation of being close-fisted, but he is only careful and gentlemanly. He and I wished to welcome you at Poltava with a band, but papa said that was only suitable for queens."

I notice that my father is afraid of seeming a swaggering braggart. I will soon reassure him. I adore all the nonsensical whims that he is so fond of.

Eighteen *versts* of ploughed fields, and then a village of small and wretched cabins. As soon as the peasants saw the carriage they bared their heads. These people, standing there so patient and respectful, touched me, and I smiled at them. They were astonished, and replied with smiles to my little friendly overtures.

The house is one storey high, small, but with a large garden growing wild. The peasant women are remarkably well grown, and look smart and handsome in their dress, which outlines their form and leaves the legs bare to the knee.

Marie, my aunt, came to meet us on the steps. I had a bath, and then we dined. Several skirmishes with Paul. He tried to get me into a pet, without meaning it perhaps, but in obedience to an impulse set in motion by his father. I sat upon him superbly, and saw him humiliated as he had wished to see me. I can read him through and through.

He has no belief in my success, and means to tease me as regards our position in society. Everybody here calls me "queen." If my father wants to dethrone me, I shall make him give in. I know him, for in many respects he and I are birds of a feather.

Tuesday, August 15th (Aug. 3rd.) — The house is as bright and gay as a lantern. The flowers smell sweet, the parrot talks, the canaries sing, the servants run about. At about eleven o'clock a peal of bells announced a neighbour, M. Hamaley. Most people would think him an English-

man. Well, he is nothing of the kind, but belongs to an old and noble family here. His wife is one of the Prodgers.

As my luggage had not yet arrived we got out of the train a station sooner than we need have done—I appeared in a white dressing-gown. What an immense difference between me now and a year ago! A year ago I hardly dared open my mouth, "I didn't know what to say." Now, like Margaret, I am grown-up.

This gentleman lunched with us; what am I to say about him and the other people I shall see here? Excellent people in their way, but smacking of provincialism.

Another visitor turned up towards dinner-time, which was not long after luncheon—the brother of the aforesaid gentleman. He is a young man and has travelled much, but very obliging all the same. The sudden arrival of my eight trunks was followed by some music and two songs sung by me. Then I busied myself with my embroidery, but listened with all my ears to a conversation on French politics—a matter supposed to imply a knowledge of things beyond my sex.

The second bearded Hamaley stopped till ten o'clock.

Up till eleven o'clock I was straining my poor voice, which has scarcely recovered from the raw climate of Petersburg.

In this blissful Chpatowka they do nothing but eat. Then they go out for half an hour, and then they eat again, and so on all day long.

I went for a walk with my arm just resting on Paul's while my thoughts were wandering to the devil, and just as we were passing under some trees whose branches came very low down over our heads, forming a ceiling of interlaced leaves, I imagined to myself what A—— would be saying if he were walking along this avenue with me on his arm. He would lean a little towards me, he would say in that languishing and penetrating tone which he never used to anybody but me, . . . he would say, "How happy one feels here, and how I love you!"

Nothing can give any idea of the tenderness of his voice when he was talking to me, when he was saying things that were meant for me alone. His ways, as of a tiger-kitten, his eyes burning you through and through, his witching voice, muffled and yet so thrilling, murmuring words of love in tones of complaint or entreaty. . . so humbly, so tenderly, so passionately!—He was never like that except to me, me only.

But it was an empty tenderness, a manner, nothing more. If he seemed stirred to the depths, it was only a habit of his, just as some people seem to be always in a hurry, others astonished, others sorrowful, without being so really.

Oh, how I should like to know the truth about it all! I should like to go back to Rome married; otherwise it would be humiliating. But then I don't want to marry. I want to remain free, and above all to study. I have found my vocation.

And frankly, to marry simply in order to spite A—— would be foolish.

No, it isn't that, but I want to live like everybody else!

I am dissatisfied with myself to-night, and I have no particular idea why.

Wednesday, August 16th (August 4th). — A crowd of neighbours of both sexes, the cream of this noble neighbourhood. One lady who has been to Rome and possesses a daughter who won't open her mouth. In a sudden and unexpected way three angels dropped in unawares: the JUGE D'INSTRUCTION, the notary, and the secretary.

My uncle, who has been Justice of the Peace for seven years past, has generally some business on hand with these functionaries.

In two years he will be a state councillor, and he is burning to be decorated.

I put on a blue silk dress and little fancy shoes.

These fine gentlemen have not worried me like the dusty people at Nice, they have only made me laugh heartily. They dare not make advances, but admire me at a respectful distance.

Sunday, August 20th (August 8th.)—I started again with my brother Paul. Paul does very well. We had two hours to wait at Kharkoff. My uncle Alexander was there.

Notwithstanding my letters, he was almost dumbfounded to see me. He told me how terribly anxious my father had been, thinking that I was not coming at all. He did nothing but ask for the letters I wrote to my uncle, so as to know whether I was on the way.

In short, uncle Alexander was most graciously pleased to see me—from proper pride, if not from love of me.

Uncle Alexander tried to put a spoke in my wheel, but my policy is to take neither side. He found me a seat by introducing the colonel of the Menzenkanoff guards, who gave up his.

I feel at home in my country; everything knows me or mine; there is nothing uncertain in our position, and we walk and breathe freely. But I shouldn't like to live here. Oh no, certainly not!

We reached Poltava this morning at six o'clock. No one to meet us.

When we reached the hotel, I wrote a note. Abruptness often pays.

"I have arrived at Poltava, and not even found a carriage.

"Come at once. I will wait for you till noon, Really, this is hardly a proper welcome.

"MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF."

I had scarcely despatched this letter when my father burst into the room. I threw myself into his arms with a stately dignity. He was visibly satisfied with my appearance, for his first care was to look me over with a kind of eagerness.

"How tall you are! I hardly expected it. And pretty, too. Yes, indeed, uncommonly so."

"And that is how you welcome me; not even a carriage! Did you get my letter?"

"No; but I have just got the telegram, and I ran here. I hoped to have been in time for the train—I am quite covered with dust. I got into little E——'s troika to save time."

"I have just written you such a letter!"

"Anything like the last one?"

"Pretty much."

"Ah, very good . . . . very good!"

"Now you know. I expect to be waited on."

"So do I. Now look here, I am devilishly freakish."

"So am I, only more so."

"You are accustomed to have everybody running after you, like so many puppies."

"So they must, or they'll get nothing out of me."

"Well, you needn't expect this sort of thing from me."

"Well, you can take it or leave it."

"But why treat me as the elderly father? I am a jolly good fellow, a young man, there!"

"All the better."

"I am not alone. Prince Michel E—— and your cousin Paul Q—— are here too."

"Let them come in."

E—— is a regular little masher, screamingly funny, very deferential, engulfed in a pair of trousers three sizes too big for him, with a collar up to his ears.

The other is called Pacha,* his family name is too difficult to write. He is a sturdy vigorous lad, with light brown hair, clean-shaved, has a Russian look, and is square, frank, serious, and sympathetic; but either taciturn or much pre-occupied—which of the two I am not quite clear about.

They had been expecting me with intense curiosity. My father was delighted. My figure charms him. The conceited man is proud of being able to show me off.

We were ready, but were obliged to wait for the servants and the baggage, so as to make the procession imposing; a carriage and four, another open one, and a hooded droshki, yoked to an idiotic troika belonging to the little prince.

My pater looked at me with great satisfaction, but took pains to look cool and even indifferent.

Besides, it is his way to conceal his feelings.

When we were half way there, I mounted the droshki, and went like the wind. We did ten *versts* in twenty-five minutes. There were still two *versts* to Gavronzi, and I went back to my father, that he might have the satisfaction of making an imposing entry into the place.

Princess E—— (Michel's mother-in-law and my father's sister) met us on the steps.

"Look here!" said my father; "isn't she tall? . . . . and isn't she interesting? Now isn't she? Eh?"

He certainly must have been pleased with me to be so effusive before one of his sisters; but this one is a really nice woman.

A steward and others came up to congratulate me on my happy arrival.

The estate is picturesquely situated—hills, a river, trees, one large house, and several small ones. All the buildings and the garden are remarkably well kept. Besides, the house

* Diminutive of Paul.

has been thoroughly done up and re-furnished this winter. The place is kept up in fine style, with an appearance of simplicity and a look of "this sort of thing goes on every day."

Of course we had champagne for luncheon—an affectation of aristocratic ways and simplicity bordering on pompousness.

Portraits of ancestors—tokens of a long line of descent which are of course very acceptable.

Fine bronzes, Sèvres and Saxon china, and art treasures. All this quite surpasses my expectations here.

My father poses as an unhappy man—one who wished for nothing better than to be a model of all the domestic virtues, deserted by his wife.

There is a large portrait of mamma, painted during her absence. Signs of regret are not wanting at the remembrance of perished happiness, with outbursts of hatred against my grandparents, who caused the breach. He takes a tremendous lot of trouble to make me feel that my arrival will make no difference in the ways of the house.

There was a card-party, during which I did my canvas-work, and threw in a remark from time to time, which was eagerly listened to.

Papa quitted the table and sat down by me, leaving the cards to Pacha. I talked as I embroidered, and he listened very attentively.

Then he suggested a walk in the country. I walked at first arm-in-arm with him, then with my brother and the little prince. We went and saw my old nurse, who made a pretence of wiping away a tear. She only nursed me for three months; my real nurse is at Tchernakowka.

They took me a good long way. "We must give you an appetite," said my father.

I complained of being tired, and said I was afraid of walking on the grass, for fear of serpents and other "ferocious beasts." The father was reticent; so was the daughter. If his sister the princess, Michel, and the other one had not been there, it would have been much better.

He made me sit down beside him to see some sleight of hand and gymnastic performances on the part of Michel. He learned the "profession" in a circus, which he accompanied as far as the Caucasus on account of a little circus-girl.

As soon as I got home I recalled a remark made by my father, whether accidental or on purpose. I dwelt on

it till it assumed large proportions, and then sat down in a corner and wept long, without moving and without blinking once, but staring fixedly at a flower on the wall-paper—plunged in misery, restless, and sometimes so despairing as not to care.

This is what happened. They were talking about A——, and asking me all sorts of questions about him. Contrary to my usual custom, I replied with reserve, and did not enlarge on the subject of my conquests, leaving them to imagine or guess what they liked. And then my father observed, with the utmost indifference—

"I heard that A—— was married three months ago."

Once in my room, I did not reason about it; I simply remembered the remark, and flung myself on the floor, crushed and miserable.

I looked at his letter:—"I need the consolation of a word from you." This upset me completely, and almost made me condemn myself.

And then—oh, what horror in fancying you love and yet in not being able to love! For I really cannot love a man like that—a feeble, dependent creature, who hardly knows anything! I can't love. I can only be bored.

The people here have given me a green bed-room and a blue sitting-room. Really, when I think of my peregrinations this winter they are curious enough! And, even since I have been in Russia, how many times have I changed guides, habitations, and surroundings!

I change my habitation, my relatives, and my acquaintances, without the smallest surprise, or that strange feeling which I felt before. All these people—my protectors or otherwise—all these means of luxury or usefulness get mixed up together, and leave me calm and unmoved.

What can I do to get my father to Rome?

Tuesday, August 22nd (10th).—There is a good deal of difference between life here and the open-handed hospitality of Uncle Étienne and Aunt Marie, who gave up their room to me and waited on me like niggers.

Here it is very different. There, I was at home in a friendly country. Here, I came to beard long-established relationships, trampling under my little feet hundreds of quarrels and millions of squabbles.

My father is a hard man, who has been frozen and flattened down from his very childhood by that terrible old

general his father. Scarcely did he gain his freedom and come into his property than he took his fling and half ruined himself.

Puffed up as he is with self-love and puerile conceit, he prefers to seem a monster rather than let his real feelings appear, especially when he is much moved, and in this he is like me.

But the merest blind man would see how pleased he is to have me, and he does show it a little when we are alone.

At two o'clock we started for Poltava.

This morning we have already had a skirmish on the Babanine question, and in the carriage my father allowed himself to insult them, especially grandmamma, in the name of his lost happiness. The blood rose to my face, and I told him severely to leave the dead in their grave.

"Leave the dead!" he exclaimed. "If I could only get at the ashes of that woman and the . . . ."

"Silence, father! You are insolent and ill-bred!"

"Chocolat may be insolent; I am not."

"Yes, my good father, you are, and so are all who are lacking in refinement and education. I will not have people talking like that. If I have enough delicacy to be reticent on that point, it is absurd for others to complain. You have nothing whatever to do with the Babanines; mind the business of your own wife and children. As for them, do not speak of them in any other way than as I speak of your relations to you. Appreciate my tact, and do likewise."

All the time I was saying this I felt extremely proud of myself.

"How dare you say such things to me?"

"I say it, and I repeat it. I am sorry I came here."

And I turned my back on him, for I was choked with tears and with a frantic desire to cry.

Then my father began to laugh, in confused embarrassment, and tried to kiss me and take me in his arms.

"Look here, Marie, let us be friends. We won't ever talk of that. I won't say anything more about it, I give you my word."

I resumed my ordinary bearing, but without giving the smallest sign of forgiveness and friendliness. The result of which was that papa got more amiable still.

My child, my angel—(I am talking to myself)—you are

an angel—an absolute angel! You always knew what to do, but you couldn't always do it. You are only just beginning to put your theories into practice!

At Poltava my father is monarch; but what a fearful kingdom!

My father is tremendously proud of his two bays. When they were brought out in the municipal state carriage I condescended to remark that they were "very pretty."

We drove through the streets, as silent as those of Pompeii.

How on earth can these people live like that? But then I am not here to study the townspeople's habits, so let us get on.

"Ah," said my father, "if you had come a little sooner, there were plenty of people. We might have got up a ball, or something! Now, there isn't a dog left. The fair is over."

We went into a shop to order a canvas for painting. This shop is the meeting ground of all the swells of Poltava, but to-day we found not a soul.

This was also the case in the public gardens.

For some unknown reason my father won't introduce anybody to me. Perhaps he is afraid of a too severe criticism.

M—— turned up in the middle of dinner.

Six years ago, when we were at Odessa, mamma often used to see Mme. M——; and her son Gritz came every day to play with Paul and me. He used to pay court to me, and bring me sweets, flowers, and fruit.

They used to laugh at us, and Gritz used to say that he would never marry any woman but me. To which a certain gentleman invariably remarked—

"Oh, what a boy! He wants a ruler for a wife!"

When we left Russia for Vienna, the M——s came with us as far as the steamer. I was a regular flirt in those days, although I was so small. I had forgotten to bring my comb, and Gritz gave me his. Our parents let us kiss each other when we said good-bye.

"O jours fortunés de notre enfance,
Où nous disions, maman, papa;
Jours de bonheur et d'innocence,
Ah! que vous êtes loin déjà."

"You know, my dear cousin, Gritz is rather deaf and

rather stupid," said Michel E——, while M—— was going up the restaurant gallery stairs.

"I know him well, my dear chap; he is no more stupid than you and I; and he is a little deaf owing to some illness he had, and chiefly because he puts cotton-wool in his ears so as not to catch cold."

Several people had already come up and shaken hands with my father, burning to be introduced to the daughter from abroad; but my father only looked contemptuous on my behalf, and did nothing. I was getting afraid he would do the same as regards Gritz.

"Marie, let me introduce to you Grigori Lvovitch M——," said he.

"We have known each other a long while," said I, graciously putting out my hand to the friend of my childhood.

He wasn't a bit changed. The same brilliant complexion, the same spiritless look, the same little mouth—rather scornful it was—and a microscopic moustache; dressed to perfection, and very gentlemanly.

We looked at each other curiously. Michel looked sarcastic. Papa blinked, as he always does.

I was not at all hungry. It was time to start for the theatre, which, like the restaurant, was in the gardens.

I suggested that we might walk about a little, and go to the theatre afterwards. My model father inserted himself between Gritz and me, and when it was time to go into the theatre he ran up and gave me his arm. Upon my word, he is quite the pattern father that you get in story-books.

A huge stage-box on the first tier, hung with red cloth, just facing the Prefect.

A bouquet from the prince, who fills up the day with paying me compliments, in return for which he gets such remarks as "There, go now, my good fellow!" or, perhaps, "My cousin, you are really the flower of fashion!"

Few people there, and a commonplace piece on the stage. But our box had plenty of interest all to itself.

Pacha is a curious fellow. As frank and straightforward as a child, he takes everything seriously, and tells me so exactly what he thinks that I sometimes suspect that he must be immensely sarcastic at bottom. He sometimes doesn't speak for ten minutes; and when any one says anything to him, he starts, as if he had only just woke up. When

you try to be agreeable to him, and say with a smile, "How good you are!" he gets huffy, and retires into a corner, growling "Not a bit of it; and if I say so, it is because I think it!"

I showed myself in the front of the box to gratify my father's vanity.

"There," he said, proudly, "see me playing the paternal rôle. It is comic. But I am a young fellow still—I am."

"Ah, papa!" said I, "that is your weak side. Very well. You shall be my elder brother, and I shall call you Constantine. Does that suit you?"

"Perfectly."

M—— and I particularly wanted to have a talk to ourselves; but Paul E—— or papa always got in the way, as if they did it on purpose. At last I ensconced myself in a corner which was like a little separate compartment, looking on to the stage, and letting you see the actors' preparations. Michel, of course, followed me; but I sent him to get me some water, and then Gritz sat down by me.

"I have been impatiently looking forward to seeing you," he said, examining me curiously. "You are not a bit changed."

"Oh, I don't like that," I said; "I was very plain when I was ten."

"Oh, it isn't that; but you are always the same."

"H'm!"

"Oh, I see what that glass of water meant!" whined the prince, handing me one. "Oh yes, I see!"

"Pay attention to what you are carrying. You will upset it on my dress if you bend so much."

"You are unkind; you are my cousin, and yet you always talk to *him*."

"He was my friend when we were children; you are—oh! you are—a gay butterfly of a day."

We found we remembered the smallest incidents.

"We were both children; but how well we remember our childhood passed together, do we not?"

"Yes."

M—— is quite an old man of the world in mind. It is quite comical to hear this fresh rosy boy talking of serious domestic useful matters. He inquired whether I had a good lady's-maid. Then—

"Your having studied so much will be a good thing when you come to have children, and . . ."

"What an idea!"

"Well, am I not right?"

"Oh yes, you are quite right."

"There is your uncle Alexander," said my father to me.

"Where?"

"Over there, opposite."

And there he was, with his wife.

Uncle Alexander came over to us, and at the next interval my father sent me over to aunt Nadine. The dear little woman was pleased, and so was I.

Between one of the acts I went out into the garden with Paul. My father ran after me and took my arm.

"So you see," said my father, "how civil I am to your relatives. I am not so devoid of manners after all."

"Very well, papa. Those who want to get on with me ought to obey my wishes and serve me."

"Oh no."

"Oh yes. They can take it or leave it; but now confess that you are happy in having a daughter like me —pretty, well-formed, graceful, clever, and well-read. Confess!"

"It is quite true; I confess it."

"Oh, although you are such a young fellow, and every one will be surprised to find your children so big?"

"Oh yes, I am still quite a young man. . . ."

"Papa, we are going to have supper in the garden."

"It isn't considered proper."

"Oh, come, papa; not proper with one's own father, the *maréchal de noblesse*, whom all the curs know; the most prominent man of the golden youth of Poltava!"

"But the horses are waiting."

"That is just what I wanted to talk to you about. Send them away, and we will go home in a cab."

"You in a cab? You certainly shall not. And, besides supper isn't respectable."

"Papa, when I condescend to consider a thing respectable, it is quite absurd for any one to presume to think differently."

"Well, well, then, we will have supper; but solely to please you. I am tired of these amusements."

So we had supper in a private room, ordered by papa out of deference to me. Bashkirtseff, father and son, uncle Alexander and Nadine, Pacha, E——, M——, and I. M—— busied himself chiefly in putting a cloak about my shoulders and declared I should catch cold.

We had some champagne. E—— asked for one bottle after another, so as to give me the last drop.

We had several toasts, and my boy-friend, taking his glass, bowed towards me, and said, gently, "Your mother's health." And as he looked frankly into my eyes as an old friend, I also replied in a whisper with a frank look of thanks and a friendly smile.

A few minutes afterwards I said out loud, "To mamma's health!" and they drank it afresh. M—— watched my smallest actions, and palpably was trying to conform to my opinions, my tastes, and even my jokes. I amused myself by changing them, so as to put him out. He kept on listening, and at last exclaimed—

"Oh, how charming she is!" He was so open, natural, and delighted at it, that I couldn't help being pleased myself.

Nadine went home in the carriage with papa and me, and I went to her house, and there we chatted as much as we liked.

"My dear Moussia," said my uncle Alexander, "you delighted me. I was very much pleased with your proper way of treating your relations, and especially your father, I was getting anxious for you; but if you go on as you have begun, I can assure you that everything will go well."

"Yes," said Paul; "even if you only stop a month, you will get the whip-hand of our father, which will be a very good thing for everybody."

My father occupied the room next to mine, on the right, and he made his servant sleep in my dressing-room.

"I hope she is well guarded," he said to my uncle. "You know, I am a gay dog, and lead a life of pleasure; but from the moment that her mother entrusts her to me, I shall justify her confidence and fulfil my duty in the most sacred way."

Yesterday I borrowed twenty-five roubles from my father in order to have the pleasure of returning them to him to-day.

We started in the same order as we did yesterday.

We were hardly in the fields before my father asked, quite suddenly, "Well, are we going to fight again to-day?"

"As much as ever you like."

He took me abruptly in his arms, wrapped me about in his cloak, and laid my head against his shoulder.

I closed my eyes. That is my way of being tender.

We remained like that for several minutes.

"And now," he said, "I sit up again."

"A cloak, then, for I shall be cold."

He wrapped me in a cloak, and I began to speak of the places abroad, of Rome and the pleasures of society, taking care to make him understand how immensely we enjoyed ourselves, speaking of Mgr. de Falloux, of Baron Visconti, and the Pope. Then I enlarged upon the society of Poltava.

"Passing one's life in losing at cards, degenerating in the depths of provincialism, and drinking champagne in wineshops. Getting rusty and stupid. Whatever else one does, one ought always to be in good company."

"Oh then, that is as good as saying that I am in bad company?" he said, laughing.

"I say so! never. I am only speaking generally—of nobody in particular."

I said so much that he asked me the cost of a fine suite of rooms in which to give parties at Nice.

"You know," said he, "if I were to go down there, and stay for the winter, the position would be a very different one . . ."

"Whose position?"

"Oh, that of the birds of the air," he said, laughing with some amount of pique.

"My position? Yes, it is quite true. But after all Nice is not a pleasant town Why not come this winter to Rome?"

"I? H'm! . . . Yes! . . . Hm! . . ."

That's all right, the first word has been sown, and it has fallen on good ground. What I fear are the adverse influences which may be brought to bear. I must accustom this man to me, must make myself pleasant and necessary to him, and in short manage to let aunt T—— find a barrier between her brother and her malice.

He is pleased to find that I can talk on every subject. As we went in to dinner I finished a discussion on chemistry with one Kapitanenko, a retired officer of the guard, who had got rusty exposed to the universal ridicule of this provincial society. He is constantly at the house.

My father said as he got up—

"You see, Pacha, how learned she is!"

"You are laughing at me, papa?"

"Not at all, not at all. All right, my dear. Yes, ah! very good; h'm, very good."

Wednesday, August 23*rd* (*August* 11*th*).—I have written almost as much to mamma as in my Journal. It will do her more good than all the medicine in the world. I make her think I am delighted, but I am not—as yet. I tell her everything just as it happens, though I am not yet very sure what will be the end of the story. However, we shall see. God is very good.

Pacha is my first cousin, my father's sister's son. This man puzzles me. We had a talk this morning; we spoke of my father, and I said that sons always criticised their fathers' actions, and that as soon as they were in their places the sons did exactly the same, to be criticised in turn by their own children.

"Exactly," said he, "but my sons won't criticise me, because I shall never marry."

A moment after, I went on—"No young people ever lived who haven't said the same thing."

"Yes, but it isn't the same thing with me."

"Why not?"

"Because I am twenty-two, and have never been in love, and no woman has attracted me."

"That's very natural. No one ought to be in love before twenty-two."

"Why, some boys fall in love from the age of fourteen."

"All their loves have nothing to do with real love."

"Very likely; but I am not everybody. I am hot-headed and proud—I mean, of course, I am speaking of my self-respect, and besides——"

"But those are good qualities which you are speaking of. . . ."

"Good?"

"Certainly."

Then, *à propos* of I don't know what, he told me that if his mother were to die he should go out of his mind.

"Yes, for a year; and then——"

"Oh no; I should go mad—I know it."

"For a year perhaps; but new faces obliterate old impressions."

"Then do you deny that virtue and lasting feelings exist?"

"Of course I do."

"It is very curious, Moussia," he said, "how quickly one gets into familiar ways when there is no constraint. The day

before yesterday I called you Maria Constantinovna; yesterday, Mlle. Moussia; and to-day——"

"Moussia, simply; and I told you to do so."

"It seems to me that we have always been together, your manners are so simple and pleasing."

"Yes, doesn't it?"

I enjoyed talking to the peasants we met on the road and in the forest; and look you ("look you," a *portier's* phrase), I can speak the dialect here very fairly.

The Vorsklo, the river which runs through my father's village, is so shallow that it may be crossed on foot in the summer, but in winter it is a torrent. I took it into my head to make my horse paddle in the water, and, gathering up my riding-habit, I rode him right in. It was a very pleasant sensation, and delicious to see. The water came up to the horse's knees.

I was hot from the sun and my ride, and I was trying my voice, which is gradually coming back. I sang the *Lacrymosa* out of the *Funeral Mass*, as I did at Rome.

My father was waiting for us under the colonnade, and looked at us with satisfaction.

"Well, did I take you in? Do I look badly in a riding-habit? Ask Pacha how I mount. Are you satisfied?"

"Very true; yes; h'm! . . . . Very good; very good indeed."

And he inspected me with a pleased air.

I am far from being sorry that I brought thirty dresses for my father's weak side is vanity. Just at that moment came M—— with a trunk and a servant. When he had paid his respects to me, and I had made the usual replies, I went to change my dress, saying, "I am coming back."

I came back in a dress of Oriental gauze, with a train two yards long; a bodice of silk, open in front in the Louis XV. style, and fastened by a great white bow; the skirt was naturally all in one, and the train cut square.

M—— talked to me about dress, admiring mine.

People call him stupid, and he can talk of everything—music, art, science. It is quite true that it is I who do the talking, and he only says, "You are perfectly right; I quite agree."

I said nothing about my studies, fearing to scare him But when we were at table, I was provoked into doing so.

quoted a Latin verse, and expatiated with the doctor on classical literature and its modern imitations.

They exclaimed that I was astonishing, and that there was nothing in the world that I couldn't talk about, no subject of conversation in which I wasn't at home.

Papa made heroic attempts to hide his beaming pride. Then a fowl stuffed with truffles started a discussion on cookery, in which I showed an acquaintance with gastronomic science which made M—— open his eyes and his mouth still more. Passing to sophistry, I began to explain the utility of good cookery, maintaining that good cookery makes men virtuous.

I went to the first floor. The rooms are very large, especially the ball-room. They have just placed the piano there.

I played. Poor Kapitanenko made frantic efforts to keep Paul from talking.

"Good heavens!" cried the simple fellow, "when I hear that, I forget that I have been fusty and rusty for six years here in a province! I am alive again!"

I am not playing well to-day. I flounder frequently. However, there are some things that I don't play badly. But all the same, I was quite aware that poor Kapitanenko was sincere; and I was pleased at the pleasure I gave him.

Kapitanenko on my left, Eristoff and Paul behind, and Gritz looking at me with a beaming countenance, I had no eyes for the others.

When I had finished *The Brook*, they all kissed my hand.

Papa blinked on his sofa. The princess went on working without saying anything; but she is a good-hearted woman all the same.

I breathe freely; I am in my father's house. He is one of the chief government officials, and I fear neither want of respect nor frivolity.

At ten o'clock papa gave the signal for retiring, and handed over to Paul the young men who all live in the red house with him.

And I said to my father, "That is what we shall do when I go abroad again. You will come with me."

"Perhaps," he said. "Yes, I will think about it."

I was satisfied. A short silence intervened, and then we talked about something else. When he went out, I went in to the princess for a quarter of an hour.

I told my father to invite uncle Alexander here, and he wrote him a very amiable letter.

What do you think of me?

I say that I am an angel, provided that God continues to be well disposed.

Don't laugh at my devotion. There, you have only to begin, to find everything ridiculous in my journal. If I were to begin to criticise myself as an author, I might spend my whole life at it.

Thursday, 24th August (*12th August*).—At nine o'clock I went to my father's room. I found him in his shirt-sleeves trying to fasten his necktie. I did it for him while kissing his forehead.

The gentlemen came to drink their tea, and Pacha too. Yesterday evening he did not appear, and the servant came to say that he had "gone to bed ill." The others laughed at his bearish attentions to me; and he is so sensitive about the slightest thing that they couldn't get a word out of him this morning.

To amuse me, E—— sent for a game of skittles, and of croquet, and a microscope with a collection of fleas.

A scandal took place of a certain kind. You can judge for yourself.

Paul took out of his album the photograph of an actress whom my father is intimately acquainted with; and when papa saw that, he took out his portrait too.

"What is that for?" asked Paul in astonishment.

"Because I fear that you will also throw away my portraits."

I paid no attention to that, but to-day Paul drew me aside and took me into a room, where he showed me his album, empty but for the woman's photograph.

"I did that to please my father, but I was obliged to take all the other portraits out too. There they are by themselves."

"Let me see them."

I took all the photographs of grandpapa, grandmamma mamma, and myself, and put them in my pocket.

"What are you doing?" exclaimed Paul.

"I mean," said I, coolly, "that I am taking back our portraits. They are in such bad company here."

My brother was ready to cry; but he tore the album across, and went out. I did all this in the drawing-room and I was seen, so my father will hear of it.

We had a long walk in the garden, and went to see the chapel and vaut containing the tombs of my grandparents Bashkirtseff. M—— was my escort, and helped me up and down.

Michel followed us like a dog who tries to come over you with submissive beseeching eyes, and looked despairingly at Gritz the whole time.

Pacha walked in front; and when he looked at me, he did so with such malignant eyes that I turned my head away.

If mamma knew that at the supper at Poltava I had the last drop of a bottle of champagne by chance, and that when they drank my health the arms of Nadine, Alexander, Gritz, and my own crossed as for a wedding——! Poor mother, how happy she would be!

Certainly Gritz is getting very soft; but I pray from the bottom of my soul that he won't ask me to marry him — narrow, vain as he is, and with a devil of a mother!

We talked over our childhood and the public gardens at Odessa.

"I paid court to you then," he said.

I replied by my best smiles, while the young man made beseeching grimaces, and begged me to let him carry my train. He did it yesterday, and got nicknamed the train-bearer.

We made up a set for croquet.

When I was pleasantly warm, I went back to the Chinese drawing-room (called by this name from its vases and dolls), and, sitting down on the floor, began arranging my paint-brushes and colours. My father is incredulous about my talents. I made Michel sit in one arm-chair and Gritz in another, and sitting on the floor I caricatured Michel in fifteen minutes on a drawing-board which Gritz held, turning himself into my easel. And while I dabbed away right and left, I felt their eyes devouring me.

My father was satisfied, and Michel kissed my hand.

I went up-stairs and sat down at the piano. Pacha listened from a distance. Soon the others came in, and arranged themselves as they did yesterday. But, passing from music into talk, Gritz and Michel spoke of wintering at Petersburg.

"Yes, and I can imagine to myself what you'll do there," said I. "Shall I tell you how you will live now, and you tell me afterwards if I am wrong?

"Yes, yes."

"In the first place, you'll furnish your rooms with the most rubbishing things sold you by sham antiquarians, and with the most commonplace daubs sold you for 'Originals;' for it's necessary to be passionately fond of art and antiquities. Next, you will keep horses, and a coachman who will be familiar. You will consult him, and he'll even meddle in your love-affairs. You'll go out on the Newsky with one eye-glass, you'll meet a group of friends, you'll get down to ask the news, you'll laugh till you cry over one of those jokes of your friends whose business it is to be witty. You'll ask when Judic's benefit comes off, and whether they've been yet to see Madame Damié. You'll laugh at Princess Lisa, and rave about the young Countess Sophie. You'll go to Borreel's, where doubtless there is a François, a Baptiste, or a Désiré, who knows you, and who will come bowing and scraping to tell you of the suppers that have or have not taken place, the last scandal about Prince Pierre, and the adventures of Constance. You will swallow a glass of something strong with a frightful grimace, and you'll ask if what they gave the prince was better cooked than what you got at your supper. And François or Désiré will answer, 'Monsieur le Prince, can you gentlemen imagine it?' And he will tell you he had for you a Japanese turkey and truffles from China. You will fling him two roubles and look about you, and then you will get back into your carriage to follow the women, leaning foppishly first to one side, and then to the other, exchanging observations with your coachman, who is as fat as an elephant, and who is known among all your friends for being able to drink three samovars a day.

"You will go to the theatre, and tread on the heels of those who have got there before you, shaking hands with—or, rather, extending your finger-tips to—friends who will tell you of the success of the new actress, whilst you, opera-glass in hand, will stare at the women with your most impertinent look, and think you are making an impression.

"And how you do take yourselves in! And how perfectly the women see through you!

"And you prostrate yourselves to ruination before the Parisian 'stars' who come to shine before you after they have gone out in Paris.

"Then you sup, and you go to sleep on the carpet; but the restaurant waiters won't leave you in peace; they

thrust pillows under your heads, and put quilts over you, your wine-stained dress-coats, and your crumpled shirt-collars.

"You go home next morning to go to bed—or, rather, some one takes you. And how pale and ugly and wrinkled you look! And how intensely you pity yourselves!

"And then, when you are thirty-five or forty, you definitely become enamoured of a ballet-girl and marry her. And she beats you, and you sit behind the scenes the most miserable being alive, while she dances on the stage . . . ."

Here I was interrupted, for both Gritz and Michel fell on their knees and asked for my hand to kiss, exclaiming that it was miraculous, and that I talked like a book.

"Only," said Gritz at last . . . . "it's all true, all except the ballet-girl. I shall never marry anybody but a woman of the world. I am a man of rank. I shall adore having my house, my wife, and great squalling babies; I shall be distractedly fond of them."

We had a game of croquet while papa looked on. He observed how attentive Gritz was. How should it be otherwise? I am the only woman here.

He ought to have gone at four o'clock, but at five he asked me if he might stay to dinner, and after dinner declared he would much rather not go by night.

I talked about furniture, carriages, liveries, and housekeeping, and I was amused to see how my father swallowed my words, and, forgetting his pride and reserve, asked various questions.

Gritz talked much, not cleverly, but like a man of the world who knew everything.

I had all my photographs in my hand, and he begged me so hard to give him one that I couldn't refuse, and, as he was an old friend, I gave him one.

But I did refuse him the little locket miniature, for which he was ready to give "two years of his life." *Ah! Dio mio!*

Friday, August 25th (*August 13th*).—M—— and Michel departed after breakfast.

My father proposed that we should walk to Pavlovsk, his other property.

It suits me very well; but I am nervous to-day, and talked

little, for the least exertion in speaking made me melt into tears.

Thinking, however, of the effect it would have on mamma to hear of the entire absence of festivities of any kind, I told my father that I wanted society and gaieties, that I found my position strange and even absurd.

"Very well," he said, "if you want it, it shall be done. Would you like me to take you to the Prefect's?"

"I should like it."

"Very well; it shall be done, then."

Reassured on this point, I could go with an easy mind to see the farm-works, and even to enter into details which didn't amuse me at all, but which may come in useful some day when I want to act the connoisseur on household arrangements; perhaps I shall be able to astonish some one by talking about the sowing of barley, and the qualities of wheat and a verse of Shakespeare, or a discourse on Platonic philosophy, all in one breath.

It may be seen that I turn everything to account.

Pacha got me an easel, and about dinner-time I received two large canvases, sent me from Poltava by M——

"How do you like M——?" asked papa.

I told him how I liked him.

"Well," said Pacha, "I didn't like him the first day. After that I got fond of him."

"Did you like me at first sight?" I inquired.

"You? Why?"

"Never mind; say."

"Well, yes; you pleased me. I did not expect to find you that kind of girl. I thought you would not know how to talk Russian, that you were affected . . . . and . . . and then I found you . . . . what you are."

"Very good."

I remarked what a depressing effect the country and the fields, already bare, had on me.

"Yes," said Pacha, "everything is yellow. How the time flies! It seems only yesterday that it was spring."

"People always say that. Ah! we were happy in the South; we did not have these marked changes."

"But then you haven't got the spring to enjoy," said Pacha, enthusiastically.

"All the happier for us. Sudden changes spoil the equableness of our tempers, and life is happiest undisturbed."

"What?"

"I aver that spring in Russia is a season adapted to treachery and baseness."

"How so?"

"In winter, when everything about us is cold, dark, and dumb, we are gloomy and cold and suspicious. When the warm weather comes we sun ourselves; and, behold! we are transfigured—for the state of the weather has an immense influence on the character, the disposition, and even the convictions of mankind. In spring we feel happier, and consequently better; we are disinclined to believe in the evil and baseness of people. 'When everything is so lovely, and I am so happy, so full of enthusiasm, and almost intoxicated with well-being, how can there be any room for evil thoughts in other people's hearts?' That is the general sentiment. Well, in the South we don't get intoxicated—or, at any rate, only very slightly. Whence I infer that we are in a normal condition, which maintains an even level."

Pacha worked himself up to the pitch of asking me for my portrait to wear in a locket his whole life long.

"Because I respect and love you like nobody else."

The princess opened her eyes, and I laughed as I begged my cousin to kiss my hand.

He was obstinate, then reddened, and ended by obeying. He is a curious barbarian. This afternoon I was talking of my contempt for the human race.

"Ah! you are right," he cried. "And therefore I am a poor wretch!" And red and trembling he took to his heels and fled the drawing-room.

Saturday, August 26th (August 14th).—Oh, how intolerable the country is!

With astonishing rapidity I sketched two likenesses of my father and Paul. It took me thirty-five minutes.

Combien de femmes en ce monde
Ne pourraient pas en dire autant.

My father, who had looked upon my talent as something of a vain boast, now recognised it, and was pleased. I was enchanted, for to be able to paint is one of my aims. Every hour passed without painting or without flirtation (for flirtation leads to love, and love possibly to marriage) falls on my head like a weight. Read? No! Act? Yes!

This morning my father came into my room, and after a

few ordinary remarks, when Paul had left the room, there fell a silence, during which I was aware that my father had something to say; and as I wished to talk of the same thing, I purposely held my tongue, as much because I did not want to begin, as for the pleasure of seeing somebody else's hesitation and embarrassment.

"H'm! . . ." then "what do you say?" he asked at last.

"I, papa? Nothing."

"H'm! . . . you said . . . H'm! . . . about my coming to Rome with you . . . H'm! . . . in what way?"

"Why, in the ordinary way, of course."

"But . . . ."

He hesitated, and fidgeted with my brushes and combs.

"If I come with you . . . H'm! . . . Mamma, you know . . . she won't come? Then . . . you see, if she won't come . . . H'm! . . . what shall we do?"

Ah! ah! excellent father! There we are! You are the one to hesitate . . . splendid! That's capital.

"Mamma? Mamma will come."

"Ah!"

"Mamma will do anything I like. She only lives for me."

Visibly relieved, he asked a number of questions as to how mamma passed the time, and a heap of things besides.

How was it that mamma warned me against papa's evil disposition, and his habit of confounding people and humiliating them?

Because it is the truth.

But then why am I neither confounded nor humiliated while mamma always was?

Because my father is cleverer than mamma, but not as clever as I am.

Besides, he has an immense respect for me, for he always gets the worst of it in a discussion with me; and then my conversation is full of interest for a man buried in Russia, but still with sufficient intelligence to appreciate intelligence in another.

I reminded him of my wish to see the society of Poltava, and I can see quite well by his replies that he doesn't want to show me in the society of which he is the ornament. It was only when I said that I particularly wanted it, that he said my wishes should be granted, and set to work with the princess to make out a list of ladies whom we should have to call upon.

"Madame M—— too," I said, "do you know her? Yes, but I don't visit her. She lives very quietly."

"But I must go with you to see her. She knew me when I was little, and she is a friend of mamma's. And, besides, when she knew me I was an unformed little girl, and not externally taking, and I want to obliterate that unfavourable impression."

"Very well, then, we will go . . . . only I wouldn't go if I were you."

"Why not?"

"Because . . . h'm! . . . she might think . . . ."

"Think what?"

"Oh! all sorts of things . . . ."

"No, tell me: I like people to be explicit; hints try my patience."

"She might think that you had designs . . . she will think that you would like her son for a suitor."

"Gritz M——? Oh no, papa. She won't think so. And, besides, of course M—— is a very nice young man, the friend of my childhood, whom I am very fond of; but to marry him! No, papa; he isn't the sort of husband I want. Don't worry yourself."

The Cardinal is dying.

Wretched man! . . . (I am speaking of his nephew.)

We talked about courage at dinner, and I made an uncommonly true remark. I said that the man who is afraid and yet faces the danger is more courageous than the man who is not afraid; the greater the fear, the greater the merit.

Sunday, August 27th (*August 15th*).—I have punished some one to day for the first time in my life—I mean Chocolat.

He wrote to his mother, and asked her permission to stop in Russia for much higher wages than what he gets from me. This ingratitude pained me on his account; and so I summoned him, *unmasked* his baseness before everybody, and ordered him down on his knees. The youngster began to howl, and did not obey. So I was obliged to take him by the shoulders and knees; and then, less from force than from shame, he went down on his knees, shaking a whatnot covered with Sèvres china as he did so. Then I stood up in the middle of the drawing-room and hurled the thunderbolts of my eloquence at him, and finished by

saying that I should send him back to France through the agency of the negroes' consul, in the fourth class, with the sheep and oxen.

"For shame, for shame, Chocolat! You will come to a bad end! Get up, fie, and be off!"

I had worked myself into genuine anger, and so when five minutes afterwards the monkey came to beg my pardon, I said that if he only repented under M. Paul's coaching, I would have none of his repentance.

"No, I repent of my own accord."

"You are sorry then, yourself?" He rammed his fists into his eyes.

"Tell me, Chocolat. I shall not be angry."

"Y . . es!"

"Very well, then, you may go. I forgive you. But don't you see that all this is for your good?"

Ah! Chocolat will either be a great man or a great scoundrel.

Monday, August 28th (*August 16th*).—My father has gone to Poltava; he was on duty. I tried to talk philosophy with the princess, but it degenerated into a talk about love, men, and kings.

Michel brought over uncle Alexander, and Gritz came in later.

There are some days when one feels ill at ease; this is one of them.

M—— brought a bouquet for the princess, and a moment afterwards, at dinner, he got into a discussion with Alexander about the breeding of sheep.

"Gritz," said my father, "I much prefer you to talk of bouquets than of sheep."

"Ah! papa," said I, "you see it is the sheep that give us the bouquets."

I meant nothing but the literal words; but every one looked up, and I blushed up to my ears.

Then in the evening I very much wanted Alexander to see that Gritz was paying me attention, and I did not succeed. The fool would not leave Michel.

Really he is stupid, and everybody here says so. I wished to defend him; but this evening, whether from bad temper or from conviction, I am very much of everybody's opinion.

When they had gone to the red house, I sat down at the piano, and poured out all my boredom and irritation

upon the keys. And now I am going to bed to dream of the Grand Duke Nicholas, which will perhaps amuse me.

The moon here is insipid. I looked at it while they were firing off the cannon. My father has gone to Kharkoff for two days. The cannons are one of his hobbies. He has nine of them, and they were being fired off this evening while I was looking at the moon.

Tuesday, August 29th (August 17th). — Yesterday I heard Paul say to uncle Alexander, as he winked at me—

"If you only knew, my dear uncle! She has turned all Gavronzi upside down! She has re-fashioned papa to her liking! Everything yields before her!"

Have I really done all that? All the better.

I have been sleepy and bored since this morning. I do not yet allow I am bored, because I lack amusement or diversion. When I am bored I look for a cause, feeling sure that this more or less pronounced discomfort comes from *something*, and is not, on the other hand, simply the result of solitude or lack of amusement.

But here at Gavronzi I am in want of nothing, I have no regrets, everything turns out exactly as I want, and yet I am bored. Am I then to suppose simply that I am bored by the country? *Nescio.* Oh, devil take it!

When they sat down to cards, I stopped in my studio with Michel and Gritz. Gritz is certainly different since yesterday. There is a certain constraint in his manner which I cannot make out.

The party to-morrow is postponed till Thursday, and he wants to go away on a long tour.

I was preoccupied, and they told me so. For some time I have been hovering between two worlds. I don't hear when they speak to me.

The gentlemen went to bathe in the river. The river at the bathing-place is beautiful, deep, and shaded with trees. I stopped with the princess in the great balcony which makes a covered carriage entry.

Amongst other things, the princess told me an odd story. Yesterday Michel came to her and said—

"Mamma, let me get married."

"To whom?"

"To Moussia."

"Silly boy, you are only eighteen."

He insisted so seriously that she had to tell him to go to the devil.

"Only, my dear Moussia," she added, "pray don't tell him, he would eat me up."

The gentlemen found us still on the balcony, which attracted the heat fearfully. As for air, there isn't any to speak of, and not the slightest breath of wind in the evening. But the view is delightful. Opposite are the red house, and summer-houses scattered about; the mountain to the right with the church halfway up quite hidden in the trees, and the family vault a little further on; to the left the river, the fields, the trees, the horizon. And to think that all this belongs to us, that we are the sovereign lords of all this; that all the houses, the church, the court which is like a little town—everything, everything belongs to us; and the servants, nearly sixty in number; and all . . . .

I waited impatiently for the end of dinner, because I wanted to get at Paul, and ask him for the meaning of certain words he had let fall at croquet which worried me disagreeably.

"Didn't you notice," said Paul, "that Gritz has changed since yesterday?"

"I? No, I didn't notice anything."

"Well, I did, and Michel is at the bottom of it."

"How?"

"Michel is a good fellow, but has never met any women except at fast suppers, and doesn't know how to behave a bit; besides, he has an evil tongue. Further, his tongue is too long—witness his story of the other day. He said he wanted . . . In short, he is madly in love with you, and capable of any villainy. I spoke to uncle Alexander about it, and he said I ought to have pulled his ears for him. Aunt Nadine thinks so too. . . . Wait a bit! I tell you that Gritz has been persuaded by his mother or his friends that every one is trying to hook him for his great wealth. Well, up to yesterday he was praising you up to the skies; and yesterday—of course I know that you don't want him, that you don't care a button (pardon the expression) about all that; still, it is not nice. And it is always Michel that makes the tittle-tattle."

"Yes, but what can one do?"

"Oh, you must . . . . you have quite enough cleverness or that, and more too; you must say . . . . must make him understand; he is an ass, but he will understand that. In short, you must . . . When we are having dinner I

will help you, and you will relate a story, or anything you like."

That was just my idea.

"Very well, Paul, we shall see."

Alexander went to the theatre after us, and heard people talking of the arrival of "Bashkirtseff's girl, who is a great beauty."

In the lobby he was taken in tow by Gritz, who talked enthusiastically about me.

I couldn't help making up a tableau on the great staircase. I sat in the middle; the gentlemen who came up with me sat lower on the stairs; the prince on his knees. Have you seen the engraving of Goethe's Eleonore? It was exactly like that, even to my dress. Only I did not look at anybody; I looked at the lamps.

If Paul had not put one of them out, we should have stayed for a long while like that.

Good-night. Oh, how bored I am!

Wednesday, August 30th (*August 18th*).—Whilst the young men were running after the housekeeper with the fireworks, which they threw at her legs, the princess, Alexander, and I were talking of Rome and the Pope.

I pretended to be uneasy, saying that the Cardinal was dead.

I dreamed that Pietro A—— was dead. I went up to his bier, and put a topaz necklet with a golden cross round his neck. I had scarcely done so when I noticed that the dead man was not Pietro.

Death in dreams means marriage, I believe. You may imagine my annoyance, and with me annoyance shows itself in passiveness and complete silence. But woe to those who tease me, or even make me talk!

The conversation was on the morals of Poltava. Profligacy is much practised. There is a story—taken quite as matter of course—that Mme. M—— has been seen in the street at night in a dressing-gown with M. J——.

The young ladies behave with a lightness . . . . but when they began to broach the chapter on kissing, I began pacing the room.

A young man was in love with a girl who loved him. After some time he married another, and when he was asked why he had changed in this way, he replied—

"She has kissed me and she either has kissed or will kiss other men."

"Quite right," said uncle Alexander.

All men reason like that.

Such reasoning is in the last degree unjust. The result is that I am in my own room, undressed, and maddened with vexation.

It seemed to me that they were speaking at me. Then this is the cause of it ——!

In Heaven's name, let me be able to forget! Good God! have I committed some crime, that Thou tormentest me so?

Lord, Thou doest right. My conscience, which leaves me not a moment's peace, will heal me.

What neither education, nor books, nor advice, could have taught, experience has taught me.

I thank God for it; and I advise girls to be a little more *canaille* in their hearts, and to take care not to cherish any sentiment whatever. For men compromise them first of all, and then turn them into ridicule.

The finer a feeling is, the more easily is it turned to ridicule; the more sublime, the more ridiculous. And there is nothing in the world more ridiculous and degrading than ridiculed love.

I shall go to Rome with my father; I shall go into society, and then they shall see.

A delightful outing. The prince's troïka, notwithstanding uncle Alexander's weight, flew like lightning; Michel drove. I love going fast; the three horses took the bit in their teeth, and for several minutes I could not breathe for delight and excitement.

Then croquet kept us till dinner-time, about which time M—— turned up. I was already on the look-out for a "story," when the princess happened to mention the Miss R——s.

"They are very nice, but very unfortunate," said Gritz.

"Why?"

"Because they do nothing but hunt for husbands without finding them. For example, they wanted to catch me."

Here everybody burst out laughing.

"Catch you?" they asked. "Did you charm them so much?"

"Well, I think . . . however, they soon saw that I wouldn't have them."

"Really," said I, "what a very unfortunate position to be

in! to say nothing of its being intolerable for the other people!'

Every one laughed, and exchanged looks that were anything but flattering to M——.

Ah! you see, when a man is an ass, it is a great misfortune.

I noticed the same constraint in his behaviour this evening as there was yesterday. Perhaps he was thinking that some one was wanting to "catch him."

And the cause of all this—Michel.

Gritz scarcely dared speak to me from the other side of the drawing-room, and it was not till half-past nine that he ventured to approach me. I smiled contemptuously.

Oh, what a fool he is to be such a fool! I was stiff and severe, and gave the signal to break up the evening.

I am quite sure that Michel is priming him with all kinds of nonsense. The princess told me, "You have no idea what Michel is capable of. He is sly and base."

Oh, what a misfortune it is to be a fool!

Thursday, August 31*st* (*August* 19*th*).—Paul came to me quite upset to say that papa had refused to allow the picnic in the forest.

I slipped on a dressing-gown, and went to papa to say that we should go.

In about three minutes I had talked him over.

After no end of comical misunderstandings we started for the forest, I being in an excellent frame of mind, contrary to all expectation. Gritz was as natural as on the first day, and our strained and unpleasant relations no longer exist.

We fared as comfortably in the forest as if we had been at home. Everybody was hungry, and had a capital appetite, making merry at Michel's expense all the time. For he ought to have been the man to make all the arrangements for the picnic, only he shamefully backed out of it this morning, and the provisions came from Gavronzi.

Several squibs were let off, and then a Jew was got to tell a lot of nonsense. In Russia the Jew is a being midway between a dog and an ape. The Jews can do everything, and are made use of for everything. We borrow their money, beat them, intoxicate them, entrust business to them, and make fun of them.

When I got back to my room I was so depressed that I should have spent the night in crying from sympathy had not Amalia begun gossiping, and directed my thoughts into another channel.

Always cut short your temper; it avoids scenes, tears, and grovelling.

And I hate making scenes of that kind.

Poor Gritz! just now I pity him; he departed rather unwell.

Saturday, September 2nd (*August 21st*).—I fainted with the heat, and when two "crocodiles" from Poltava arrived about dinner-time, I got myself up very gorgeously, although my spirits were very low. There was a display of fireworks, which we saw from the gallery, hung all round with Venetian lanterns; so was the court, and the red house.

My father then suggested a stroll, as the night was a very fine one. I changed my dress, and we went into the village. We sat down outside the inn, and woke up a fiddler and a mad fellow to dance. But the fiddler was only accustomed to play the second violin, and could not be got to understand that the first violin wasn't there, and insisted on playing second. At the end of half an hour a move was made to the house with perfidious intent—especially my father, Paul, and I, who climbed up to the top of the belfry by a wretched ladder, and began to ring the fire-alarm; I pulled with all my might. I had never been so near to the bells before. When you try to speak while they are vibrating, you feel at first a kind of terror, for the words seem to die away on your lips as in a nightmare.

All this wasn't particularly interesting, and I was very glad to get back to my room, where my father came in, and we had a very long talk.

But I was depressed, and, instead of talking, I cried the whole time. Amongst other things he spoke to me about M——, saying that mamma had undoubtedly chosen him for me as an excellent match; but that, for his part, he wouldn't move a finger to bring it about, because M—— was nothing but an animal with money. I hastened to reassure him; and then we talked of all sorts of things. My father rather tried to be restive, but I didn't give in an inch, and we got on admirably. Besides, for several days now there has constantly been a refined delicacy in his bearing towards me; and in his harsh dry way he has said such tender things that I have been touched by it.

I had no scruples as regards my aunt T——. I told my father plainly that she ruled him, and that therefore I could not feel sure of him.

"Me?" he cried. "Not at all. Besides, she is the one of all my sisters whom I like least. Be easy; when she sees you here she will fawn upon you like a dog, and you will have her at your feet."

Sunday, September 3rd (August 22nd).—It seems that I am having a fine time. I have been carried in a carpet like Cleopatra; I have tamed a horse like Alexander; and I have painted like — some one who is *not yet* Raphael.

We went net-fishing in a large party this morning. Stretched on a rug (I must say this, because I don't want to be suspected of rolling myself in the dust) on the river-bank —the water is lovely and deep here—under the trees, eating water-melons, which the "crocodiles" brought from Poltava, we passed two hours, more or less pleasantly. As we came home I acted Cleopatra, and was carried in my rug as far as the railing, and there Michel and Kapitanenko improvised a litter by joining their hands; after that Pacha carried me by himself. Having thus exhausted all the methods of getting along, I found myself at the foot of the great staircase, which I walked up alone, Michel being invariably entangled in the end of my train.

I looked charming when I appeared at luncheon; I am speaking of my dress—a Neapolitan chemise of sky-blue China crape and old lace, a very long skirt of white silk, with a great piece of striped Oriental stuff, white, blue, and gold, draped in front and knotted behind. All the rest of the stuff fell naturally, just as a sheet does if you put it on like an apron. Nothing more pretty and fantastic can be imagined.

While some of them squandered their breath in card-playing, and others in abusing the heat, somebody or other mentioned the greys, boasting of their youth, strength, and vigour.

For several days there has been some talk of my riding one of them, but everybody raised such a number of fears that I let it pass. However, to-day, partly because I was angry with my cowardice, and partly to give the "crocodiles" something new to talk about, I ordered the animal to be saddled.

Whilst I was playing, my father, who was lying on

the grass, did nothing but look from me to the "crocodiles" and blink. He was satisfied with the impression I made.

My outlandish though charming costume was set off still more by a white silk handkerchief which I put on my head, low in front and fastened behind, with the ends coming back to the front as the Egyptian women wear them, quite covering the nape and the rest of the neck. The horse was brought out, and a chorus of objections arose. At last Kapitanenko, remembering his service in the mounted regiment, got on, but from the first step he was so shaken that the charitable lookers-on began to laugh as idiotically as possible.

The horse reared, stopped still, ran away, and Kapitanenko declared in the midst of the general amusement that I might mount the horse—in three months. I looked at the quivering animal, in whose skin the veins stood out every moment like ripples made in water by the wind, and I said to myself, "Now, my dear, you are going to show off your false bravery, like a real 'young lady.' The 'crocodiles' won't have anything to relate of you. You are afraid? All the better. The only really brave people are those who are afraid, and walk straight up to the thing they fear all the same. Courage doesn't consist in doing a thing which other people fear, but which doesn't frighten you. No, the only true courage lies in compelling yourself to do something you are afraid of."

I ran up-stairs four steps at a time, put on my black habit and a velvet cap, and came down to mount again on horseback.

I rode at a walking pace round the grass, Kapitanenko by my side on another horse. Finding the eyes of the lookers-on levelled at me, I rode back to the house-steps to reassure them. My father got up into a dog-cart with one of the gentlemen, the others found seats in the prince's troïka, and, followed by these two vehicles. I rode into the long avenue. I don't know how it happened, but quite naturally I set off at a gallop, first gently and then headlong; then falling into a trot, I rode back to the carriages to gather up compliments.

I was enchanted, and my purple face seemed to emit fire, as did my horse's nostrils. I was radiant. A horse that had never been ridden!

In the evening there were fireworks, the houses were illuminated and with my initials visible everywhere. There was a village band, and peasants danced under the gallery.

The table was laid on the other side of the house, and we passed through a crowd of inquisitive eyes.

"Why, it is a regular church procession," said a woman in the crowd, "and there is our Lord's body."

As a matter of fact we were lighted by torches, and Michel was carrying my train. You know that on Good Friday a painted banner is carried about representing the body of Jesus.

Michel performed some gymnastic feats, while the village lads looked at him stupefied, as they hung on to ropes and swings, looking, in the darkness, like so many hanged people, such as you see on sinister and half-effaced engravings.

I was surrounded by these rustics. I am wrong to call them rustics, for they paid court to me—both men and women—in a most courtly way, and showered compliments on me after this pattern:—

"The horse this afternoon was very fine, but the rider far surpassed it.'

You know I love to mix in low life; I talked to them about everything, and very nearly began to dance too. Ah! but this peasant-dance of our people—they look so submissive and simple, but they are as deep as Italians in reality—is a regular Parisian cancan; and a most seductive one, to say no more of it. They don't, it is true, kick their legs up to their nose—which is a hideously ugly performance—but the man and woman twist about, approach and pursue each other, accompanied by gestures, shrill cries, and sudden smiles, which send a shiver down one's back.

The girls dance little, and very simply.

They had something to drink, and after leaving these amiable savages I intended to go to bed; but on the staircase I stopped as I did the other night, and Paul and the others grouped themselves on the steps. Chocolat sang us a Nice song, to my great satisfaction.

After the song came music.

I got the most incredible sounds out of the violin, and these shrill, pathetic, discordant and interminglingtones made me roar with laughter, and my laughter, with this savage accompaniment, made the others, even Chocolat, split their sides.

Thursday, September 7th (*August 26th*).—The every-day dress of a girl in Little Russia consists of a stout linen shirt with large puffed sleeves, embroidered in red and blue; a piece of black cloth made by the peasants wrapped about

them from the waist downwards. This wrap is shorter than the shirt, and leaves the embroidery visible at the lower edge. The piece of cloth is only fastened by a waist-band of coloured wool.

They wear a number of necklaces, and a ribbon round their head. The hair is plaited into a braid, from the end of which hang one or several ribbons.

I sent to the peasants to buy a similar costume. Then I dressed in it, and, accompanied by our young men, I went into the village. The peasants did not recognise me, for I was not dressed like a young lady; but I looked very handsome and well dressed as a peasant—a peasant girl, that is. The married women are attired differently. As to my feet, they were clad in black shoes with red heels.

I nodded to everybody, and when we reached the inn we sat down near the door.

It was my father's turn to be surprised . . . but he was delighted.

"Everything becomes her!" he exclaimed, and making us all four get up into his vehicle he drove us about the streets. I shouted with laughter, to the great amazement of those good people, who asked each other who the handsome peasant girl was, driving about with "the old seigneur" and "the young gentlemen."

Set yourselves at rest. Papa is by no means old.

A Chinese tam-tam, a violin, and a musical-box, were our evening's amusements.

Michel drummed on the tam-tam, I played the violin (played! good heavens!), and the box played of its own accord.

Instead of going to bed early, as usual, the author of my being stopped up with us till midnight. If I have made no one else's conquest, I have made the conquest of my father. When he talks he looks for my approval, he listens attentively to what I say, he lets me say what I like about T——, and decides in my favour.

The musical-box is his present to the princess; we have all given her something. It is her birthday. The servants are delighted to wait upon me, and to be rid of the "French people." I even order the dinner! And to think that I thought myself in a strange house, and was anxious about the ways and hours!

They wait for me as if I were at Nice, and I fix the hours myself.

My father loves gaiety, and his own people have not given him much of it.

Friday, September 8th (August 27th).—Miserable fear, I will conquer you! Did I not take it into my head yesterday to be afraid of a gun? It is true that Paul had loaded it, and I didn't know how much powder he had put in; and then I was not acquainted with the weapon. It might burst, and it would be a stupid way of dying—or I might be disfigured.

All the worse: it is only the first step that counts. Yesterday I fired at fifty paces, and I have fired to-day without any sort of fear. I think—Heaven forgive me!—that I hit the mark each time.

If I succeed with Paul's portrait, it will be a miracle, for he doesn't sit to me, and to-day I only worked for a quarter of an hour by myself. Not quite by myself, though, for Michel was opposite me, and dares to have fallen in love with me.

All this took us on to nine o'clock. I dawdled, and dawdled, because I saw how impatient my father was. I knew quite well that he was only waiting for us to leave the drawing-room to fly into the forest—like a wolf.

I held my court on the stairs again. . . . I like staircases, because you mount them. . . . Pacha ought to leave to-morrow, but I managed so well this evening that perhaps he will stay, though it would be much better for him to go. Loving me like a sister is dangerous for a clown, a dreamer, and a melancholy youth of twenty-two. I couldn't get on better with him and Michel, which makes him love me much. But when I am with men who are fools I grow stupid; I don't know how to make myself intelligible to them, and I am afraid every moment lest they should imagine I am in love with them—like poor Gritz, for instance. He thinks that all the girls want to "catch him," and behind the least smile he detects an ambush and conspiracy against his celibacy. Do you even happen to know the etymology of this word *celibate?*

Cœlebs in Latin means "forlorn." It also comes from the Greek word *koïlos*, meaning "hollow, empty!"

Oh! you celibates—hollow, empty, forlorn!

I had scarcely heard my father decamp than I burst in on the princess, where I rolled about on her bed, combed Pacha's hair, patted Michel on the head, and in short talked so much nonsense that I am quite astounded to this hour.

O God, don't let me get to hate Pacha, the good lad! he is so upright!

They have been reading Poushkine out loud, and have talked about love.

Ah! I should like to love, to know what it is like. Or have I ever loved already? In that case, love is a great misery, which one only takes up to—fling away.

"You will never love," said my father.

"If it were true," I replied, "I should thank Heaven for it."

I should like to, and yet I shouldn't. And yet in my dreams nevertheless *I do love.* Yes, but an imaginary hero.

As for A——? I love him? No; do people love like that? No. Even if he were not the Cardinal's nephew, if he were not surrounded by priests, monks, ruins . . . and the Pope, I should not love him.

But there, what need is there to explain? You know all about it, better than I do; you know quite well that the operatic music and A—— in the *barcaccia* produced a charming effect; and you ought also to be aware of the power of music. It was pastime, but not love.

When shall I love? I am going to divert myself a while longer in bestowing the superfluous affection of my heart on all sides, in being enthusiastic, in crying—and all about trifles.

Saturday, September 9th (August 28th).—The days slip away, and I am losing a precious portion of the best years of my life.

Family gatherings, delightful diversions, a gaiety of which I am the life and soul . . . . And then I let Michel and the other man carry me in an arm-chair up and down the great staircase, admiring my shoes in the looking-glass on the way down, and every day the same.

Oh! how wearisome it is! Not a single intelligent remark, not a word such as one would get from a cultured man! I am unfortunately a blue stocking, and I love to hear talk about the classics and science. . . Where can I get that here? Cards and nothing else. I should shut myself up to read; only, considering that my object here is to make myself liked, it would be rather an odd way of attaining it.

As soon as ever I settle down for the winter I shall begin to study again as I used to.

In the evening we had a squabble about servants with Paul. My father encouraged the valet. I *reprimanded* (that's the word) my father, and my father *swallowed* the reprimand. There's vulgarity for you! However my journal is full of it. I beg you to believe that I am not vulgar because I am vulgar and don't know any better. I adopted this hurried style to save time, and also because it is so expressive.

There was displeasure in the air; I was vexed, and my voice had those tremulous tones which forecast a storm.

Paul doesn't know how to behave himself, and I can see that as regards him my mother had good *cause* to feel unhappy.

Sunday, September 10th (August 29th).—My Royal Highness, my father, brother, and two cousins, set off to-day for Poltava.

I am perfectly satisfied with myself; everybody yields to me, flatters me, and, best of all, loves me. My father, who at first wanted to dethrone me, has now almost entirely come to see why sovereign honours are rendered to me as my due, and, with the exception of some slight puerile harshness which is natural to him, he renders them himself.

This man, usually so hard, so entirely a stranger to every domestic feeling, gives vent to outbursts of paternal tenderness towards me which astonish everybody about him. Paul has developed a twofold respect for me; and as I am kind to everybody, everybody likes me.

"You have changed so much since you came here," said my father to-day.

"In what way?"

"Well, h'm! . . . I mean that if you will get rid of certain unimportant angularities (I have them myself in my character), you will be all that can be desired—a perfect treasure."

In other words. . . . Well, only those who really know the man can appreciate the significance of these words.

And this evening he took me in his arms and tenderly kissed me (a most unheard-of thing, according to Paul), and said—

"See, Michel, all of you, what a dear daughter I have! . . Here is a girl worthy to be loved."

"Am I not, papa? I am a treasure."

"Michel, I promise you shall marry my daughter. Look forward to the honour. Perhaps she will be a princess of the blood."

I am writing from Poltava. It has rained all day, and when we had to climb that diabolical mountain, which is halfway here, the horses almost refused to obey; so my father got on the box, and the coachman got down and ran by the side in the mud, and whipped up the horses to a gallop to prevent their having time to think about the difficulty. The noise of the bells, the crack of the whip, the shouts of the footman, the coachman, and papa, the mute astonishment of Chocolat—it was an exciting scene; it reminded me of a close race drawing to an end. We reached town at eight o'clock, and went straight to the prince's house. He had left at five o'clock this morning so that his house might be ready. It is a small house, very plain on the outside, but charming inside. Nothing was yet finished; the carpet was down; the lamps, the plate glass, the beds, the wine, bought and arranged.

In all Russian houses there is a hall beyond the anteroom, and this hall is all white; then a delightful drawing-room, in dark red, and a bed-room for me, full of all needful and pleasing details, delicate attentions at every turn. Just imagine, on the dressing-table I found powder and rouge!

All this took up the time till seven o'clock. At seven o'clock it turned out that there was nothing to eat! And when we came in, Michel pretended that he had not expected us any longer, lied very awkwardly, and, owing to our pitiless chaffing, remained ill at ease all through dinner, which was brought in from the club at about ten o'clock. Gilded champagne cups led me into temptation; I took two, which heightened my beauty and loosened my tongue in a curious way, just enough to produce animation, though indeed I had been animated all day.

My father's plan has fallen through; the people he wanted to introduce to me are out of town.

When we had got rid of Michel, we talked about the idiotic conduct of Gritz.

"What an ass he is!" I said to myself. "Just think of it," I remarked to my father and brother. "Is it likely, with my ambitions, after having read, studied, seen the world, I should go and marry M—— ?"

"H'm!" said my father, "yes, of course he is a fool."

And he looked at me, not knowing whether he ought to look contemptuous, or to say what I know he was thinking—

"M—— would be a very good match—even for you."

And now let me go to bed, in the bed which the prince made with his own hands.

"*Le ha fatto il letto!*" cried Amalia. "*Un principe! Dio! lei è proprio una regina!*"

At this moment I heard shrieks. . . . It was Amalia howling because Paul had opened the window which faces the gallery, and looked at her bathing. What a boy! Pacha and the prince have been asleep a long time.

I have scarcely room for my MS. book—the table is so laden with phials, flagons, powder-boxes, brushes, sachets, &c.

Intoxicated by my success as a daughter, I said to myself, "Those who don't love me are clowns, and those who love me basely are scoundrels!"

Tuesday, September 12*th* (*August* 31*st*).—A day at Poltava, wonderful to say. Not knowing what else to do, my father took me on foot about the town, and we had the luck to see Peter the Great's column in the middle of the public garden.

At midnight yesterday we left Poltava, and to-day, Tuesday, we are at Kharkoff. The journey was a pleasant one. We took a railway carriage by storm.

I was waked near Kharkoff by a bouquet from Prince Michel.

Kharkoff is a large town lighted by gas. The hotel we are at is "The Grand," and justifies its name. The landlord is Andrieux, and it provides every comfort. It is here, too, that the golden youth sup, lunch, dine, get drunk, and fraternise with the innkeeper, who notwithstanding does not presume. I wonder at that. They have queer customs here.

I had my hair dressed by Louis, another of those French torturers.

Then tea, and gingerbread . . . .

Yes, and I visited a menagerie, and the poor beasts shut up in cages made me feel sad.

I saw my uncle Nicholas, the youngest of the family, who pretends he is studying medicine. Poor uncle! he used to help me in old days to play with dolls, and I fought him and pulled his ears.

I kissed him, ready to cry. "Come in," I said, "no need of ceremony. Papa doesn't like you, but I do with all my heart. I am always the same, only a little bigger; that's all. Dear Nicholas, I can't ask you to lunch, because I am not alone, and there are all sorts of strangers about, but be sure and come back to-morrow."

I went into our private dining-room, quite upset.

"You needn't worry about it," said my father. "If you wished it, you could have asked him. Only I should have found an ingenious excuse for taking myself off."

"Father, you are unkind to-day. It is no use saying any more about it. That will do!"

My father's timidity gave way before my dry heat, and no more was said.

Thursday, September 14*th* (*September* 2*nd*).—Pacha's departure was talked about, as he came and went changing his guns, for he is a great hunter before the Lord, like Nimrod. My father begged him to stay; but when once his headstrong nature has said no, he won't abate an inch for anybody.

I have named him the Green Man, because his illusions are so youthful. I say quite frankly, because I am certain, that the Green Man looks upon me as something unique. I told him to stay.

"Don't ask me to stay, please," he said, "because I shan't be able to obey you."

I begged in vain, and I should not have been sorry to keep him, especially as I knew it was impossible.

At the station we found Lola, her mother, and uncle Nicholas, who had come to see me off.

There was an enormous crowd, because fifty-seven volunteers were leaving for Servia. I walked about the station, sometimes with Paul, sometimes with Lola, sometimes with Michel, Pacha—and, in fact, everybody in turn.

"Well, really, Pacha is not agreeable," said Lola, on learning what the matter was.

Then, constraining myself not to laugh, I went up to the Green Man and made him a little speech, looking very cold and offended. As the tears were in his eyes, and I felt inclined to laugh, I came away for fear of destroying the effect by laughing right out.

We could scarcely get about, and only reached our compartment with great difficulty.

I was diverted by this crowd after the country and placed

myself by the window. They pushed, and drove, and shouted, and I was looking on, when I stopped short, for all at once there arose the sound of a choir of boys' voices, more beautiful and purer than any woman's. They were chanting an anthem, and seemed like an angelic choir.

They were the Archbishop's choristers, praying for the volunteers.

Every one uncovered his head, and the tuneful voices in so divine a harmony took my breath away; and when they had finished, and I saw everybody clapping their hands and waving their hats and handkerchiefs, with eyes full of enthusiasm and chests heaving with emotion, I could but do likewise, and shout "Hurrah!" like them, and laugh and cry.

The shouts lasted several minutes, and did not cease till the choir struck up the Russian hymn, "*Boje, zaria chrani.*" But prayers for the Emperor sounded flat after those for the men who were going to face death in succouring their brothers.

And the Emperor leaves the Turks alone. Good God!

The train started in the midst of frantic shouts. Then I turned round, and saw Michel laughing, and heard my father say, "Dourak!" instead of "Hurrah!"

"Papa, Michel, is it possible? Why don't you cheer? Good heavens! what are you made of?"

"Aren't you going to say good-bye to me?" said Pacha, stiff and red.

The train was already moving.

"Good-bye, Pacha," I said, holding out my hand. He seized it and kissed it silently.

Michel is playing the jealous lover. I watch him when he looks at me for a long while, and then flings his hat on the ground and savagely takes himself off. I watch him and I laugh.

So I am back again at this detestable Poltava. I know Kharkoff much better, for I lived there a year before going to Vienna. I remember all the streets and all the shops. This afternoon at the station I recognised a doctor who had attended grandmamma, and I went up and spoke to him.

He was surprised to find me grown up, although uncle Nicholas had already spoken of me in his hearing.

I want to go back to the South. "Know'st thou the land where the orange is in bloom?"—not Nice, but Italy.

Friday September 15th (September 3rd).—This morning

Paul brought me little Étienne, uncle Alexander's son. I did not recognise him at first. I paid no attention to what amount of pleasure or the reverse the sight of a Babanine gave my father, but devoted myself to the pretty little lad.

At last my father took me to see the Poltava notabilities.

We went first to call on the Prefect's wife. She is a woman of the world, very pleasant indeed, so is the Prefect. He had a committee going on, but came in to the drawing-room, and told my father that committees did not count when there was such a charming young lady to be seen.

The Prefect's wife came with us as far as the ante-room, and then we resumed our search for desirable people.

We called on the Vice-Governor, on the principal of the institute for young ladies of the nobility, on Mme. Volkovitsky (Kotchoubey's daughter); the latter is very lady-like. Then I took a cab and went to see uncle Alexander, who is at the hotel here with his wife and children.

Oh, how nice to be among one's own people again! No fear of either criticism or scandal here. Perhaps my father's family seems to me cold and unsympathetic by contrast with ours, which is unusually intimate, united, and affectionate.

Talking now of business matters, now of love, and now of scandal, I spent two very happy hours, at the end of which my father's messengers began to arrive. But as I told them I was not yet inclined to go, he came himself; and then I teased him for more than half an hour, dawdling, looking for pins, my handkerchief, &c. &c.

However, we started at last, and when I thought he had calmed down a little I said—

"We have been guilty of great discourtesy."

"What discourtesy?"

"We have been to see everybody except Mme. M——, who knows mamma, and who knew me as a child."

This remark led to a conversation, ending in a refusal.

As the Prefect asked me how long I was going to stay with my father, I said I hoped to take him back with me.

"You heard what the Prefect said when you said you wanted to take me back with you?" inquired the illustrious author of my being.

"What was that?"

"He said I should have to get a permit from the Minister as a *maréchal de la noblesse*."

"Very well, then, be quick and ask him for it so that nothing may detain us here too long."

"Very well."

'Then you are coming with me?"

"Yes."

"Speaking seriously?"

"Yes."

It was past eight o'clock, and the darkness of the carriage allowed me to say all I wanted without my wretched face interfering.

Saturday, September 16th (September 4th).—Notwithstanding all, I remain pleased. The flattery of the Governor and his wife has raised me in my father's estimation. Besides, he is flattered by the effect I produce; and I am not sorry myself when they say, "You know, Bashkirtseff's daughter is a great beauty." (Poor creatures! can they never have seen anything!)

Sunday, September 17th.—Gavronzi.—While awaiting my future celebrity I have been shooting, in masculine attire, with a game-bag slung round my neck.

We—my father, Paul, the prince, and I—started about two o'clock in a waggonette.

Now, I find it hard work to give a description because I don't know the names of—of anything that belongs to sport—the briars, the reeds, the grasses, the wood so thick that we could scarcely get through it, the branches which belaboured us on all sides, and a beautifully fresh air; no sun, and a sprinkle of rain especially made to charm sportsmen—when they are hot.

We walked on and on and on.

I walked round a little lake with my gun loaded and ready to fire, hoping every moment to see a duck rise. But nothing did. I was already asking myself whether I should not fire off my gun at the lizards that were darting over my feet, or at Michel, who was walking behind me, and whose eyes, I could feel, were fixed upon my person in masculine garb with the most guilty thoughts.

I found the happy mean—the happy mean that France cannot find—I killed a raven which was perched on the top of an oak without thinking of any such thing, especially as it was devoting its attention to my father and Michel, who were lying in the middle of the glade.

I pulled the feathers out of his tail and made myself a tuft.

The others did not shoot once; they did nothing but walk.

Paul killed a thrush, and that was the sum of our shooting.

If a mother who thinks her child dead, and dead through her fault, who is not certain it is dead, and dare not speak of it for fear of finding her fears well founded—if she suddenly finds again her lamented child who has caused her so much agony, so many doubts, and so much pain, that mother ought to be happy. It seems to me that her feeling must be very much the same as mine when I recover my voice after each attack of hoarseness.

After laughing very heartily in the drawing-room, I stopped for a moment, and all at once *found I could sing.*

I owe this to Dr. Walitzky's remedy.

Tuesday, September 19th.—I am depressed with hearing accusations against my relatives, which hurt me without my being able to take umbrage. I could easily stop my father's mouth if it wasn't for this miserable dread of losing my end by doing so. . . . He is kind to me—I am very good to say so. How could he be otherwise towards a daughter who is clever, well read, pleasant, gentle, and good-tempered (for I am all that at present, and he has said so himself), who asks him for nothing, who has come to pay him a graceful visit, and who gratifies his vanity in every way?

When I got back to my room, I wanted to fling myself on the floor and cry. I restrained myself, however, and it passed off. That is what I shall always do. You must not allow insignificant people the power of making you suffer. When I suffer, I lose my self-respect. I hate to think that So-and-so has had the power to hurt me.

Never mind. Notwithstanding everything, life is still the best thing there is in the world.

Friday, September 22nd.—Certainly, I am having enough of it! The country enervates, stupefies me. I told my father so; and when I said that I should like to marry a king, he began proving to me that it was impossible, and renewing his attacks on my family. I did not agree with him. (Granting even that you can say certain things to yourself, you mustn't let other people say them.)

I told him that Madame T—— had invented all that. I

don't spare her, this good aunt of mine, and I have taken the right steps to undermine her influence.

Oh, Rome! the Pincio rising like an island above the Campagna intersected with aqueducts, the Porto del Popolo, the obelisk, the churches of Cardinal Gastolo (one on each side of the entrance to the Corso), the Corso, the Palazzo della Repubblica Veneziana; then the sombre and narrow streets, the palaces blackened by the passage of centuries, the ruins of a little temple of Minerva, and last, not least, the Coliseum! I seem to see it all. I shut my eyes and I cross the city, I visit the ruins, I see . . . .

I am just the opposite of those who say that "Out of sight is out of mind." Even when an object is barely out of my sight, it acquires a two-fold value; I see all its details, I admire, I love it,

I have travelled a good deal, and have seen many towns, but only two have thoroughly roused my enthusiasm.

The first is Baden-Baden, where I passed two summers when a child; I still remember those lovely gardens.

The second is Rome. Rome gives one a very different impression; but, if possible, a stronger one.

Rome is like certain people whom you don't care for at first, but for whom your liking gradually increases. That is why affection of this kind is so solid, and grows very dear without any loss of passion.

I love Rome; Rome only.

And Saint Peter's!—Saint Peter's when a rayof sunlight pierces through the roof and falls on the pavement, making deep shadows and long streaks of light, as even as the architecture of its columns and its altars. A ray of sunlight which, with the help of these shadows only, erects a temple of light within this temple of marble!

I close my eyes and am transported to Rome . . . . and it is night, and to-morrow the "hippopotamuses" will come from Poltava. I must be beautiful . . . . I will be . . . .

The country has done me an immense deal of good; my complexion has never been so clear and fresh.

Rome! . . . . and I am not going to Rome? . . . . Why not? Because I do not wish to. And if you knew what this resolve has cost me, you would be sorry for me. Come. . . . I am weeping for it.

Sunday, September 24th, 1876.—It is beginning to get

cold, and it went considerably against the grain to have myself called at seven o'clock. At eight I was still trying to snatch a few last moments, and at nine I was in the dining-room, my black velvet cap on my head, and my black riding-habit tucked up to show my monogram embroidered on the top of my boots.

All the sportsmen were there—Kamenski, a Porthos; Volkovitski, a fury from *Iphigenia in Tauris*; Pavelka, a horrid lawyer; Salko, a frightful architect; Schwabé, the owner of seventeen setters; Lioubowitch, a *Tchinovnik*, almost as huge a creature as Kamenski; a man whose name I don't know; my father, Michel, and Paul.

The whole lot were examining their guns, discussing cartridges, drinking tea, and exchanging jokes which were as insipid as they were vulgar. I except my father and our two youths.

I took my place beside my father and our two guns: four carriages followed close behind.

Do you know how a wolf-hunt is conducted in Russia? In the first place, pardon me if I commit unsportsmanlike solecisms, for I don't know one word about it.

Well, this is what takes place:—Notice of the hunt is given a week before to the district by the Starosta or bailiff, in order to get enough men to come. There was a fair on at Poltava, so only a hundred and twenty came. There are more than two hundred men, and the nets were set over a space of six or eight kilometres. Prince Kotchoubey sent his nets, as he could not come to the meet himself.

I was shivering. My father placed us all, without distinction, on each side of the road, counted us, and divided us into two parties—the armed and the unarmed. There were about a score among the peasants who had guns; to the others they distributed pikes—that is to say, long sticks with an iron fleur-de-lys at the end, as among the ancient Gauls. These pikes are intended to kill, in a cowardly way, the beast which is caught in the nets.

The nets are set in such a way as to catch the animal, frightened by the shouts of the men, as soon as it passes beyond the hunters who are lying in wait in the front.

The hunt is just beginning. The mounted Polish intendant, in an oil-cloth cap shaped like a helmet, and with his pike in hand—the said pike rising above his head and touching the ground, notwithstanding his being on horseback—gallops hither and thither, and does nothing.

I load my gun, adjust my game-bag (which contains a handkerchief and a pair of gloves), cough . . . and then I am ready.

So here I am, alone, in the middle of the forest, with a gun loaded and ready in my hands, dampness in my feet, and cold everywhere. My steel-tipped heels were sinking into the ground, which was sodden with yesterday's rain, and increased the cold and hindered my walking. What do you think I did as soon as I was alone? Oh! it was very simple. First of all I looked to see what was to be seen through the trees: only a cold and grey sky. Next I looked round me, and saw high trees already touched with the autumn tints. Then, noticing my father's cloak on the ground, I stretched myself on it, and began to think . . . just at this moment I felt something warm close to me . . . I turned round . . . Heavens! . . . three animals! dear caressing creatures—the great black dog and two black puppies, Jonk I. and Jonk II.

At last I heard a gun-shot—the signal—and immediately afterwards, in the distance, the shouts of our peasants. I got wider awake the nearer they came; and when they came near enough to make one feel as one always does when a number of people are yelling all together even in laughter, I stood up, sprang to my gun, and pricked up my ears. The shouts came nearer, and I already heard them beating the bushes with their pikes to increase the racket.

At every moment I seemed to hear crackling in the brush-wood, for wolves prefer thick coverts.

The shouts still increased, and when the first of the men came in sight, my heart was beating in jerks, and I even think I trembled for a moment. However, the men were not driving anything in front of them; the nets had been empty. After inspecting them they found nothing in them but a poor hare, which the giant Kamenski killed with a kick—abominable brute!

They congratulated each other on the general luck, and walked in good spirits to the plain, where, under a hay or straw stack, they sat down to eat pickled things and to drink brandy. The peasants were regaled with roast mutton, pies and brandy. That may sound grand, but it's quite customary in Russia.

Those good animals—I mean, men—looked curiously at the creature half woman and half man—or, rather the woman with a gun—who smiled openly at them. My father talked to them about the law concerning horses; I thought he was haranguing them on behalf of Servia.

When we had rested we went back to the dark wood; but as they were hunting hares instead of wolves, we had to go walking on and on, following the twenty-nine dogs with the hunter whom Prince Kotchoubey had sent yesterday.

The sun came out, and I should have been in good spirits if fatigue had not taken the place of dampness. After walking for two hours we did not see a single hare's tail. I got impatient, and finding our carriage I came home with my father *al paterno tetto*. I had myself rubbed down with scent, dressed, and came down-stairs to rejoin the others, who had brought home three hares.

I was looking adorable (always relatively speaking, in so far as I *can* be lovely); but it was quite thrown away—not one of those monsters resembled a man.

With peasants I am frank and familiar; with my equals in education I can be pleasant enough, I think; but with boors like these! To avoid having to talk to them, I played at cards, and lost a hundred francs to the giant.

Then they played again, and I went into the library to write a letter to a horse-dealer at Petersburg. As usual, the prince followed me; and after having begged me to give him my hand to kiss, which I did, even without much reluctance, the youth looked at me, sighed, and asked how old I was.

"Sixteen."

"Very well, when you are five-and-twenty I shall court you."

"Ah, very well."

"And then you will repulse me as you do now."

This brilliant day ended with a concert on the stairs. My voice—the half of it, that is—transported them; but I believe that they didn't understand it a bit, and admired haphazard.

Monday, September 23rd.—My father fetched me into the gallery to see the bridal of some peasants who had come to pay their respects. They were married yesterday. The man wore the usual dress—black boots up to the knees, loose dark trousers, and a *swita*, or kind of coat, gathered at the waist, of undyed maroon cloth woven by the women of the district, the shirt embroidered, with the plastron exposed, and a coloured tie instead of the buttonhole.

The woman had on a skirt and a bodice like the man's

in cut, but of a softer colour. And instead of having her hair dressed with flowers and ribbons like the girls, her head was swathed in a silk handkerchief, hiding her hair and even her forehead, but leaving the ears and neck exposed.

They went into the dining-room, followed by the groomsmen, the bridesmaids, and those who had arranged the marriage.

The husband and wife bent the knee thrice before my father.

Wednesday, September 27th.—When I talk to my father, I adopt a laughing tone, so that I can say what I like. He was hurt by my last remark the day before yesterday.

He complains; he says he has led a foolish life, that he has pleased himself, but that he feels something lacking, that he is not happy . . . .

I laughed at his sigh, and said, "With whom are you in love now?

"Do you want to know?"

And here he blushed so red that he threw his arms round his head to hide his face.

"Yes, I do. Who is it?"

"With mamma."

And as his voice shook, I was so touched that I burst out laughing to hide it.

"I knew you would not understand me!" he exclaimed.

"Forgive me, but really this romantic matrimonial passion is so unlike you . . . ."

"Because you do not know me! But I swear, I swear it is true—before this picture of my grandmother, before this cross, my father's blessing;" and he crossed himself before the picture and the cross which hung above the bed.

"Perhaps it is," he went on, "because I always imagine her to myself young, as she was then—because I see with the imagination of the past. When they separated us, I was like a madman; I went on a pilgrimage on foot to pray to the Virgin of Ahtirna. But they say that this Virgin brings you ill-luck; and it is quite true, for the breach got worse after that. And then—shall I say it? . . . you will laugh . . . when you were living at Kharkoff, I went there alone by stealth. I took a cab, and I watched your lodgings; I stopped

there a whole day to see *her* pass, and then I came back without having been seen."

"If that were true, it would be very touching," said I.

"Tell me . . . since we are talking about mamma . . . Is it that . . . has she any aversion for me?"

"Aversion? No; why should she? Not at all."

"You know . . . sometimes . . . people have . . . insuperable antipathies to each other."

"No, no indeed!"

After which we had a long talk about it.

I spoke of her as the saint she always is, ever since the time when I remember to have understood.

It was late; I was going to sleep. Had I been in my own room, I should have had my supper, written, and read.

This morning at eight o'clock we were going to start for Poltava, when in came Mme. Hélène K——, Pacha's mother, an amiable hunchback, somewhat affected.

We had tea together, and then we started. My father has been summoned to Poltava to take the chair.

It is cold, and rains occasionally. I went for a walk, and then adjourned to the photographer's. I posed as a peasant girl—standing, sitting, and lying asleep.

We met G——

"Have you seen my daughter?" asked my father.

"Yes, Monsieur, I have seen the——"

"A better one was never created, was there? There is none better, and there never has been."

"Pardon me, Monsieur, but there was a time when Olympus existed."

"Ah! Monsieur G—— you are a payer of compliments, I see."

The gentleman is rather ugly, rather dark, rather agreeable, fit for good society, somewhat of an adventurer, somewhat of a gambler—a respectable man on the whole. At Poltava he passes for very well informed and very gentlemanly.

The first touch of cold has forced me to put on my winter furs. Put away as they had been, they kept the scent which they had at Rome; this scent, these furs . . .

Have you ever noticed that you only need a perfume, a sound, a colour, to transport you in fancy to any place whatever? . . To pass the winter at Paris? Oh no! . . . .

Thursday, September 28th.—I am bored till I cry; I want

to go away; I am unhappy here. I am losing my time, my life; I am wretched, I am getting mouldy, I suffer, I am *set on edge*. Ah, that's the phrase!

This life gives me the horrors. O Lord Jesus, save me from this!

Friday, September 29th.—I was in despair yesterday; I seemed to be chained to Russia for ever; it worked me up till I was ready to climb over the wall; and I cried bitterly.

Pacha's mother worries me. Why? Because she has made several remarks which show me that her son has been talking to her of me in very high terms. And when at last I insisted on her making him come, she said, half in joke and half seriously—

"No, no, he must stay where he is. You are bored here; and as you have nothing to do, you tease him; he came back to me quite crushed and bewildered."

To which I replied with much candour—

"I don't think Pacha is the man to take offence at a few friendly jokes. If I joke and tease him a little, it is because he is my near relative—almost my brother."

She looked at me for some time, and then said—

"Do you know what is the height of folly?"

"No."

"Falling in love with Moussia."

Instinctively connecting this remark with sundry others, I blushed up to my ears.

Sunday, October 1st.—Yesterday we went to see Prince Sergius Kotchoubey.

My father made himself smart—so smart that his gloves were just a little too tight.

I was in white, as at the Naples races; only I had a hat made entirely of black feathers, of the fashionable classic shape in Russia, which I don't like, but which is fitting to the occasion.

The prince's country place is eight kilometres from Gavronzi, the famous Dikanka whose praises have been sung by Pouschkine at the same time as the loves of Mazeppa and Marie Kotchoubey. The property has been much improved by Prince Victor Pavlovitch Kotchoubey, the Chancellor of the Empire and a remarkable statesman, the father of the present prince.

In point of garden, park, and buildings, Dikanka might

rival the Borghese and Doria villas at Rome. Apart from the inimitable ruins of antiquity at Rome, which you can't get elsewhere, Dikanka is perhaps even richer; almost a little town in itself, simply the house and its offices, to say nothing of the peasants' cabins. I was astounded to find a dwelling like this in the midst of Little Russia. What a pity! Its very existence is unknown. There are courts, stables, workshops, machinery, factories. Building, manufacturing, and improving, are the prince's hobby. But as soon as the door is opened, all likeness to Italy disappears. The ante-room is mean compared to the rest. It gives you merely the idea of a nobleman's house; but as to the splendour, the stateliness, and the divine art which entrance you in Italian palaces—nothing at all. The prince is a man of fifty or fifty-five; a widower for, I think, the last two years—a type of the Russian lord, one of the ancient *régime* whom we are beginning to regard as animals belonging to a different species from ourselves.

His mien and his conversation put me out a little at first, stupefied as I am at present, but after five minutes I was quite happy.

He gave me his arm, and took me to see his chief pictures, and through the large rooms. The dining-room is magnificent. I was given the place of honour on the right, and on my left were the prince and my father. Beyond him again were several people who were not introduced, and who came in and humbly took their seats—the feudal dependants of the Middle Ages.

Everything went on capitally, when I felt suddenly unwell and got giddy; I rose, and indeed the meal was just over.

We went into the Moorish drawing-room, where after having sat down I nearly fainted. They showed me pictures, statuettes, the portrait and blood-stained shirt of Prince Basil. (The shirt is hanging in a cupboard, with the portrait for a door.) I was taken to see the horses, but I could not look at anything, and we had to leave.

Saturday, October 14*th*.—I have got some dresses from Paris. I dressed, and went out with Paul.

Poltava is a more interesting town than one would think. In the first place, as regards sights, there is the little church of Peter the Great. It is wooden, with a brick casing to preserve it; between this sheath and the walls of the church a man can easily pass.

Just by the side of the church is the column put up on the spot where the Emperor condescended to sit down on a stone and rest, after gaining the battle of June, 1709. The column is of bronze.

I went into the old wooden church, knelt down, and touched the floor with my forehead three times. They say that if you do this in a church where you are for the first time your prayer will be granted.

Continuing my search for the sights, I went to see the great convent of Poltava.

It is on the top of the second hill. Poltava is built on two hills.

There is nothing in particular there except the wonderfully-carved wooden screen before the choir.

My ancestor, grandpapa Babanine's father, is buried there. I paid my reverence to his tomb.

Tuesday, October 17th.—We were playing croquet.

"Pacha, what would you do to the person who has hurt me—cruelly hurt me?"

"I would kill him," said Pacha, simply.

"You have fine words on your tongue; but you are joking, Pacha."

"Are you?"

They call me the devil, the tempest, the evil spirit, the hurricane; I have been all that since yesterday.

I only quieted down a little so as to deliver the most contradictory opinions concerning love.

My cousin's notions are of ideal grandeur; Dante might have borrowed from him his divine love for Beatrice.

"Of course I shall fall in love," he said; "but I shall not marry."

"Look here, Green Man, people who say such things get thrashed."

'Because," he added, "I should like my love to endure for ever—at any rate, in imagination; retaining its divine purity and vehemence. . . . Marriage extinguishes love, just because it sets it going."

"Oh, oh!" said I.

"Quite right," said his mother; while the fierce orator got red and collapsed, overcome by his own words.

And in the middle of all that I was looking at myself in the glass, and cutting my hair, which had grown too long on my forehead.

"Here," I said to the Green Man, throwing him a little

tuft of golden-brown threads, "you can have this for a keepsake."

He not only took the hair, but his look and his voice faltered; and as I wanted to take it again, he looked at me very queerly, like a child who has got hold of a toy and thinks it a treasure.

I gave my cousin *Corinne* to read, and he departed.

Corinne and Lord Melvil are crossing the bridge of Sant' Angelo. . . . "It was when I was coming over this bridge," said Lord Melvil, "returning from the Capitol, that I thought long about you for the first time." Really, I don't know what there is in this sentence . . . . but yesterday evening it made me literally faint . . . . and it always does whenever I open the book.

Has not somebody said something of the kind to me?

The words are quite simple; but there is some magic about them. Is it their simplicity, or some association?

Friday, October 20th.—At eight o'clock in the morning, with the sky clouded and the black ground lightly powdered with snow, like Mme. B——'s face, we were already out coursing. Michel brought over his pack of harriers. As soon as I got into the fields I mounted, without taking off my pelisse, which I fastened round my waist with a strap. Three dogs in a leash were assigned me.

The frost, the snow, the horses, and the fine heads of the dogs, filled me with joy; I was in ecstasy.

Pacha, on horseback by my side, was very agreeable, which doesn't become him at all, and puts me out, . . . Yet no; his fluctuations of temper are not to be despised.

"Pacha, there is some one who is dreadfully in my way (don't be alarmed; it isn't my aunt T——), and I should like to politely annihilate that person."

"Very well; command me."

"Really?"

"Try."

"On your honour? And you won't tell any one?"

"On my honour, not to anybody."

Owing to these few words, there is a sort of bond at present between the Green Man and me.

We had to talk in a low voice, in English, when his mother was not there.

Pacha wanted to go on being agreeable; so I gave him both my hands to kiss, and a poem of Victor Hugo to read, and I treat him like the brother he is.

Monday, October 23rd.—Yesterday we squeezed ourselves into a six-horsed vehicle, and started for Poltava.

We had a pleasant journey.

My tears, as I was leaving the paternal roof, caused general effusiveness; and Pacha exclaimed that he was madly in love.

"I swear it is true!" he cried; "but I am not going to say with whom."

"If you are not in love with me," I cried, "I curse you!"

My feet were cold, so he took off his pelisse and covered them up with it.

"Pacha, swear to tell me the truth.'

"Very well."

"With whom are you in love?"

"Why?"

"I am interested. We are relatives; I am curious to know . . . . and, besides, it amuses me."

"It *amuses* you; that's it."

"Of course; but don't take the word in a bad sense. I am interested in you because you are a good fellow."

"You know very well that you are joking, and that you will laugh at me afterwards."

"I give you my hand and my word that I am not joking." But my face was laughing. "With whom are you in love?"

"You."

"Really and truly?'

"On my word. I never talk like the people in novels. Is it necessary to fall on your knees, and utter a heap of tom-foolery?"

"Oh, my dear fellow, you are parodying some one, I know."

"As you like, Moussia; but I am speaking the truth."

"But what nonsense it is!"

"Of course; that is just what I like about it. It is a hopeless love—what I wanted. I wanted to suffer, to worry myself; and then, when the person in question has gone away, I shall have something to think about, something to regret. I shall be a martyr, and then I shall be happy."

"Oh, green man!"

"Green man? Green man?"

"We are brother and sister."

"No; cousins.'

"Well, it's all the same."

"Oh no, it isn't."

Then I began to tease my lover. (Always the lover that I don't want!) I sent Pacha back to Gavronzi, and started with Paul. At the station we saw Count M——, who showed me several small attentions there, and in the carriage.

They woke me up at the third station, and I passed, half asleep, in front of the count, to hear him say to me—

"I kept awake on purpose to see you pass."

I was met at Tcherniakovka, and I immediately went to bed, thoroughly done up.

Étienne and Alexander, and their wives and children, came, and found me in bed. I want to go back to my own people. I feel better already, now that I am here. When I get there, I shall be all right.

I have seen my nurse Martha.

Thursday, October 24th.—I did not have any childhood, but the house in which I lived when I was quite little is sympathetic, if not dear to me. I know everybody and everything there. The servants—going down from father to son, who have grown grey in our service—were astonished to find me so grown up; and I should delight in some pleasurable reminiscences, if my mind were not poisoned by other preoccupations.

They called me Mouche, Mouka; and as I could not aspirate the Russian "h!" I said Moucha, like the French, meaning, "martyrdom." A lugubrious coincidence!

I dreamed of A—— for the first time since Nice.

Dominica and her daughter arrived in the evening of the same day, in answer to a note I sent them. We stopped a long while in the dining-room, which opens into the drawing-room by an undraped archway.

My Agrippina dress was a great success. I walked up and down as I sang, so as to get over the fear which always comes upon me when I sing.

Why should I write? What have I to tell? I must bore my readers to death . . . . Patience!

Sixtus V. was nothing but a swineherd, and Sixtus V. became Pope! To go back.

Lola seemed to bring a breath of Roman air with her . . . I imagined that we were coming back from the opera or the Pincio.

Grandpapa's enormous library gives you a vast choice of

curious and rare books. I have selected some to read with Lola.

Thursday, October 26th.—Blessings on the railway! We are at Kharkoff, with the famous hotel-keeper Andrieux. We started on horses thirty years old—grandpapa's horses. And our departure was as good as a firework display, in its simple pleasant gaiety. We breathe differently when we are with people who only have kindly feelings towards you.

My anger is gone, and I am dreaming of Pietro again. At the theatre I was not listening to the play, I was dreaming. But then I am at the age which dreams about anything whatever, so long as it can only dream about something.

Ought I to go to Rome, or work at Paris? Russia, under the present circumstances, is intolerable. My father summons me by telegraph.

Saturday, October 27th.—When I got back to our old nest from Tcherniakow, I found a letter from papa. And all the evening Alexander and his wife did nothing but advise me to take him with me to Rome.

"You can do it," said Nadine; "do it; it will be a real piece of good fortune."

I replied in monosyllables, for I made a sort of promise to myself not to speak about that to anybody.

When I got in, I took down one by one all the images of saints covered with gold or silver; I shall put them in my oratory *over there*.

Sunday, October 29th (*October 17th*).—I have taken down the pictures, as I did the saints' images. There is a Veronese, so called, and a Dolci; but I shall find out what they are at Nice. When I was once set going, I wished to take everything. Uncle Alexander seemed displeased; but that was all the difficulty. When once I had *started*, I was all right.

Nadine has the neighbouring schools under her charge. She has with admirable energy undertaken the work of civilising our peasants.

I went out with Nadine this morning to see her school, and then I tired myself out in sorting out my old clothes, and giving them away right and left. A crowd of women turned up, each one of whom had been our servant, or had

something to do with the house; I was obliged to give them something.

I don't suppose I shall ever see Tcherniakow again. I spent a long time in wandering from one room to another, which gave me a great deal of pleasure. People laugh at those who find sweet memories in furniture and pictures which greet you and bid you farewell—who seem to see friends in these pieces of stuff and wood which, by dint of serving us and being constantly under our eyes, take a share of our life, and become a part of our very being.

Laugh away! The most subtle feelings are the most easily turned into ridicule. And where ridicule reigns, the finest delicacy of feeling disappears.

Wednesday, November 1st.—As soon as Paul went out, I found myself alone with that good and praiseworthy being whose name is Pacha.

"Well, do you like me still?"

"Ah! Moussia, how can a man tell you so!"

"Why, straightforwardly. Why this reticence? Why can't you be simple and frank? I won't laugh at you. If I do laugh, it is simply from nervousness—and nothing else. Then you don't like me any more?"

"Why?"

"Ah! because . . . because . . . I don't remember."

"It is impossible to talk of these things."

"If I don't please you, you may as well say so; you are quite frank enough for that, and I am indifferent enough . . . Come, is it my nose? my eyes?

"Any one can see that you have never loved."

"Why?"

"Because directly you analyse features, either the nose surpasses the eyes, or the eyes the mouth. . . . All that means that you do not love."

"Quite true. Who told you so?"

"No one."

"Ulysses?"

"No," he answered. "I don't know what I like best . . . I will tell you frankly . . . it is your air, your manner—above all, your character."

"It is a good one?"

"Yes, unless you are acting, which one can't be always doing."

"True again . . . and my face?"

"It has beauties . . . of the sort called classical."

"Yes, I know. And then?"

"Then? There are some women we see pass by whom we think pretty, and then think no more about them. . . But there are other faces which . . . are pretty and charming . . . which leave a vivid impression behind, an agreeable feeling . . . a fascinating one."

"Quite so . . . and then?"

"What an inquisitor you are!"

"I am improving the occasion by learning a little about what people think of me. I shall not meet another in a hurry whom I can question like this without compromising myself. Now, how did this feeling come upon you—suddenly or gradually?"

"Gradually."

"H'm!"

"It is all the better. It is more solid. What you love in a day you leave off loving in a day; while——"

"Rhyme it . . . 'the other endures alway.'

"Yes, alway."

Our conversation lasted a good deal longer, and my feelings of respect went up for this man whose love has the reverence of a religion, and who has never sullied it with a single profane word or look.

"Do you like to talk about love?" I asked all of a sudden.

"No; it is profanation to talk of it lightly."

"But it's amusing."

"*Amusing!*" he cried out.

"Ah! Pacha, life is a great misery. . . . . Have I ever been in love?"

"Never," he replied.

"Why do you think so?"

"Because of your character; you can only love capriciously. . . . . To-day a man, to-morrow a dress, the next day a cat."

"I am delighted to have people think so. And you, my dear brother, have you ever been in love?"

"I told you I have. Yes, I told you so. You know it."

"No, no; I don't mean that," I replied, quickly, "but ever before?"

"No."

"That is strange. Now and then I think I am wrong, and have taken you for more than you are."

We then talked of indifferent matters, and I went up to

my room. There is a—no, we won't call him an excellent man, the disenchantment would be too unpleasant. He declared to me a little while ago that he should go into the army—"To win glory, I tell you, frankly."

Well, this remark coming straight from the heart, half timid, half bold, and true as truth, gave me great pleasure. Perhaps I am flattering myself, but it seems to me that ambition was unknown to him. I can recall what a strange effect my first talk of ambition produced on him, and one day, when I was talking of this while painting, the Green Man suddenly got up and began to pace the room, muttering—

"Oh! one must do something—one must do something!"

Thursday, November 2nd.—My father cavils at me about everything. Over and over again I feel inclined to send everything to the devil; but I restrain myself a hundred times, which hurts me unspeakably.

It took me a world of trouble to get him to Poltava this evening. There was a gathering of the nobility, at which a quartet-player was giving a concert. I wanted to go, in order to show myself, and had no end of obstacles to overcome. As if it weren't enough not to have procured me the least pleasure, to have sent away those who might have been my companions on equal terms, to have turned a deaf ear to all my hints, and even my open request, about a wretched amateur play! As if that weren't enough! And here after three months of coaxing, of pretty caresses, of clever talk, of amiability, I get a determined opposition to my going to this miserable concert. That wasn't all, for I gained my point; but then I got a lecture on the choice of my dress. He thought fit to impose a woollen dress on me—a walking-dress! How petty all that is, how unworthy of intelligent beings!

I did not absolutely need my father—I had Nadine and Alexander, Paul and Pacha—but I took him with me by a whim, and to my great discomfort.

My father thought I looked too smart, so I had another lecture; he was afraid I should look too different from the Poltava ladies, and now he begged me to put on something else—he who had besought me to dress like this at Kharkoff! The result was a pair of mittens torn to pieces, eyes flashing fury, a diabolical temper, and—no change in my get-up. We came in when the concert was half over—I on my father's arm, and my head in the air like a woman who

knows she will be admired. . . . Nadine, Paul, and Pacha followed. I walked past Mme. Abaza without taking any heed of her, and we took our seats in the first row by her side.

I had been to call on Mlle. Dietrich, who, now that she was Mme. Abaza, did not return my call. I bore myself with a haughty insolence, and took no notice of her, notwithstanding all her looks. We were soon surrounded by everybody. All the noodles of the club, which is under the same roof, came into the room "to look on."

The concert was soon over, and we departed with our home escort.

"Did you bow to Mme. Abaza?" my father kept asking.

"No."

And thereupon I gave him a piece of my mind, and advised him to be less contemptuous towards other people, and to look at home first.

I cut him to the quick, so that he went back to the club, and came to tell me that the Abaza was appealing to all the hotel servants, declaring that she had called on me the very day before with her niece.

Otherwise, my father was radiant; he had been loaded with compliments on my account.

Saturday, November 4th (October 23rd).—I ought to have foreseen that my father would seize on all chances, great or small, of revenging himself on his wife. I did, indeed, tell myself so vaguely, but I trusted in God's goodness. Mamma is not to blame; no one can live with such a man. His true nature revealed itself suddenly. Now I know.

It has been snowing all day; the ground is white, and the trees covered with hoar-frost, producing towards evening tints of the most exquisite softness. I should like to plunge right into that greyish mist over the forest, it looks like a different world.

But the even balance of the carriage, the sweet scent of the first fall of snow, the mists of the evening—all those calming influences failed to allay my starts of indignation at the recollection of A——, a recollection which dogs my steps like a wild beast, and which will not give me a moment's peace.

When we got home, we were scarcely in the drawing-room when my father began to nag at me, and then, seeing that I did not reply, he cried out—

"Your mother says that I am to finish my days in the country with her! Never!"

To reply would have meant quitting the place that moment. This final sacrifice, I thought, and then at least I shall have done all; I shall have nothing to reproach myself with. I remained seated, and said not a word; but I shall long remember that moment, when my blood seemed to cease to flow, and my heart to stop beating, only to palpitate afterwards like a bird in agony.

I sat down at the table with a deliberate air, still holding my peace. My father saw his mistake, and began to find fault with everything, and to scold the servants, so as to have an after-excuse for his irritation.

All at once he sat down on the edge of my arm-chair, and put his arms round me. I immediately freed myself.

"Oh no!" I said, in a firm tone—without the slightest tearfulness this time—"I won't stop near you."

"Yes, do!"

And he tried to turn it into a joke.

"But it is I who ought to be angry," he added.

"Therefore I am not. . . ."

Tuesday, November 7th.—I have broken my looking-glass! Death or a great misfortune! This superstition freezes me; and when I look out of window, everything is more freezing still. Everything is white under a pearl-grey sky. I have not seen such a picture for a long while.

Paul, with natural youthful eagerness to show off a new thing to a new-comer, had a little sledge harnessed, and triumphantly took me for a drive. This sledge has no business whatever to call itself so; it consists of a few miserable pieces of wood nailed together, filled with hay, and covered over with a piece of carpet. The horse, being very near, kicked up the snow into our faces and down our sleeves, into my slippers, and into my eyes. The icy dust covered the three rows of lace on my head, and, drifting into the folds, froze there.

"You told me to come abroad the same time as you," the Green Man suddenly observed.

"Yes; not from a whim. You would do me a kindness by coming, and yet you won't! You never do anything for me. Who will you do it for, then?"

"Oh, you know very well why I can't come!"

"No, I don't."

"Yes, you do; you know that if I were to go with you I

should be seeing you the whole time, and that it pains me awfully."

"Why?"

"Because . . . I love you."

"But you would be so useful to me if you came."

"I be useful to you?"

"Yes."

"No; I can't come . . . I will look at you from afar. And if you only knew," he went on in a low and heart-rending tone, "if you only knew how I suffer sometimes! . . . "

"You will forget me."

"Never!"

"What then?"

There was no longer any trace of raillery in my tone; I was touched.

"I don't know," said he; "but I find this state of things intolerable."

"Poor thing! . . . ."

I checked myself immediately; this tone of pity is insulting.

Why is it so delightful to hear avowals of the sufferings we cause? The more a man suffers for love of you, the happier you are.

"Come with us; my father will not take Paul away with him. Come!"

"I . . . ."

"You cannot—we know that. I will not ask you again. That's enough."

I assumed the air of an inquisitor, or of a person who is preparing to enjoy a bit of mischief.

"Then I have the honour of being your first love? Capital! You are telling lies."

"Because my voice does not change, and I do not weep! I have an iron will; that's all."

"And I, who wished to give you . . . something."

"What?"

"This!"

And I showed him a little image of the Virgin, hanging by a white ribbon round my neck.

"Give it to me."

"You don't deserve it."

"Ah, Moussia!" said he, with a sigh, "I assure you that I deserve it. I feel the attachment of a dog for you—a boundless devotion . . ."

"Come, young man, and I will give you my blessing."

"Your blessing?"

"My true benediction. My object in making you talk thus is to get some idea of the feelings of those who love; for, supposing I should some day set about falling in love . . . well, it will be very needful for me to know the symptoms."

"Give me that image," said the green young man, who did not take his eyes off it. He knelt on the chair, over the back of which I was leaning, and wanted to take the image, but I stopped him.

"No, no; round your neck.

And I slipped it round his neck, still quite warm, as it came from me.

"Oh!" he sighed, "thank you again and again for that!"

And he kissed my hand *of his own accord*, for the first time.

Wednesday, November 8th.—There is a fall of snow on the ground, but the weather is bright and fine. We went out again; this time in a larger sledge—which was quite as badly appointed—for the snow was not yet firm enough to bear heavy iron sledges. Paul drove, and, taking advantage of the occasions when Pacha was most uncomfortably seated, he sent the horses at full speed and smothered us with snow, making the Green Man shout, and your humble servant laugh. He drove us through such bad roads, and into so many snowdrifts, that we could do nothing but laugh and plead for mercy. Sledging, however serious your party may be, is always like a child's game.

Paul was on my right, and Pacha on my left; I made him pass his arm behind me, so that this arm, his body, and Paul's, made me a sort of arm-chair, which was very comfortable.

The cold terrified me less. I wore only my pelisse and a sealskin hat; so that I was freer to move and speak.

In the evening I sat down to the piano, and played the reading of the letter of Venus, a charming piece from the *Belle Hélène*.

What a delightful composition the *Belle Hélène* is! Offenbach had begun his career, and had not yet grown vulgar by composing penny operettas.

I played for a very long time . . . I don't now remember what; something slow and passionate, tender and adorable, as only Mendelssohn's songs without words, when thoroughly appreciated, can be.

I took four cups of tea while talking of music.

"It has a great influence upon me," said the Green Man. "I feel altogether strange; it affects me . . . sentimentally . . . And while hearing it, one says what one would never dare to say under other circumstances."

"Music is a traitress, Pacha; distrust it, for it may make you do many things you would not do in calm moments. It seizes you, absorbs you, draws you on . . . and the result is terrible."

I talked of Rome and of Alexis the somnambulist. Pacha listened and sighed in his corner; and when he came near the light, the expression of his face told me better than all the words in the world what the poor fellow suffered.

(Do you notice this fierce vanity; this eagerness to set down the ravages one causes. I am a vulgar coquette—or, rather . . . no; a woman, that's all.)

"We are melancholy this evening," I said, gently.

"Yes," he replied, with an effort; "you have played, and . . . I don't know; I have a fever, I think."

"Go and sleep, my friend; I am going up-stairs; but just help me to carry my books."

Thursday, November 9th.—My stay here will, at all events, have enabled me to become acquainted with the magnificent literature of my native land. But of what do our poets and writers speak? . . . Of other lands than ours. Let us take Gogol first, our great humourist; his description of Rome has made me weep and groan, and it is impossible to form any idea of it without reading it.

To-morrow it will be translated, and those who have had the good fortune to see Rome will understand my emotion.

Oh! when shall I get away from this country—so grey, so cold, so harsh, even in summer, even in the bright sunlight! The foliage is pinched, and the sky is not so blue as . . . yonder.

Friday, November 10th.—I have been reading up to this moment. . . . I am disgusted with my Journal, and feel anxious, discouraged. . . . *Rome* is all that I can say.

I have remained for five minutes holding my pen, without writing, for I don't know what to say; my heart is so full. The time is drawing near when I shall see A—— again, and

a feeling of dread comes over me. Still, I believe that I do not love him—and may even say that I feel sure of it. But this recollection, this annoyance, this uneasiness as to the future, this dread of an affront . . . . A——! How this word is constantly coming to the tip of my pen! and how I hate it!

You think I wish to die. What fools you all are! I adore life just as it is, and bless the vexations, heart-rendings, and tears, which God sends, and feel quite happy.

In fact . . . the idea of being unhappy has become so familiar, that communing with myself, alone in my own room, far from the world, and from all human beings, I say to myself that I am perhaps, after all, not so much to be pitied. . . . Why do I weep, then?

Saturday, November 11th.—This morning, at eight o'clock, I left Gavronzi; but not without a slight feeling of regret. . . No; I should rather say, of unwillingness to leave.

All the servants came into the courtyard, where I gave money to each, and a gold bracelet to the housekeeper. The snow was melting; but quite enough remained to splash throughout the journey. And though I was most desirous of keeping my face uncovered, in order to make philosophical observations, like M. Prudhomme, I was compelled, by a pitiless wind, to muffle myself up entirely.

I went straight to uncle Alexander's, whose name I found on the doorplate, and he told me the following anecdote:—

"A civilian and an officer, who were travelling, entered the same carriage, and a desultory conversation arose respecting the new law about horses.

"'Are you, Monsieur, the person who has been sent into our district?' asks the civilian.

"'Yes, Monsieur.'

"'Then you have doubtless taken note of Marshal Bashkirtseff's light bay horses?'

"'Yes, Monsieur, I have.'

"And the officer proceeded to state their good and bad points.

"'Do you know Mlle. Bashkirtseff?'

"'No, Monsieur; I have not the honour—I have seen her; but I know M. Bashkirtseff. Mlle. Bashkirtseff is a delightful person; she is a perfect beauty—but an independent,

original, and naïve beauty. I met her in a carriage near St. Petersburg, and I and my companions were quite struck with her.'

"'That is all the pleasanter to me,' said the civilian, 'as I am her uncle.'

"'Indeed!'

"'My name, Monsieur, is Soumorokoff. May I ask yours?

"'Babanine.'

"'Delighted.'

"'Charmed,' &c. &c.'

The count persisted in saying that my place was at St. Petersburg, and that to keep me at Poltava was detestable.

Ah! my father.

"But, uncle," said I to Alexander, "you have, no doubt, invented all this."

"If I have invented a single word, may I be struck dead, and never see my wife and children again."

My father is in a fury, to which I pay no attention.

Poltava, Wednesday, November 15th.—I started on Sunday night with my father, after having seen Prince Michel and the others during my last two days in Russia.

Only my own family have come with me to the station, but many strangers are looking with curiosity at our baggage.

The journey to Vienna alone costs me about five hundred roubles. I paid for everything myself. The horses are going with us, under the care of Chocolat, and Kouzma my father's valet.

I was going to take one of the other men; but Kouzma, burning with the desire to travel, came and begged me in the Russian fashion to take him.

Chocolat will keep watch; for Kouzma is a sort of lunatic who would be very likely to forget everything while star-gazing, and let his horses or even his coat be stolen.

Having married a girl who had long loved him, he ran away after the ceremony into the garden, and remained there over two hours, crying and lamenting like a madman. I think he is a little crazy; and his scared look seems to prove it.

My father was still in a rage. As for me, I walked up and down the station as though I had been at home. Pacha kept at a distance, looking at me all the time

At the last moment it was discovered that a parcel was missing; a perfect storm of excitement arose, and there was a rush in all directions. Amalia was justifying herself, and I was finding fault with her for not looking after the things. The lookers-on listened with amusement; and seeing that, I became doubly eloquent in the language of Dante. I was enjoying the fun—particularly as the train was waiting for us. The best of this pitiful country is that we do have our own way in it. Alexander, Paul, and Pacha, got into the compartment; but the third bell was announcing the time for departure, and there was quite a crowd round me.

"Paul, Paul," the Green Man was saying, "let me at least say good-bye to her."

"Make room for him," I said.

He kissed my hand, and I kissed him on the cheek, near the eye. This is the custom in Russia, but I had never conformed to it. We were waiting only for the whistle, which soon sounded.

"Well!" I exclaimed.

"I shall still have time," said the Green Man.

The train began to move slowly on, and Pacha commenced to talk very fast, but without knowing what he was saying.

"Good-bye—good-bye; jump off, do!"

"Yes, adieu—good-bye!"

And he jumped on to the platform, after having again kissed my hand. It was the kiss of a faithful and respectful dog.

"Come! come!" my father was calling out from the compartment, for we were in the passage of the carriage.

I came to him; but I was so grieved at the pain of which I was the cause that I immediately threw myself down and closed my eyes in order to think quietly.

Poor Pacha! Dear and noble fellow! If there is any thing I regret in Russia it is this heart of gold, this loyal disposition, this upright spirit. Am I really grieved? Yes; for could I fail to feel just pride in having such a friend?

This Tuesday night I slept in a bed as comfortable as at the hotel.

I am at Vienna. Physically speaking, my journey has been perfect; I have slept well, have had a good appetite, and I am clean. This last item, the most important, is only

possible in Russia where wood is used for fuel, and where the railway carriages have dressing-rooms attached. My father has been fairly good-tempered; we played cards, and made fun of the other travellers. But this evening it was the old story again.

He took a box at the opera, but refused to take me, except in my travelling-dress.

"You take advantage of my position," I said to him; "but you shall not have the satisfaction of playing the tyrant over me. I will not go. Good-night!"

And here I am, in my own room. What a position! Indeed, I am penniless; for I have only got drafts on Paris which will be of no use to me until I get there.

Being obliged to give up my horses, I left five hundred roubles to Kouzma, and had nothing left but the drafts. This I told my father, who was offended, and, placing himself in his most noble attitude, shouted that he cared nothing for expense—that to spend money for me was nothing to him, he had spent so much in his life.

You feel yourself in Europe here; the sight of lofty and imposing houses raises my spirits almost as high as their top storey. The low-built habitations of Poltava crushed me. But I do regret the lights in the carriages yesterday.

Saturday, November 18th.—This morning, at five o'clock, we arrived in Paris.

There was a telegram from mamma at the Grand Hotel. We engaged rooms on the first floor. I took a bath, and then waited for mamma. I am, however, so despairing that nothing any longer affects me. She arrived with Dina; Dina—happy, calm, and carrying on her work of sister of mercy and guardian angel.

You may imagine that I was never more confused. Papa and mamma! I did not know where to look. There were several jars, but nothing very serious.

My mother, my father, myself, and Dina, went out together to the theatre. I sat in the darkest corner of the box; my eyes were so heavy with sleep that I could scarcely see.

That night I slept with mamma; and instead of endearing words after such a long absence, nothing but a torrent of complaints came from my lips—which, however, very soon came to an end, for I fell asleep.

Monday, November 20th.—After dinner we went ot see

Paul and Virginia, V. Massé's new opera, which is most highly spoken of. The Parisian boxes are instruments of torture. We were a party of four, in one of the first boxes, at one hundred and fifty francs, but we could not move.

An interval of an hour or two between dinner and the play, a roomy and comfortable box, an elegant and suitable dress—these are the conditions necessary for the appreciation and worship of music. I was in quite the contrary position, which did not, however, prevent me from listening with all my attention to Engally, the Russian actress; nor from keeping my eyes fixed on Capoul, the darling of the fair sex. The fortunate artist, certain of admiration, acted as though he were in a fencing school, uttering the most piercing notes. . . .

It is already two o'clock in the morning. Mamma, who sacrifices everything for me, and thinks only of my well-being, has long ago spoken to my father. But my father replies only by jests, or by words so indifferent as to be quite revolting.

He says at last that he quite understands the step I am taking, that even mamma's enemies will only think it quite natural, and that his daughter, having attained the age of sixteen, ought to have her father as chaperon. He accordingly promises to come to Rome as we had proposed.

If I could only believe it!

Friday, November 24th.—Until the evening all went on smoothly enough; but suddenly a very serious, temperate, and well-meant conversation arose concerning my future. Mamma expressed herself in most appropriate terms in every respect.

This was the time to see my father! He kept his eyes fixed on the ground, and whistled; but as to replying, not a bit of it.

The following is a specimen of a Little Russian dialogue which is characteristic of the nation, and which will at the same time give an idea of my father's style:—

TWO PEASANTS:—

First peasant: "We were walking together on the high-road?"

Second peasant: "Yes, we were walking."

First peasant: "We found a pelisse?"

Second peasant: "We found it."

First peasant: "I gave it to you."

Second peasant: "You did."
First peasant: "You took it."
Second peasant: "I did take it."
First peasant: "Where is it?"
Second peasant: "What?"
First peasant: "The pelisse."
Second peasant: "What pelisse?"
First peasant: "We were walking on the high-road?'
Second peasant: "Yes."
First peasant: "We found a pelisse."
Second peasant: "We did."
First peasant: "I gave it to you."
Second peasant: "You gave it to me."
First peasant: "You took it."
Second peasant: "I took it."
First peasant: "Where is it, then?"
Second peasant: "What?"
First peasant: "The pelisse."
Second peasant: "What pelisse?"

And so on to infinity; but I found no amusement in the subject. I felt suffocated, and there was a lump in my throat which hurt me dreadfully, especially as I would not allow myself to cry.

I wished I could go away with Dina, and leave mamma with her husband at the Russian restaurant.

For a whole hour I sat motionless, with rigid lips and a feeling of oppression on my chest; I did not know what I was thinking of, nor what was going on around me.

Then my father came and kissed my hair and hands and face with hypocritical sympathy, and said to me—

"Should you ever really be in want of help or protection, say but one word to me, and I will assist you."

I collected my remaining strength, and suppressing my rising gorge I replied—

"The day has come; where is your assistance?"

"At present you do not need it," he answered, hurriedly.

"Indeed, I do."

"No, no!"

And he changed the subject.

"Do you think, father, that the day will ever come when I shall be in need of money? When that day does come I will become a singer or *pianiste;* but I will not ask you for anything.'

He did not take offence; it satisfied him to see me miserable to the last degree.

Saturday, November 25th.—Mamma is so ill that it is out of the question to take her to Versailles. Our friends called for us. I was dressed in white, as usual; but I wore a cap of black velvet, which suited my fair hair admirably. It was raining. We were already in the compartment, when a gentleman, still young, but decorated with the order of the Legion of Honour, appeared.

"Allow me, my dear," said the baroness, "to introduce to you M. J. de L——, one of the leaders of Napoleon's party." I bowed; while other introductions were going on around me.

This procession of deputies brought to my mind the row of pigeon-shooters in Monaco; but instead of guns they have portfolios. MM. de L—— placed us in the front seats, just above the Bonapartists; so that we were immediately opposite the Republican benches. The room, or at least the President's chair and the Tribune, also reminded me of the pigeon shooting; only, instead of holding the string of the cages, Monsieur Grévy was struggling with the bell, which did not keep the left-hand party from interrupting repeatedly the excellent speech of Monsieur Dufaure, Keeper of the Great Seal.

He was an upright man, who had fought bravely and with great ability against the infamies of the Republican dogs.

November 26th.—My father has gone; this is the first time I have been able to breathe freely for four months.

November 28th.—Mamma took me to Doctor Fauvel, who examined my throat with his new laryngoscope, and declared me to be suffering from catarrh and chronic sore throat, &c. (I do not doubt this statement when I consider the bad state of my throat); also that I shall require six weeks of powerful treatment. We shall therefore be compelled to spend the winter in Paris. Alas!

My father is acting in a delightful manner, to say the least of it. First of all, he made me spend money while I was staying with him, and he did not pay the expenses of my journey; then, feeling ashamed, he spoke to uncle Alexander, and went so far as to embrace him, and to declare that he would refund all my expenses. He need not have said anything about it, as no one had asked him for anything. He next allowed his Kouzma to go with his ill-omened horses, and I paid Kouzma's travelling expenses. And now here is mamma opening a letter addressed to my

father from this very man:—"I am awaiting your instructions, sir; having stopped here on my way. As regards Chocolat, I have sent him back to Poltava, according to your orders."

And mind, my dear father has compelled me to give Kouzma 500 roubles, which he is in a fair way to eat up on his road. Upon my word, it is a handsome present!

"You have banished *all society* from your daughter, so that it might be said that nobody wanted her. You have hidden her because you did not wish her to be seen as she is, having never given a sou of your own towards her education." This is what mamma said; and he answered by little stupid and disgusting jokes, without ever attempting to deny the fact, or to justify himself in any way.

Friday, December 1st.—We left Paris yesterday; mamma, with her thirty-six parcels, worked me up to a pitch of desperation. Her cries, her frights, and her boxes, are excruciatingly vulgar . . .

At last!

Nice, Saturday, December 2nd.—My aunt brought me some coffee herself; I got two or three boxes unpacked, and, for the first time since my travels, felt myself again. In Russia I had no sun; in Paris, no dresses.

I beg you to observe my style of life. Packing and unpacking, trying on, buying, and travelling. The same thing over and over again.

When I went into the garden I found M. Pélican with his doctor, Broussais; Ivanoff, grandpapa's oculist; General Wolf, General Bihovitz, and the Anitchkoffs. I had to show myself in order to please my mothers (aunt and mother), who are delighted to see me getting stouter. There's happiness for you! But I leave them all to go and see my women of the Rue de France.

What a reception!

They told me of all the marriages, deaths, and births. I asked how business was getting on.

"Badly," I was told.

"Ah well," I exclaimed, "all has been going wrong since France became a republic."

This set me going. When it was known that I had visited the Chamber, the company drew back in awe, and afterwards

crowded round me. Then, with one arm akimbo, I made them a speech, well sprinkled with oaths and exclamations in the dialect of Nice, showing them the Republicans with their hands in the people's gold, like my hands in this rice—and I plunged my paw into a sack of rice. . . .

After such a long absence the sky of Nice enraptures me; when I breathe the pure air, and look at the clear sky, my heart leaps with delight.

The sea is slightly silvered by the sun, veiled under clouds of a soft and warm grey. The verdure is dazzling. . . How lovely it all is, and how delightful it would be to live in such a paradise! I started to walk on the promenade without troubling myself about the fact that I was hatless, and that there were many people passing by. Then I went in to put on a hat, and to ask my aunt and Bihovitz to come out with me. I walked as far as the Pont du Midi, and returned, being seized with a fit of intense sadness.

After all, the family circle has its charms. There has been card-playing and laughter; tea has been served; and I have felt pleasure at being amongst my own people, and surrounded by my beloved dogs—Victor, with his great black head; Pincio, white as snow; Bagatelle, Prater . . . All this was before my eyes, and at this moment I see the old men making up their table; those dogs; that dining-room . . . Oh! it oppresses, it suffocates me; I should like to take flight; I feel chained up as in a nightmare. *I cannot stand it!* I was not made for such a life. I cannot stand it! For an instant I felt some vanity in talking on serious subjects with the older men . . . but after all they are only obscure old men . . . What good can they do me?

I so much dread remaining at Nice that the thought drives me mad. It seems to me that another winter will be lost, and that I shall get nothing done.

The chances of working are denied me! General Bihovitz sent me a large basket of flowers, and in the evening manma watered it to keep the flowers fresh . . . Well, these little nothings madden me beyond endurance; and this affectation of *bourgeoisie* makes me desperate.

Ah! divine mercy! ah! by the God of heaven, I assure you that I am not jesting!

As I came in from the pavilion, a bewitching moonlight lighted up my roses and magnolias . . . This poor garden which has inspired me with nothing but sad thoughts and atrocious vexation!

I went back to my room; my eyes were moist and sad—so sad.

The recollections of Rome overpower me . . . But I will not go back there. We will go to Paris . . . Oh, Rome! Why cannot I see Rome again, or else die here? I hold my breath, and stretch myself as if I wished to lengthen out as far as Rome.

Sunday, December 3rd.—The changes in the sky are my only amusements. Yesterday it was pure, and the moon shone like a pale sun; to-night it is full of dark fitful clouds, amongst which clear and brilliant patches like last night are visible. I made these observations on my way from the summer-house to my own room.

In Paris there is no such air, no such verdure, nor the sweet rain that fell last night.

Thursday, December 7th.—Petty domestic worries dishearten me.

I plunge deeply into serious reading, and see with despair how little I know. It seems to me that I shall never know all. I envy learned men, even those who are yellow, emaciated, and ugly.

I am in a fever to study, and have no one to guide me.

Monday, December 11th.—I become every day more enthusiastic about painting. I have been indoors all day, and have played music which exalted my mind and my heart. It was not till I had conversed for two hours with grandpapa on the history of Russia that I felt composed again. I hate to be . . . *sensitive* . . . In a young girl it means all sorts of littlenesses. Grandpapa is a walking cyclopædia.

I know somebody who loves me and understands me, who feels for me, and spends an entire life in making me happier—somebody who will do everything for me, and who will succeed—somebody who will never again betray me, though that happened once. And that somebody is *myself*. Let us not expect anything from men, for we shall find nothing but deceptions and sorrows.

But let us believe firmly in God and our own strength. And as I am so ambitious I will justify my ambition by accomplishing something.

Monday, December 18*th.*—Yesterday I was awakened to read a card from my father, which bore these words: "I am at the Hôtel du Luxembourg with my sisters; come, if you can, directly."

By the advice of my mother, at one o'clock precisely I accept this invitation, and again before going in I ask if it is proper. All the answer I get is that my graceless father and aunt Hélène come to the carriage and carry me off very affectionately to their rooms.

Aunt Hélène and the princess do not interfere with anything; they speak to me of the Cardinal, and advise me to go to Rome in search of his nephew and his money.

"The poor young man is over there," said I.

"Where?"

"In Servia."

"Oh no! he is at Rome."

Perhaps he has come back as there is no more fighting; I dined yesterday with a Russian volunteer just arrived from Servia.

Afterwards we talked of Tutcheff; I treated her in the most contemptuous manner, threatening her with an accusation for libel.

Let them attack my family or my mother; they have it in their power to defend themselves. But let them not touch me; for as true as I am a defenceless creature, whom it would be cowardly to slander, I will revenge myself bravely—for the very good reason that I fear nothing.

San Remo, Saturday, December 23*rd.*—My father consents to come with me for two days, but accompanied by mamma.

While awaiting mamma, to whom I have telegraphed, asking her to come, I am spending a few hours at Villa Rocca with Princess Eristoff. Aunt Romanoff—heroic creature!—remains in solitude at the hotel. She naturally refuses to associate with the society I frequent. But do you see the part this woman is playing to humour my caprice? I adore her!

Monday, December 25*th.*—My father and mother and myself left San Remo yesterday. What were my thoughts during the journey? Of course, charming dreams and castles in the air dominated all other feelings, and created for me, as usual, a life quite distinct from all things human. This agreeable state was interrupted by the stopping of the train

near Albiasola station, because of a land-slip on the line. So we were obliged to get out, to lay hold of our luggage, and walk for a few minutes to meet another train which was coming to pick us up. All this took place by the flickering light of torches, which against a black sky, and accompanied by the roar of the angry waters, was most picturesque.

This accident was the occasion of our entering into conversation with our fellow-travellers, one of whom was a military man. They carried our bags, and helped us also through this difficult passage. The officer was a tolerably well-educated and intelligent man, and to his surprise I drew him into a serious and even rather wild conversation—on politics.

As soon as dawn came I was at my window, so that I might not lose for a single moment the sight of the country near Rome.

Why can't I express all the beautiful things it brings to my mind, and which so many others have said so often, and in such charming language?

I was so absorbed in looking out for the different places . . . . the front of our train was already under the glass roof of the station, and I was still looking out for the crowded roof of San Giovanni di Laterano. The wife of the Spanish Ambassador was there; she had come to meet some ladies. I turned away my head when she recognised me; I was ashamed of coming back to Rome . . . . I fancied that I was looked upon as an . . . . intruder.

We alight at the old hotel, and take the same rooms. I go up-stairs, and lean on the knob at the corner of the banisters, as I had done *the other* night.

With an angry glance at the staircase door I take possession of the red damask room . . . . Would you believe it?—with thoughts of Pietro.

Wednesday, December 27th.—Mamma was talking of the death of Rossi, when this amiable lobster came caracoling in behind us.

"Well," said he, after the preliminary civilities, "so poor Pietro A—— has lost his uncle."

"Yes, poor fellow! Has nothing been left to him?"

"Oh yes, the plate."

This produced much gaiety. After which I asked Rossi, with very easy frankness, what had been said. (We were talking in Italian.)

"You see," I added, "we are not known, and I might very well be taken for one of those foreigners who come to Rome to look out for a husband."

We talked for some time, and I am almost convinced that the company did not attach any importance to the incident.

"No one has thought of him in regard to you; he is a poor fellow without fortune or position. At first it was believed. . . . In any case, you have given him a shock, and he will now perhaps amend his ways—that is to say, improve.

"But he is a ne'er-do-well."

"Oh dear no; poor young fellow! He is suffering very much. . . ."

CHAPTER V

NICE, ROME, NAPLES, FLORENCE, SCHLANGENBAD, PARIS, 1877.

Nice, Wednesday, January 17th.—When shall I know what love is, of which I hear so much? I might have loved A——; but I despise him. I did love the Duke of H—— to distraction when I was a child; it was a love due entirely to the fortune, renown, or extravagances of the Duke, and to an unregulated imagination. . . .

Tuesday, January 23rd.—Yesterday evening I had such a fit of despair that I groaned aloud, and felt impelled to throw the dining-room clock into the sea. Dina ran after me, fearing that I had some sinister design; but it was only the clock, after all. It was of bronze, with a Paul without a Virginia fishing with rod and line, and wearing a very becoming hat. Dina comes to my room; the incident of the clock seems to amuse her very much. I laughed also. Poor clock!

Princess Souvaroff came to see us.

Thursday, February 1st.—The ladies were preparing to go and get rid of a few miserable hundreds of francs at Monaco. I brought them to their senses by a most bitter speech, and mamma and I went for a drive in a basket carriage, to show ourselves in the daylight, and to call on the Countess de Ballore, who is so amiable, and whom, like ill-bred persons, we neglect.

We saw Diaz de Soria, the incomparable singer. I invited him, as he had called. It seemed to me that I saw a friend in him. I feel just in the mood to betake myself to that stage-box on the left-hand side of the pit at the Théâtre Français, where Agar of the Comédie Française company is playing. I have heard *Les Horaces*. The name of Rome has over and over again rung in my ears with a superb and sublime sound.

On coming home I read Livy. The heroes, the folds of the togas . . . the Capitol, the Cupola . . . the *bal masqué*, the Pincio! . . . O Rome!

Rome, Thursday, February 8th.—I fell asleep at Ven-

timiglia, and did not wake up again, morally and physically speaking, till I got to Rome. I was obliged to remain there till the evening, in spite of my wish to go, for the train to Naples does not start before ten o'clock. A whole day at Rome!

At twenty minutes past nine I left Rome; I went to sleep, and found myself at Naples. I had not, however, slept soundly enough not to hear an irritable gentleman who was making complaints to the conductor about the presence of Prater. The gallant conductor stood up for our dog.

But here we are at Naples. I wonder if you feel as I do at the approach of a large and beautiful city; I am seized with palpitations, and become restless. I should like to have the town all to myself. It takes us more than an hour to get to the Hôtel du Louvre. The streets are obstructed, full of noise, and in a state of dreadful disorder. The heads of the women here are something too extravagant; they might pass for those female monsters exhibited in menageries with serpents, tigers, &c. At Rome I like only what is old; at Naples I admire only what is new.

Sunday, February 11th.—To understand our position in the Toledo, one must know by experience what it is to be there on a day when it is the custom to throw *coriandoli* (comfits made of chalk or flour). But he who has not seen it can have no idea of these thousands of hands with black and scraggy arms, these rags, these splendid carriages, these feathers and gilt decorations, but especially of those hands and fingers whose agility is enough to make even Liszt himself die of jealousy. Amidst this rain of flour, these cries, this swarm of people, we were suddenly dragged off by Altamura, and almost carried to his balcony. There we met a number of ladies . . . and all these amiable people were offering me refreshments, and smiling. I retired to a half-lighted drawing-room, and there, covered from head to foot in my cloak, I began to weep, while at the same time admiring the antique folds of the woollen mantle. I was very sad, but it was a sadness mixed with pleasure. Do you feel a pleasure in sadness, as I do?

Naples, Monday, February 26th.—I continue my excursions, and we go to San Martino, an ancient convent. I never saw anything so sympathetic. Most museums bore

you, but the one at San Martino is amusing and attractive. The syndic's old carriage . . . and Charles III.'s galley have turned my head; and then these corridors with mosaic floors, these ceilings with their grand mouldings! The church and the chapels are marvellous; their moderate size enables you to appreciate the details. What a collection of splendid marbles of precious stones, of mosaics in every corner, from floor to ceiling! I don't remember seeing any striking paintings, excepting those of Guido Reni and of Spagnoletto; the careful works of Fra Buonaventura; the old Capo-di-Monte porcelains; the portraits worked in silks; and a picture on glass representing the episode of Potiphar's wife. The white marble courtyard with its sixty pillars is of rare beauty.

Our guide tells us that there are only five monks remaining—three brethren and two laymen, who live somewhere aloft in one of the forsaken wings. We go up a sort of tower with two balconies overhanging other heights which look like precipices; the view from that point is astoundingly beautiful. Mountains, villas, plains, and Naples itself, are visible through a sort of blue mist imparted to it by the distance.

"What is going on to-day in Naples?" I said, in a listening attitude.

"Oh, nothing," the guide answered, smiling; "you only hear the Neapolitans."

"Then do you always hear it?"

"Yes; always."

A continual roar and clamour rose from the mass of roofs below, an uninterrupted explosion of voices, which you have no idea of in the town itself. It produces a sort of terror; while the confused murmur, rising with that blue vapour, makes you realise, with a sensation of giddiness, to what a height you have climbed.

I am enraptured with these marble chapels. A country possessing such treasures as Italy is the richest in the world. Italy, as compared with the rest of the world, seems to me a magnificent picture beside a whitewashed wall.

How could I presume to form an opinion of Naples last year? Had I seen it even?

Saturday, March 3rd.—To-night I went to church—it is in the hotel itself; there is an infinite charm in meditating on love under the roof of a church. When I saw the priest, the images, the lighted tapers imparting waver-

ing shadows to the darkness, I remembered Rome. Divine ecstasy! heavenly perfume! exquisite rapture! Oh for the power to write!

The feelings which absorbed me could only be expressed in song. The pillars of St. Peter's, its marbles and mosaics; the mysterious depth of the church; the bewildering splendour and majesty of art, antiquity, the Middle Ages, great men and their monuments—all this passed before me.

Saturday, March 31st.—What is the good of complaining? My tears are vain; I am doomed to unhappiness. Unhappiness yet a little while longer, and then for the artist's fame! And if . . . I should fail! . . . Have no fear; I shall not live to moulder away in some corner amid domestic virtues. I will talk no more of love, for I have used its name to no purpose. I will not call upon God any more; I want to die. O God, Lord Jesus Christ, let me die! I have lived but a short time, yet I have been taught much; everything has been against me. I want to die; I am incoherent and confused, like my writings; I hate myself as I hate everything that is worthless.

Let me die . . . . my God! let me die! I have had enough of it!

Oh, for an easy death! to die while singing one of Verdi's beautiful airs. I feel no spite, as I used to do when I wished to live *on purpose* to prevent others from rejoicing and triumphing over me. Now, I suffer too much to care.

Sunday, April 1st.—I am like the patient and indefatigable chemist who spends his nights before his retorts so as not to lose the expected and longed-for moment. It seems to me every day that *it* must come, and I dream and wait. . . .

I examine myself with curiosity and amazement, asking myself anxiously if by chance *this is it*. But I have formed such an exalted opinion of *it* that I have come to the conclusion that *it* does not exist, or else that *it* has come already, and that it is nothing very wonderful after all. But what of all my visions? What of all my books and poets? . . . . Have they had the audacity to invent something which does not exist, in order to disguise inherent nastiness? No; . . . . for how could personal preferences be explained in that case? . . .

Naples, Friday, April 6th.—The king (Victor Emmanuel) arrived yesterday, and this morning, at ten o'clock he called to see the Prince of Prussia. At the moment of his arrival I was standing on the stairs, and when he came opposite to me I said—

"May I crave a word from you, Sire?"

"What do you wish?"

"Absolutely nothing, Sire, but to have the power of boasting all my life that I have spoken to the kindest and best of kings."

"You are very good; I thank you very much."

"That is really all, Sire."

"I thank you so much I do not know how to thank you enough; you are really very kind."

He pressed my left hand in both his, an event after which I wear gloves for a week. It is owing to my gloves that I am writing as you see. What beautiful nails I shall have in a week! What are you saying of me? I was not much frightened. In doing what I did, I foresaw everything but the consequences to myself. To any one else this daring action would have brought only delight; but to me it brought a crowd of vexations. . . . I am doomed to misfortune. Doenhoff returned from the palace, where the prince went to return the king's visit. The king's aide-de-camp remarked, "What strange behaviour of this young girl to put herself in the king's way!" And the Prince of Prussia replied that young Russian ladies are very enthusiastic about the royal family, that they do all kinds of foolish things for the Emperor, and that they are as pure as the angels of heaven. Many thanks, good pedlar.

Doenhoff has said a heap of things, and, at last, has come to reassure us.

After being violently agitated, and wild with terror, I begin to feel myself again. Never in my life have I been so frightened. In one hour I have lived through two years. How lucky every one else must be not to have spoken to the king!

We go out walking. Princess Marguerite and Humbert have arrived. Doenhoff is here, opposite our windows, with some of the king's gentlemen. (I have taken off my gloves.)

When we got home from the races, we found a gentleman in the ante-room. I was going to inquire who it was, when Rosalie rushed to me, and drawing me aside—

"Come quickly, but do not be excited."

"What is it?

"It is the king's aide-de-camp, who has called three times already; he comes from the king to make an apology."

The next moment I was before him; and we were all in the drawing-room. He spoke in Italian; and I was astonished at the ease with which I conversed in that language.

"Mademoiselle," he began, "I am sent by the king for the purpose of expressing to you how much he regrets all the vexation which you may have been made to feel yesterday. His Majesty heard that you had been . . . scolded by your mother, who may have thought that the king was annoyed. Not at all; the king is delighted, enchanted; he spoke of it all day long, and in the evening he called me and said—'Go and tell that young lady that I thank her for her courteous behaviour towards me; tell her that her gracefulness and her generous impulse have touched me, and that I offer my thanks to her, and also to all her family. Far from being angry, I am charmed; tell her mamma so (*sua mamma*). Say that I shall never forget it. The king saw that this impulse came from your generous heart, and that was what pleased him. The king knows that you had no object in view, as you are strangers; that is the very reason why he is so touched. He never left off talking of it, and has sent me to apologise for the annoyance you have had through it."

Mamma made Count Doenhoff believe that I had been locked up for twenty-four hours as a punishment for my escapade, and the rumour soon spread—especially as I had remained hidden behind the windows of the balcony while Dina went out walking with mamma.

I had interrupted him repeatedly, and at last I broke out with a flood of joy and gratitude.

"It is truly too kind of the king to think of sending to reassure me; I was silly, and behaved as though I had been in my own country, and was meeting with my own Emperor, to whom I have spoken." (It is a fact.) "I should be so distressed if the king had felt the slightest annoyance at what I have done; I was terribly afraid that I had offended the king. Perhaps I shocked him by my abruptness . . ."

"The king is never alarmed when there is a *bella ragazza* in question; and I repeat to you again, in the name of the

king—they are his own words, without any addition of mine —that, 'far from being annoyed, he was delighted, charmed, and grateful.' You gave him a great pleasure. The king had noticed you last year at Rome, and at the carnival in Naples . . . and he was very much displeased with Count Doenhoff, whose name he took note of, and who said something to prevent you from being present when the king took his departure."

I must admit that Doenhoff, in his terror, had shut the door; a fact which I had not noticed, being far too excited to even think of seeing the king again.

"I have spoken all the time in the name of the king, and have repeated to you his own words."

"In that case, Monsieur, take him back mine. Tell the king that I am charmed, and too highly honoured; that his attention has touched me most keenly; that I shall never forget the kindness and exquisite delicacy of the king; that I am too happy and honoured. Tell the king that I conducted myself like a silly girl; but as he is not so very angry about it. . . ."

"Delighted, Mademoiselle."

This will be my fondest recollection. How can one help adoring the royal family when they are so kind, so affable? I can well understand the affection which is entertained towards the king, Prince Humbert, and Princess Marguerite.

And, to end with, the gentleman begged mamma to give him her card to take to the king.

After this, I no longer dread what people may say about it—quite the contrary. Let's have a flourish of trumpets!

Since the king is not furious, I am in the seventh heaven.

It is going round the hotel that he kissed my hand.

Doenhoff has returned from the palace, where a dinner has been given for one hundred and thirty people. The king spoke of me, and more than once he repeated, "She is exceedingly pretty."

The king being a good judge, his opinion exalts me considerably in the eyes of Doenhoff and all the others.

Tuesday, April 17th.—Every citizen must go through his period of military service; so must everybody feel the power of love. I have served my eight days, and am free again till further notice. . . .

"Remittuntur ei peccata multa quare dilexit multum."—*Luke.*

"Dulciores sunt lacrymæ orantium quam gaudia theatrorum."—*Augustine.*

Florence, Tuesday, May 8th.—Would you like to know the truth? Well, remember what I am going to tell you—I love nobody, and shall never love, but one person, who will gracefully pamper my self-love . . . my vanity.

When you feel yourself beloved, you do everything for *the other* one, and then there is no feeling of shame; on the contrary, it makes you feel heroic.

I know very well that I would never ask anything for myself; but for another I would do a hundred meannesses, for it is by mean actions that one rises.

This again proves clearly that the finest actions are done for self . . . To ask for myself would be sublime, because it would cost me . . . Oh! how horrid even to think of it! . . . But for another it is a pleasure, and it looks like self-sacrifice, like devotion, like charity personified.

And on such occasions you believe in your own merit. You really believe yourself to be charitable, devoted, and sublime.

Friday, May 11th.—Did I mention that Gardigiani had been to see us, and had given me encouragement, had promised me an artistic future, had found many good points in my sketches, and had expressed a great wish to paint my portrait?

Florence, Saturday, May 12th.—It wrings my heart to leave Florence . . . We are going to Nice! I look forward to it as to crossing a desert: I should like to shave all my hair off, so as not to have the trouble of dressing it.

We pack, we are ready to start! The ink dries on my pen before I make up my mind to write down a word, so oppressed am I with regrets.

Nice, Wednesday, May 16th.—I have been running about all the morning, looking for a few trifles which are wanting to my ante-room; but in this horrid country there's nothing to be had. I have been to a stained-glass maker, to

a tinman, and I don't know whom. The notion that my journal will not be interesting, and the difficulty which I find in imparting any interest to it, while I am keeping back some startling details, torments me. If I wrote only at intervals, I might perhaps . . . but these notes of each day will entertain only a thinking mind, some great observer of human nature . . . . Those who have not the patience to read all, will not read any, and, above all, will understand nothing.

I feel happy in my soft and elegant nest, in my flowery garden; Nice is forgotten, and I feel as if I were alone in the country.

Nice, Wednesday, May 23rd.—Oh! when I think that we live but once, and that each minute brings us nearer to death, I feel as if I must go mad! I do not fear death, but life is so short that it is infamous to waste it!

Thursday, May 24th.—Two eyes are insufficient, or else I must remain idle. Reading and drawing tire me very much, and at night, when writing these sorry lines, I feel sleepy.

Ah, how delightful is youth!

With what pleasure I shall look back upon these days devoted to study and to art! If I were only to pursue this course for the entire year! But of what avail is a day, a week taken at random? . . . Natures so richly endowed by God prey upon themselves in idleness.

I try to calm myself by thinking that I will certainly settle down to work this winter; but my seventeen years make me blush to the roots of my hair. Nearly seventeen years, and what have I done? Nothing . . . This is what overwhelms me.

I look out among the celebrities for those who have commenced late in life, in order to console myself: yes, but seventeen years is nothing for a man, whereas a woman of that age would be twenty-three if she were a man.

To go and live in Paris . . . in the North, after this glorious sun, these pure and delicious nights. What is left to desire or to love after Italy? . . . Paris is, no doubt, the centre of the civilised world, of intelligence, of wit, of fashion, and we go there and stay and find pleasure in it; in fact, it is the place to go to for . . . a multitude of things, and also in order to return with enhanced delight to the country

of God and of the elect—the enchanted, marvellous divine country, all descriptions of which will fail to convey its surpassing beauty and mysterious charm.

On reaching Italy we may make fun of its hovels and its *lazzaroni*, and we may show much wit, and even insight in doing so. But forget for an instant that you are witty, and that it is very amusing to jeer at everything, and you, like me, will be in an ecstasy, alternately weeping and laughing with admiration . . .

I was going to say that the moonlight is enchanting, and that in that mighty Paris I shall no longer enjoy this calm, this poetry, these divine delights of Nature and of heaven.

Tuesday, May 29th.—The more I approach the old age of my youth the more indifferent I become. Few things disturb me now, whereas everything used to do so formerly; so that in reading the account of my past life over again, I attribute too much importance to trifles through seeing how they made my blood boil. Confidence, trustfulness, and that sensitiveness which is, as it were, the down of a character have been very quickly lost.

I the more regret losing that freshness of feeling, because it never comes back. One is more calm, but one's enjoyment is not so keen. I ought not to have known so early what deception meant; and had that knowledge been withheld, I feel that I should have become a sort of supernatural being.

I have just devoured a book which has disgusted me with love. A charming princess in love with a painter! Fie!

I say this, not to insult painters by a poor attempt at wit, but . . . I don't know; it jars. My ideas have always been aristocratic, and I believe in races of men as in races of animals. Noble races often, and at the beginning always became so only through education, moral and physical, transmitting its effects from father to son. Why trouble about the cause?

Wednesday, May 30th.—I have been turning over the leaves of the A—— period. The course of reasoning which I pursued is truly astonishing. I marvel and wonder, for I had forgotten all those true and accurate arguments, and my anxiety was considerable lest people should think that I had

been in love (in the past) with Count A——. Thank God that, owing to this precious journal, no one will be able to think so.

Really I did not think I had said so many truths, or that I could have thought them. It is a year ago, and I was really afraid that I had written nonsense; but I didn't, and am so pleased. The only thing I don't understand is how I could act so foolishly and reason so well.

I must tell myself again and again that no advice in the world would have prevented a single step, and that experience was what I wanted.

I am rather displeased at being so wise; but it must be so; and when I become accustomed to it, I shall regard it as a very simple matter, and will again raise myself into that ideal purity which is always somewhere in the soul. Then, which is still better, I shall be calmer, prouder, happier, because I shall be able to appreciate it; whereas at present I am vexed, as if for another person.

Indeed, the woman who is writing, and her whom I describe, are really two persons. What are all her troubles to *me?* I tabulate, analyse, and copy the daily life of my person; but *to me, to myself,* all that is very indifferent. It is my pride, my self-love, my interests, my envelope, my eyes, which suffer, or weep, or rejoice; but *I, myself,* am there only to watch, to write, to relate, and to reason calmly about these great miseries, just as Gulliver must have looked at the Lilliputians.

I have still plenty to say, in order to explain; but let this suffice.

Monday, June 11th.—Yesterday evening, while they were playing at cards, I made a sort of sketch by the light of two candles which flickered very much in the wind, and this morning I have made a first draft of our players on canvas.

I am all eagerness to paint four persons seated; of showing the positions of the hands, the arms, and the expressions. Hitherto I have only painted single heads, large and small; I contented myself with sowing them, like flowers, on the canvas.

Paris, Saturday, July 7th.—I think I can fairly say that I have become more reasonable, though very recently, and I see things in a tolerably clear light; and have got over many illusions and many vexations.

We only learn true wisdom by personal experience.

Sunday, July 15th.—I am bored to death; so much so indeed that I think there is nothing in the world which can amuse or interest me. I wish for nothing! I want nothing! Ay, I should very much like not to be ashamed of sinking into stupidity. In short, to be able to live without doing anything, or thinking of anything, like a plant, without any remorse of conscience.

Captain B—— has spent the evening with us, and we talked together; but I am fairly out of conceit with my conversational efforts since I have read what Mme. de Staël says about foreigners imitating the brilliancy of the French. According to her, one must hide in one's hole, and never dare to come in contact with the sublime genius of the French.

Reading, drawing, music, and *ennui, ennui, ennui!* Some living thing is necessary besides occupation and relaxation; and I am bored.

I am not bored because I am a marriageable young lady. No; you have too good an opinion of me to believe that. But I am bored because my life is cross-grained, and because I am bored!

Paris is killing me! It is a café, a well-managed hotel, a bazaar. Well, I can only hope that in the winter, what with the opera, the Bois, and my studies, I shall get used to it.

Tuesday, July 17th.—I have spent the day in seeing real marvels of old and artistic embroideries and costumes, which are in themselves genuine poems of chivalrous or pastoral life—all sorts of splendid things which have given me a glimpse of a luxury I scarcely suspected; and this luxury not in the *demi-monde*, but in good society. Ah, Italy! . . . If I give up a month twice a year to my clothes, it is only that I may not have to trouble myself about them afterwards. How stupid it is to devote one's chief attention to dress. In my case, dresses lead me to costumes, and costumes to history.

Wednesday, July 18th.—Italy! This word is enough to make me tremble as no other name or person ever did.

Oh! when shall I go there?

I should be so vexed if it were thought that I write *Oh!* and *Ah!* through affectation. I don't know why I should think that I am not believed, but I feel so; and therefore I make too many protestations which isn't pleasant, besides being stupid.

You see, I want to alter my style, and write quite simply, and am afraid that upon comparison with my past extravagances no one will understand what I want to say.

Listen! Since I left Naples—that is to say, since my Russian journey—I have already tried to correct myself, and I think that I have somewhat improved.

I want to relate things quite naturally; and if I add some figures of speech, do not think that it is for the sake of ornament. Oh no; it is simply to express, as perfectly as possible, the confusion of my ideas.

I am quite exasperated at not being able to write what will make others weep. I should so much like to make others feel what I feel! I weep, and I say that *I weep*. This is not what I want to do; I want to tell it all . . . in short, move others to tears.

This will come, but not of itself; however, it's useless to seek for it.

Thursday, July 26th.—I have been drawing the whole day long; playing the mandoline to rest my eyes; and then again drawing, and then playing the piano. There's nothing in the world like art, in whatever stage—at its commencement, as well as at its highest development.

Everything is forgotten in thinking of what we produce: we look at these outlines and shadows with respect and tenderness; we create, and feel ourselves almost great.

I am afraid of injuring my sight, and have not read in the evening for three days; just lately I have begun to see everything confusedly at the distance of the pavement from the carriage, which is certainly not very far.

This disturbs me. If, after losing my voice, I am to be compelled to give up drawing and reading, in that case I shall not complain; for that would be as much as to say that no one was to blame for all my other vexations, and that such is the will of God.

Monday, July 30th.—It is said that many *young girls* write down their impressions; and that stupid *Vie Parisienne* says it in a tolerably contemptuous manner. I sincerely hope that I am not a neutral, envious, ignorant creature of this kind, inhaling mystery and depravity at every pore.

Fauvel is stopping my travels at Enghien, and is perhaps going to send me to Germany, which will again set everything topsy-turvy. Walitzky is a clever man, and under-

stands every kind of ailment; I had hoped that he was making a mistake in recommending Soden, but now Fauvel agrees with him.

Wednesday, August 1st.—"Two feelings are common to proud and affectionate natures—extreme susceptibility to the opinion of others, and extreme grief when that opinion is unjust."

What adorable creature has written that? I do not remember; but I have already quoted that line just a year ago, and I beg you to remember it sometimes when thinking of me.

Sunday, August 5th.—When in want of bread, one certainly dares not speak of sweetmeats. Thus, at the present moment, I am ashamed to speak of my artistic hopes; I no longer dare to say that, in order to work better, I want such and such arrangements—that I want to be in Italy to study. It is very trying to me to say all this.

Even if *all* my desires were granted, I don't think that I could any longer be satisfied, as I would have been formerly.

Nothing restores lost confidence; and this, like everything irrevocable, makes me thoroughly wretched.

I am disappointed and melancholy; I take no notice of anything or anybody. My face is careworn; and this disfigures me by taking away that confiding look which I used to have. I can no longer talk; my friends first look at me with astonishment, and then take their departure; then I try to be amusing, and end by being extraordinarily extravagant, impertinent, and stupid.

Monday, August 6th.—You think that I am not distressed on account of Russia! Who is so wretched or so contemptible as to forget his country when it is in danger? . . . Do you think that this fable of the race between the hare and the tortoise, applied to Russia and Turkey, does not pain me? Because I talk of pigeons and American ladies, am I therefore not distressed—seriously distressed—on account of our war?

Do you think that the hundred thousand slaughtered Russians would have lost their lives if my vows could have saved, my anxieties could have defended, them?

Tuesday, August 7th.—I have been to stupefy myself at the Bon Marché, which pleases me, as everything which is well arranged does. We have had a supper party, and a merry one. I, too, have laughed; but . . . what matter! . . . I am desperately sad.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE!! Oh! terrible, despairing, horrible, and frightful word!!! To die! My God, to die!!! To die!!!! Without leaving anything behind me? To die like a dog! just as a hundred thousand women have died, whose names are barely inscribed on their tombstones. To die like . . .

Fool, fool, that I am, not to see what God wills! God wills that I should renounce everything, and give myself up entirely to art. In five years I shall still be quite young—perhaps beautiful, after my style of beauty. . . . But if I should become only an artistic mediocrity, as so many are!

As far as the world goes it would be all very well; but to give up one's life to it, and not succeed. . . .

At Paris, as everywhere else, there is a Russian colony. It is not these paltry considerations that provoke me; but because, paltry as they are, they fill me with despair, and prevent me from thinking of my greatness.

What is life without congenial society? What can one do left entirely to oneself? This it is that makes me detest the whole world, my family—even to myself—and makes me utter blasphemies. To live, to live! . . . . Holy Mary, Mother of God, O Lord Jesus Christ, O my God, come and help me!

But to devote oneself to art, one should go to Italy. Yes, to Rome. Oh! this granite wall against which I am dashing my forehead every instant! . . .

I will stay where I am.

Sunday, August 12th.—I have sketched the portrait of Antoinette, the chambermaid of the establishment. She has a charming face and blue eyes, large and brilliant, and of exquisite naïveté and sweetness. That's where it is; the sketch is always successful, but it is impossible to finish without having studied.

Friday, August 17th.—I am certain that I cannot live away from Rome. In fact, I am simply perishing—or, at all events, I have no wish for anything. I would give two years of my life to have not yet been in Rome.

Unfortunately, we only learn how to do things when there is no longer anything to be done.

Painting maddens me, because there is the material for marvellous productions in me, and yet, as regards studies, I am worse off than the first little street-girl who shows traces of talent and is sent to school. However, I hope that posterity, in its rage at having lost what I might have created, will at all events behead all my family.

You think that I am still anxious TO GO INTO SOCIETY! No, I am so no longer. I am soured and disgusted; and I am turning artist, just as malcontents become republicans.

I think I am slandering myself.

Saturday, August 18th.—When I was reading Homer I used to compare my aunt in her anger to Hecuba at the burning of Troy. Dull as one may be, and ashamed to acknowledge one's admiration for the classics, nevertheless it seems to me that no one can escape that adoration of the ancients. We may well be unwilling to go on always saying the same thing; we may well be afraid of seeming to transcribe what we have read in *professional* admirers, or of repeating our professor's words—especially at Paris we don't dare to speak of these things, we really don't dare.

And yet there is no modern drama, no novel, no sensational comedy, even by Dumas or George Sand, of which I have so vivid a recollection, or which has made such a deep and natural impression upon me, as the description of the capture of Troy.

I seem to have assisted at those horrors, to have heard those cries and seen the fire, to have been with Priam's family, and with those miserable creatures who were hiding behind the altars of their gods, where the sinister gleams of the fire which was devouring their city would soon find them out and deliver them up. . . .

And who can help feeling a slight shudder when reading about the appearance of Creusa's ghost?

But when I think of Hector, who after coming to the foot of the ramparts with such excellent intentions, flies before Achilles, and runs thrice round the town pursued by his enemy . . . . I laugh. . . .

And as for the hero who, having passed a thong in or about his dead enemy's feet, drags him three times round these same ramparts, he makes me think of an odious urchin riding a-cock-horse on a stick with a huge wooden sabre by his side. . . .

I don't know . . . . but it seems to me that I shall not be able to satisfy my world-wide day-dreams except at Rome. . . .

There you feel, as it were, at the top of the civilised world.

I have thrown aside the *Journal d'un Diplomate en Italie;* this French elegance, this extreme civility, this commonplace admiration, make me angry where Rome is concerned.

A Frenchman always seems to me to be dissecting things with a long instrument held delicately between his fingers and a magnifying glass in his eye.

Rome should be, as a city, what I imagined myself to be as a woman; every word used previously and for others is a profanation when applied to . . . . *us.*

Sunday, August 19th.—I have just finished reading *Ariadne* by Ouida. This book has saddened me, and yet I almost envy the fate of Gioja.

Gioja has been brought up on Homer and Virgil; after her father's death she comes on foot to Rome. There a terrible disillusion awaits her. She expected to find the Rome of Augustus.

For two years she studies in the studio of Marix, the most celebrated sculptor of the period, who, unknown to himself, falls in love with her. She, however, lives for art alone, until the appearance of Hilarion, a poet who makes the whole world shed tears over his poems, and who ridicules everything; he is a millionaire, beautiful as a god, and adored everywhere. While Marix worships her in secret, Hilarion gains her love from sheer caprice.

The end of the novel was saddening, and yet I would accept Gioja's fate without a moment's hesitation. To begin with, she adored Rome; and, further, she loved with her whole soul. And if she was abandoned, it was by *him;* if she suffered, it was through him. And I do not see how one can be made wretched by anything that comes from him one loves . . . . as she loved, and as I shall be able to love, if I ever do love. . . .

She never knew that he had only taken her out of caprice.

"He loved me," she said, "it is I who have failed to retain him."

She had fame; her name was repeated with wonder and awe.

She never ceased to love him; as far as she is concerned, he has never descended to the level of other men; she always believed him perfect, almost immortal. She would not die *then*, "because he was still living." "How can one kill oneself when he whom one loves is not dying?" she asked.

And she died in his arms, and while hearing him say, "I love you!"

But to love like this one must find Hilarion. The man you will love in this way must not be of obscure parentage. Hilarion was the son of an Austrian noble and a Greek princess. The man that you love in this way ought never to want money, ought to succeed in everything, and fear nothing in the whole world.

When Gioja used to kneel down and kiss his feet, I love to think that his nails were pink, and that he didn't suffer from corns.

There's the rub; terrible reality! Lastly, this man must never meet with any obstacles at the entrance to a palace, or to a court circle; nor have anything to prevent him from purchasing a piece of sculpture if he wants it, or be vexed at not being able to do anything whatsoever, even the silliest thing. He must be above the slights, difficulties, and vexations of other people. He may be cowardly in love only—but cowardly after Hilarion's fashion, who smiled as he broke a woman's heart, and wept when he saw that she stood in need of something.

And, besides, it is very easy to understand. *How does one break hearts?* Either by not loving at all, or loving no longer. But is it voluntary? Has one any power in the matter? No! Well, then, there is no ground for any of those reproaches which are so absurd and yet so commonly made. We blame without taking the trouble to understand.

Such a man, when travelling, should always find a palace to rest in when he wishes to stop; a yacht to convey him wherever his caprice takes him; jewels to adorn a woman; servants, horses, even flute-players, *que diable!*

But this is a romance! Just so; but then this love is also an invention. You will tell me that men get loved who earn £50 a year, or whose income is £1,000, who have to be economical about gloves, and to count the number of invitations they can afford to send; but that isn't the same thing at all, not at all!

Or again; we begin to feel an inclination, we love, we despair, we kill ourselves with charcoal, or our rival, or the

traitor himself; or we become resigned to it all. But that's not it at all—not at all! Oh! not by any means!

Susceptible as I am, the slightest thing vexes me.

"Marix and Crispin had sworn to kill him, but she could not understand the wish for revenge.

"'Revenge for what?' she said; 'there's nothing to be revenged for. I have been happy; he has loved me.'

"And when Marix threw himself at her feet, and swore to be her friend and avenger, she turned away from him with horror and disgust.

"'To be my friend!' she said, 'and yet wish to injure him!'"

I can quite understand that one may hate, even to the death, a man *one has loved*, but not him one *loves*.

I shall never love *like that*, if I find only what I have already seen. I should be too much disgraced through *him*.

Just think of it! to live on the second floor with his relatives; and I bet (according to what we heard from Visconti) that his mother only gives him clean sheets twice a month.

But let me rather refer you to Balzac for these microscopic analyses, for my weak attempts and wretched efforts fail to convey what I mean.

Thursday, August 23rd.—I am at Schlangenbad. How did I get here, and why? This is the reason—it is because I am vexed, though I don't know why, at being separated from the rest; and since we must suffer, it is better to suffer together.

They live in a sort of boarding-house at Schlangenbad; but as I have more than enough of the baroness's boarding-house, I state that I prefer rooms at the Badehaus, which is the best thing to be got here.

My aunt and I take two rooms at the Badehaus for my baths, which is a convenient arrangement.

Fauvel has prescribed rest. Well, I get it here. Still, I do not think that I am cured yet, and in unpleasant things I am never mistaken.

I shall soon be eighteen years old. It is little to persons of thirty-five, but it is a good deal to me, who in a few months of life as a young lady have had but little pleasure and plenty of annoyances.

Art! If I had not these three magic letters in the distance, I should be dead.

But for Art one needs nobody; we depend solely on ourselves. And if we succumb, it shows that we are of no account, and should not live any longer. Art! I picture it to myself as a great light yonder, very far off; and, forgetting everything else, I will walk with my eyes fixed on that light . . . . *Now*, O God, do not terrify me! something horrible tells me that . . . Ah! no; I will not write it down. I do not want to distress myself! . . . an effort must be made; and if . . . There will be nothing to tell . . . and . . . God's will be done!

I was at Schlangenbad two years ago. What a difference there is! Then I had every hope; now I have none. Uncle Étienne is with us now, as he was then, and his parrot too—exactly the same as two years ago. The same journey along the Rhine, the same vines, the same ruins, castles, and old towers with legends to them.... . .

And here, at Schlangenbad, there are charming balconies, like nests of verdure; but neither the ruins nor the pretty little modern houses delight me. I recognise merit charm, and beauty, wherever it is to be found; but I can love nothing save the *South*.

And what in the world can be compared with it? I don't know how to express it, but poets have asserted it, and scholars have proved it, before my time.

Thanks to the habit of carrying "a heap of useless things" with me, I can make myself fairly at home anywhere in an hour's time with my travelling-case, writing paper, and mandoline, a few good big books, my foot-bag, and my portraits. That is all. But with these things any inn chamber can be made comfortable. What I like most are my four big red dictionaries, my large green Livy, a tiny Dante, a middle-sized Lamartine, and my portrait, cabinet size, painted in oils, and framed in dark-blue velvet in a Russia leather case. With these my bureau looks elegant directly, and the two candles casting their light on these warm tints so pleasant to the eye, almost reconcile me to Germany.

Dina is so good . . . so charming! I should so much like, to see her happily settled! . . .

There's an expression! what a wretched farce the life of some persons is!

Monday, August 27th.—I have added a clause to my evening prayer; five words, "Protect our armies, O God!"

I might well say that I am anxious; but where such vast

interests are at stake, what am I that I should have anything to say in the matter? I hate idle compassion. I would only speak about our war if I could be of some service. I content myself by adhering *under any circumstances* to my admiration of our Imperial family, our Grand Dukes, and our poor dear Emperor.

Things are said to go badly with us. I should like to see the Prussians in this parched savage country filled with traitors and pitfalls! The march of those excellent Prussians lay through rich fertile France, where at every step they found towns and fields, where they had plenty to eat, to drink, and to steal. I should like to see them in the Balkans!

We must also take into account that we really fight, whereas they have in general purchased men and then butchered them.

Our gallant soldiers die like trained beasts, say prejudiced people—like heroes, say those who are just.

But all the world agrees in saying that there never yet was seen any fighting like that of the Russians at present. History will tell.

Wednesday, August 29th.—Having been vexed for a considerable time with the point—to me an obscure one—respecting the transition of Italy from Empire to Kingdom, and on to its final dismemberment, I took one of Amédée Thierry's books, and went with it into the wood, where I read, searched out, and learnt what I wished to know, wandering about the while, not knowing what direction I was taking, and vainly imagining encounters like that which I described last year.

The Russians go from bad to worse. We were reading the news of the war; the Shipka Pass is still in the hands of the Russians; to-morrow we shall know the result of the decisive action. I therefore made a vow not to say a word until to-morrow, in order that our side may be victorious.

I am eighteen years of age; it is absurd! My unused talents, my hopes, my whims, and my caprices, are becoming ridiculous at eighteen. Fancy beginning to learn painting at eighteen, when one has claimed to do everything earlier and even better than others!

There are some who deceive others, but I have deceived myself.

Thursday, August 30th.—I did not speak, and this evening at Wiesbaden we heard that the Russians hold Shipka, that the Turks are beaten (at least, for the present), and that we have received great reinforcements.

Saturday, September 1st.—I am very much alone, thinking and reading without any one to direct me. It is perhaps good for me, and perhaps not.

Who will guarantee that I am not crammed with sophisms and erroneous notions? This must be decided after my death.

Forgiveness, forgive! There's a substantive and a verb, much used in this world. Christianity bids us forgive.

What is forgiveness?

It is a renouncing of vengeance or punishment. But when we neither intended to take vengeance, nor to punish, can we forgive? Yes, and No.

Yes, because we say it to ourselves and to others, and we act as if the offence had never existed.

No, because we are not masters of our memories; and so long as we *remember*, we have not *forgiven*.

I have spent the whole day in the house opposite with my family, where I mended with my own fingers a Russia leather slipper for Dina; then I washed a large wooden table, like any housemaid, and set to work on it at making Varéniki (pastry made with flour, water, and new cheese). My people were amused to see me kneading moistened flour, with my sleeves tucked up, and a black velvet cap on my head "like Faust."

And then I put on a Robespierre coat of the colour of white india-rubber, and went with Dina to astonish the Tyrolese woman who sells a heap of odds and ends by asking her for the *caput mortuum* of M——. She did not understand, so after purchasing a bear from her we took our departure.

Sunday, September 2nd.—How can people who are free and unconstrained go and spend a day at Wiesbaden?

We are going there, however, to see the most ridiculous people in the world celebrate the defeat of the most elegant.

I was sleepy, and took black coffee at intervals.

Thursday, September 6th.—To remain at Paris. That is what I, and my mother too, have definitely fixed. I have

spent the whole day with her. We did not quarrel with one another, and everything would have gone nicely if she had not been ill, especially in the evening. She has hardly left her bed since yesterday.

I have decided to remain at Paris, where I will study, and from there I will go in the summer for recreation to the watering-places. All my fancies are over; Russia has failed me, and I have been thoroughly chastised. And I feel that the moment has at last come for me to stop. With my capabilities, I can make up for lost time in two years.

So be it, then, in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and may divine protection be with me! This is no passing decision, like so many others, but a final one.

Sunday, September 9th.—I cried to-day. The beginning of my spoiled life is painful to me. God forbid that I should try and pass for a misunderstood divinity; but I am unhappy! Many a time have I wished to believe that I was "condemned by fate," and each time I have rebelled against that horrible thought. . . .

Nunquam anathematis vinculis exuenda!

There are people who succeed in everything, while with others everything goes wrong. And against this truth there is nothing to be said; that is just the dreadful part of it.

For the last three years I could have worked seriously; but at thirteen I was running after the shadow of the Duke of H——. A sad thing to acknowledge. I don't blame myself, because I did not consciously waste my time; I regret it, but I do not reproach myself altogether. Circumstances, combined with my own free-will, continually hampered though it was by my ignorance; my enthusiasm, which I mistook for the scepticism acquired by a forty years' experience; by all these I was tossed hither and thither, Heaven knows how.

Others, in similar circumstances, might have found substantial help, which would have allowed them to work in Rome or elsewhere; or would have made a good marriage. But for me, nothing came of it.

I do not regret having lived in my own way; it would be strange if I did, knowing as I do that advice is of no use to me. I believe only in what I feel.

Monday, September 10th.—We leave to-morrow morning. I like Schlangenbad. The trees are splendid, and the air

is balmy. You can be alone if you like. I know all the paths, and all the alleys. You might be happy if you could be satisfied with Schlangenbad.

My mothers do not understand me. In my desire to go to Rome, they see only walks on the Pincio, the opera, and "painting lessons"; and if I were to spend my whole life in explaining my enthusiasm to them, they would perhaps understand it; but as a useless thing, as one of my fancies . . . the petty troubles of everyday life have absorbed them . . . and then people say that the love of those things must be inborn, otherwise one can never understand, however intellectual, cultured, and excellent one may otherwise be. But is it not rather I who am silly?

I should like to be a fatalist.

Paris, Wednesday, September 19th.—I have been reading about my affair with A——, and I am very much afraid people might take me for an idiot, or for a person of rather light behaviour. Light? No! I come from an honourable family . . . What am I saying?

I was only silly. Do not think I am calling myself silly out of playfulness or coquetry; I say it with the deepest sadness, for I am convinced of my folly.

And was it I who wished to conquer the world? . . . . At seventeen I am tired of everything—Heaven knows what I am. I only know that I am silly, and A—— is the proof of it.

And yet, when I speak, I am witty—never at the right moment, it is true; but yet . . .

Thursday, September 20th—Friday, 21st.—I am profoundly disgusted with myself. I hate everything I have done, written, and said. I detest myself, because I have fulfilled none of my hopes. I have deceived myself; I am stupid; I have no tact—and have never had any. Show me one really clever thing I have said—one wise thing I have done. Nothing but folly! I thought I was witty; I am absurd. I thought myself brave; and I am timid. I thought I had talent; and I don't know what I have done with it. And, with all that, the pretension of being able to write charmingly. Ah! my Emperor! you may possibly take all I have been saying for wit; it looks like it, but it isn't. I am clever enough to judge myself truly which makes me seem modest; and I know not what besides. I hate myself.

Saturday, September 22nd.—I don't know how it is, but I think I should like to stay in Paris. I believe a year in Julian's studio would be good as a beginning.

Tuesday, October 2nd.—To-day we move to 71, Avenue des Champs-Elysées. In spite of all the bustle, I have found time to go to Julian's studio—the only good one for women. They work there every day from eight till twelve, and from one till five. A man was posing nude when M. Julian took me into the studio.

Wednesday, October 3rd.—Wednesday being a lucky day for me, and to-day not being a 4th, which is unlucky for me, I did my best to begin as many things as possible.

I sketched a three-quarter view of a head in charcoal at Julian's in ten minutes, and he told me that he had not expected anything so good from a beginner. I left early, as I only wanted to make a start to-day. We went to the Bois; I gathered five oak-leaves and went to Doucet, who made me a delicious little blue chaplet in half an hour. But what do I really want? . . . . To be a millionaire? To recover my voice? To get the *Prix de Rome* under a man's name? To marry Napoleon IV.? To get into the best society?

I want my voice to come back at once.

Thursday, October 4th.—The day passes quickly when you are drawing from eight till twelve, and from one till five. Going backwards and forwards takes up nearly an hour and a half, and then I was a little late, so that I had only six hours' work.

When I think of the years and years I have lost, I feel tempted in my anger to wish it all at the devil. . . . But that would be worse still. Come, miserable wretch, be glad to have begun at last! And to think I might have done so at thirteen! Four years!

I should have painted historical pictures by now if I had begun four years ago. All that I have learned only hinders me. I must begin over again.

I have been obliged to begin the front view of the head twice over before it turned out to my satisfaction. As for the study from the nude, it came of itself, and M. Julian did not correct a single line. He was not there when I arrived; it was

a pupil who told me how to begin; I had never seen a study from the nude before.

All I have done till now has been but a sorry jest!

At last I am working with artists, real artists, who have exhibited at the Salon, and who sell their pictures and portraits—who even give lessons.

Julian is pleased with the way I have begun. "By the end of the winter you will be able to paint some very good portraits," he said to me.

He says that sometimes his female students are as clever as the young men. I should have worked with the latter, but they smoke—and, besides, there is no advantage. There was when the women had only the draped model; but since they make studies from the nude, it is just the same.

The maid at the studio *is* like those they describe in novels.

"I have always been with artists," she says, "and I am no longer *bourgeoise*—I am an artist."

I am, oh! so happy!

Friday, October 5th.—"You have done this by yourself?" asked M. Julian, as he entered the studio.

"Yes, Monsieur."

I was as red as if I had been telling a lie.

"Well, I am very, very pleased!"

"Really?"

"Very pleased!"

And wasn't I? Then followed a piece of advice. . . . I am still dazzled by the superiority of the others over me, but I am already less afraid. They are women who have been working three and four years at studios and at the Louvre, and have worked seriously.

Saturday, October 6th.—I have seen no one, as I have been at the studio.

"Don't be afraid," said Julian; "you will get on fast enough."

And when mamma called for me at five o'clock in the evening, he said something of this sort—

"I thought it was the whim of a spoilt child; but I must acknowledge that she really works, that she has determination, and is gifted. If she goes on in the same way, in three months her drawings may get into the Salon."

Every time he corrects my drawing he asks with some distrust if I did it alone.

I should think so indeed. I have never asked for advice of any of the pupils, except how to commence the study of the nude.

I am getting rather used to their ways—their artistic ways.

In the studio all distinctions disappear; you have neither name nor family; you are no longer the daughter of your mother; you are yourself; you are an individual with art before you—art and nothing else. One feels so happy, so free, so proud!

At last I am what I wished to be for so long. I wanted it so long that I cannot quite realise it.

By-the-bye, do you know whom I met at the Champs-Élysées?

Why, the Duke of H——, alone in a cab. The handsome, rather stout, young man, with copper-coloured auburn hair and a small moustache, has developed into a rubicund Englishman, with small carroty whiskers reaching from the ear to the middle of the cheek.

Four years, however, change a man. Half an hour afterwards I thought no more about him. *Sic transit gloria ducis!*

How awfully excited I was!

Monday, October 8th.—A new model for the heads—that is to say, in the morning (a sort of music-hall singer who sang during the rests)—and in the afternoon a young girl for the nude.

They say she is only seventeen; but I can assure you her figure has been rather spoilt. They say these creatures lead a dreadful life.

The pose being difficult I find it hard. What makes men ashamed of being naked is that they are afraid of their defects. If one felt sure of not having a spot on the skin, or a muscle ill made, or a deformed foot, one would go about without clothes, and one would not be ashamed. People don't realise the truth of this, but it is this and nothing else which makes people ashamed. Who can resist the temptation of showing something that is really beautiful, and of which one may be proud. Who, from King Candaules onwards, has ever kept for himself any treasure or any beauty without boasting of it? But as easily as one is satisfied with one's face, so fastidious is one instinctively for the body.

The sense of shame only disappears before perfection—beauty being all-powerful. And when you say anything else but "How beautiful!" it is that the thing isn't really beautiful, and there is room for blame and for any kind of opinion. That wretch of a model had straight and pretty if somewhat fat fingers, and a rather shapeless though regular and not over-big foot.

I said just now that perfect beauty keeps all other ideas away, and it is the same with anything else which is perfect. The music which lets you notice the defects in the stage appointments is itself faulty. An act of heroism which at the time allows of any other feeling but admiration, is not as heroic as you could have imagined.

The thing you see or hear may be great enough in itself to fill your soul, and then alone is it all-powerful.

If, on seeing a woman naked, you feel that it is wrong, this woman is not the highest expression of beauty, since there is room in your mind for an idea other than that which should pass to your brain through your eyes. You forget the beautiful, to think of the nude. The beauty, therefore, was not perfect enough to occupy all your thoughts. And then those who display themselves are ashamed, and the onlookers are shocked.

One is ashamed because one knows that others disapprove; but if they did not disapprove, it would be the right thing, and so one would not be ashamed. To sum up, perfection and absolute beauty annul blame—or, rather, prevent its occurrence—and suppress shame.

Tuesday, October 9th.—I have drawn my singer from quite near and foreshortened. I have the worst place in the studio this week, having come late on Monday.

"It really isn't bad," Julian said. "I may say I am even surprised at your doing it so well. It's the most difficult pose of all, and how could you do it from so near? Come, I see that you will get on famously."

This is our way of living:—My people drive out and go to the theatre, while I mean to draw till the Naples carnival if I don't change my mind, and if nothing new happens.

Wednesday, October 10th.—Don't suppose I am doing wonders because M. Julian is surprised. He is surprised because he expected to find the whims of a rich young girl and a beginner. I need experience, but my work is

correct and like the model. As for the execution, it is just what may be expected after a week's work.

All my fellow-students draw better than I do, but none of them can get it as like and true in proportion. What makes me think I shall do better than they, is that, although I see their merit, I should never be content to draw no better than they, whereas generally the beginners are continually saying, "Oh! if only I could draw as well as such or such a one!"

These women of forty have practice, work, and experience; but they will never do more than they are doing at present. As for the young ones, they draw well, and have time before them, but no future.

Perhaps I shall never do anything, but it will be from impatience. I could kill myself for not having begun four years ago, and it seems to me that it is too late.

We shall see.

Thursday, October 11th.—It's all very well to say it's useless to regret the past, but every minute I say to myself, "How good it would be if I had begun working three years ago. By this time I should be a great artist, and I might," &c. &c.

M. Julian told the studio servant that Schaeppi and I were the most promising ones..

You don't know who Schaeppi is. She is the Swiss girl. Goodness, what a dialect! And M. Julian added that I might become a great artist.

I know it from Rosalie.

It is so cold that I caught cold; but I *forgive* that, if I can only draw.

And why draw?

To . . . to get all that I have been crying for since the world began. To get all that I have wanted, and still want. To get on by my talent, or in any way I can, but to get on. If I had *all that*, perhaps I should do nothing.

Friday, October 12th.—"Do you know, Monsieur," I said to Julian, "I am quite disheartened. A lady said to me only yesterday that it was of no use for me to work, as I had no talent."

"The lady said that?"

"Yes, and in earnest too."

"Well, you may tell her that if in three months—three

months are not long—if in three months you can't do her portrait, full face, three-quarters or profile, just as she likes—and not a bad portrait either, I say—like, and not badly done . . . . Well, she will see. I say three months—and if I say it aloud, so that all the students may hear, it is because what I prophesy is nothing wonderful, but quite sure to happen."

Those are his exact words, said with a trace of Marseillais accent, which twenty years spent in Paris have not entirely effaced, and so much the better. I am so fond of a Southern accent.

Saturday, October 13th.—Saturday is the day for M. Tony Robert Fleury to come to the studio, the painter who did the *Last Day of Corinth*, which was bought by the State, and placed in the Luxembourg.

You know, the best artists in Paris come now and then to give *us* their advice.

I began last Wednesday, and he could not come on the Saturday of the same week, so that for me it is his first visit. When he came to my easel and began to pronounce judgment, I interrupted him—

"Excuse me, Monsieur . . . I only began ten days ago."

"Where did you draw before?" he asked, looking at my drawing.

"Nowhere."

"What do you mean by nowhere?"

"Well, I took thirty-two lessons in painting to amuse myself."

"That isn't working."

"I know, Monsieur . . . and . . . "

"You never drew from the life before you came here?"

"Never, Monsieur."

"Impossible!"

"I assure you . . ."

"You have never had advice?"

"Oh yes . . . four years ago I took lessons as a little girl; they made me copy engravings."

"That's nothing at all—that's not what I mean."

And as he still seemed incredulous I had to add—

"I will give you my word of honour, if you like."

"Well, then, you show quite extraordinary promise; you are really gifted, and I advise you to work."

"I have done nothing else for ten days. Will you look at what I did before this head?"

"Very well. I will finish with these young ladies and then come back."

"Well," he said, after having visited three or four easels, "show me, Mademoiselle."

"Here, Monsieur," I said, beginning with the head of Archangelo; and as I was only going to show him two, he said—

"No, no, show me all you have done."

I showed the study of the nude male figure unfinished, for it was only begun last Thursday; the head of the singer seen from below, which he found very characteristic; a foot, a hand, and the nude study of Augustine.

"Did you do that study alone?"

"Yes, and I had not only never drawn, but not even seen, the nude before."

He smiled, and did not believe it at all, so that I had again to give my word of honour, and he again said, "It is marvellous, and gives extraordinary promise for the future. This study of the nude is not at all bad, and that part is even well done. Work away," &c. &c. . . .

Then more friendly advice. The other students having heard all this became jealous, because not any of them had heard anything approaching it concerning themselves, though they had been studying one, two, and three years, and drew from the life with splendid models, and painted at the Louvre. No doubt more is expected of them; but they might have got their meed of praise, too, in another way. . . .

It is true, then, and I . . . I won't say anything; it might bring me ill-luck . . . but I recommend myself to God. I am so afraid! . . .

I got a severe snub for it, though indirectly.

The Spanish girl—a good-natured girl on the whole, and most obliging, quite mad about painting, yet with a very incorrect eye—speaking of some Dutch woman, said that when you first come to a studio you are sure to astonish every one by rapid progress; that this little improvement which is a great deal for those who know nothing is easily acquired; that it is only when you know something that you have most to learn.

Just as if there were not now two or three beginners! And do they improve as much as I do?

Let me resume and finish up with my successes.

"Well, Mademoiselle," exclaimed Julian, crossing his arms in front of me.

I was almost afraid, and asked him, blushing all the while, what was the matter.

"But that is splendid; you work on Saturday till the evening when every one else stops work!"

"Yes, Monsieur; I have nothing else to do, and I must do something."

"It is admirable. You know that M. Robert Fleury was anything but displeased with you?"

"Yes, he told me so."

"Poor Robert Fleury! he is still ailing."

And the master, sitting down in the midst of us, began to chat . . . which he seldom does, so we know how to value such a favour.

After his visit poor Robert Fleury had chatted with our good Julian. Now I wanted to hear something more, expecting only praises of course.

So I went to the master as he came to correct the drawing of an adorable little blonde girl, who was commencing her studies in the extra room.

"Monsieur Julian . . . pray tell me what M. Robert Fleury said of me . . . I know, I know that I know nothing; but he has been able to judge . . . a little, how I am beginning, and if . . ."

"If you but knew what he said of you, Mademoiselle, you would blush a little."

"Never mind, Monsieur, I'll try to listen without too much . . ."

"He told me it was done very intelligently, that . . ."

"He would not believe that I had ever drawn before."

"Oh dear no. And while speaking to me he was still rather incredulous, so that I had to tell him how you had done the head of Archangelo that I made you begin again . . . you remember? It was just like that; like some one who knew nothing at all about it."

"Yes, Monsieur."

And we laughed. It was such fun!

Now that the surprises, astonishments, encouragements, incredulities all these delightful things are over, now begins the work.

Madame D—— dined with us. I was calm, reserved, silent, hardly amiable. I have no thought except for drawing, at present.

Whilst writing this I stopped, thinking of all the

work that it will require, the time, the patience, the difficulties. . . .

It is not as easy to become a great painter as it is to say the words; besides talent and genius, there is also that relentless mechanical labour . . . And I heard a voice say, "You will feel neither the time, nor the difficulties, and you will reach the goal unexpectedly!" And I have a firm belief in this voice, which has never deceived me. It has foretold me enough misfortunes for it not to lie this time. I have faith in it, and I feel that I am right to believe.

I shall get the Prix de Rome!

Monday, 15th October.—These are our models for the week:—

In the morning a girl of eleven for the head, very interesting, with hair the colour of burnished copper.

In the afternoon, a certain Percichini for the nude.

In the evening—for this evening it was the opening of the evening classes, from eight to ten—another man, also for the undraped model.

M. Julian was quite wonder-struck to see me there. In the evening he worked with us. I was very much amused. They joked about politics and such matters.

Events of the day are easily made piquant. But as he would not give his opinion I played the *Marseillaise* for him.

Let me see, how many were we this evening? Myself, the Polish girl, Forchammer, a French girl, Amelia (the Spanish girl), an American girl, and the master.

Dina was present. It is so interesting, the light falls so well on the model, the shadows are so simple.

Tuesday, October 16th.—M. Robert Fleury came in the afternoon and took particular notice of me.

I remained as usual the whole day at the studio from nine till half-past twelve. I cannot yet manage to get there precisely at eight.

At noon I go out, take lunch, and return at twenty minutes past one, stay till five in the evening, and come back from eight to ten, which makes nine hours a day.

That does not tire me at all. If more work could be done, I should do it. There are some people who call this working, I call it play, and I say it without boasting. Nine hours' work a day is so little, and to think that I shall not be

able to do it every day, because it is so far from the Champs-Élysées to the Rue Vivienne; and also because often nobody will accompany me in the evening, because I must return home at half-past ten, and before I get asleep it is midnight, and the next day I lose an hour. Besides, by attending the class regularly from eight to twelve, and from one to five, I shall have eight hours.

In the winter it will be dark at four; well, I must absolutely go in the evening.

We have a coupé always in the morning, and the landau for the rest of the day.

You see I must do in one year the work of three. And as I make rapid progress, these three years rolled up into one, will equal six years, at least, for a person of ordinary intelligence.

I speak like the fools who say, "What another would do in two years, she will do in six months." Nothing can be more untrue.

It is not a question of speed, otherwise one could do anything in time. No doubt, with patience, you can obtain certain results. But what I pledge myself to do at the end of a year or two the Danish girl will never do at all. When I set about rectifying human error, I get confused and irritated, because I have never time to finish my sentence.

In short, if I had begun three years ago, I could be content with six hours a day; but now I want nine, ten, twelve, in fact, as many as I can get. Certainly, even if I had commenced three years ago I should do well to work as much as possible; but what is passed is past. . . . Enough! . . . .

Gordigiani told me he had worked twelve hours a day.

From twenty-four hours take seven for sleep; two to undress, say your prayers, wash your hands at intervals, dress, do your hair and so on, two for eating and breathing-time, makes eleven hours.

It is quite true thirteen hours remain.

Yes, but my coming and going take an hour and a quarter.

Well, yes, I lose nearly three hours.

When I work at home, I won't lose them any more. But then, if there are people to see, and drives and theatres! I shall try to avoid all that, for it only bores me.

Thursday, October 18th.—My study of the nude pleased

Julian so much that he said it was quite "*extraordinary* and *prodigious* for a beginner. Just look, if it is not surprising! There is depth in it, and the tone is not bad, and it is really well-proportioned for a beginner."

All the students stood up, and came to see my drawing; while I stood by, blushing.

Oh dear, how delighted I am!

This evening's study of the nude was so bad that M. Julian advised me to do it again. In trying to do it too well I spoiled it this evening. The day before yesterday it was not bad.

Saturday, October 20th.—Breslau has received many compliments from Robert Fleury; I did not. The nude was pretty good, but the head was not. I think with terror of the time it will take me to learn to draw really well.

It is just fifteen days that I have been working, leaving out, of course, the two Sundays. Fifteen days!

Breslau has been working for two years at the studio, and she is twenty, while I am seventeen; but Breslau had worked a great deal at drawing before she came here.

But as for me—poor me! I have been drawing only a fortnight. . . .

How well that Breslau does draw!

Monday, October 22nd.—The model was ugly, and everyone in the studio refused to draw him. I proposed to go and see the *Prix de Rome*, which were being exhibited at the Beaux-Arts. Half of them walked, and Breslau, Mme. Simonides, Zilhardt, and I, drove there.

The exhibition closed yesterday. We walked about on the quays, looked at the old books and engravings, and talked art. Then in an open *fiacre* we went to the Bois. Can't you see me doing it? I would not say anything, it would have spoilt their pleasure. They were so charming, so well-behaved, and we were just beginning to be at ease with one another.

Indeed, all would have gone well enough if we had not met the landau with all my family, which took to following us.

I made a sign to the coachman not to pass in front of us; they saw me, and I knew it, but did not care to speak to them before my artist friends. I had my cap on my head, and I

looked untidy and uncomfortable. Naturally, my people were furious, and, more than that, hurt with me.

I was dreadfully annoyed—in short, it was a tiresome thing to happen.

Wednesday, October 24th.—For the evening we have a young woman—rather a good figure.

M. Robert Fleury came yesterday evening and said I was wrong to miss the sitting, as I was one of the best workers. In short, M. Julian gave me the message in rather a flattering manner.

It is already very flattering that my absence should even have been noticed by a professor like Robert Fleury.

Yet, when I think I might have been working for four years, at the very least! . . . . and I am always thinking of that.

Saturday, October 27th.—I have received many compliments, as they say at the studio.

M. Robert Fleury expressed to me his satisfaction and astonishment, telling me that I was making *surprising* progress, and that I was really *extraordinarily* gifted.

"Not many could have done so well with so little practice. This drawing is very good, you understand, very good, for you. I advise you to work, Mademoiselle; and if you work, I assure you that you may be able to do something not at all bad."

"Not at all bad," is the stereotyped expression.

I believe he said, "There are many who have already worked at drawing and would not do as well;" but I am not sure enough of it to put down so flattering a sentence.

I had lost Pincio, and the poor animal not knowing what was to become of him, came back to wait for me at the studio, whither he is in the habit of accompanying me. Pincio is a little Roman wolf-dog, white as snow, with straight ears, and eyes and nose as black as ink.

I hate little curly white dogs.

Pincio is not at all curly, and he takes the most extraordinary attitudes, so graceful, so like a goat among the rocks, that I have never yet seen any one who failed to admire him.

He is almost as intelligent as Rosalie is the reverse. Rosalie has gone to her sister's wedding; she went this morning after having accompanied me to the studio.

"But, Rosalie," said mamma to her, "you have left Mademoiselle alone at the studio."

"Oh no, Madame; Pincio was with Mademoiselle."

I assure you she said it quite seriously; but, as I am a little mad, I lost or forgot my guardian.

Sunday, October 28th.—Schaeppi has begun my portrait.

I had never thought such beings existed. It would never come into her head that a person whom she likes, who is sympathetic to her, could wear false hair and use powder.

A man who does not always tell the absolute truth is an impostor, a liar, a horrible wretch; she despises him.

Yesterday, she and Breslau thinking of my uneasiness (I was at lunch), wanted to bring Pincio back to me at once; but the Spanish girl and others began to cry out that they were making themselves my servants because I was rich. I questioned her a great deal about what they thought of me at the studio.

"They would like you very much if you had less talent;" and then, "they do nothing but talk of you when you are not there."

It will always be the same, then; shall I never be able to pass unnoticed, as others do? This is flattering, but unfortunate.

The Spaniard is a girl of twenty-five, who pretends to be twenty-two, and who has a passion for painting, but no talent. At the same time she is amazingly good, and obliging towards every one. You would think she was paid to wait on every one, and to take care of the studio.

She trembles when Robert Fleury or Julian pays attention to one of the students. . . . She is jealous even of me who have hardly commenced, and certainly I do not know as much as she does, though I have unfortunately some talent.

Saturday, November 3rd.—M. Robert Fleury had already corrected every one's work when I arrived. I presented my drawings to him, and then hid myself behind or beneath his stool as usual. Well, I was forced to come out, he said so many nice things to me.

"It no doubt still shows inexperience in the outlines; but it is astonishingly supple and true. That action is indeed very good. At present, of course, you are lacking in experience; but you possess everything that cannot be

acquired. Do you understand? *Everything that cannot be acquired.* That which you do not know can be learnt, and you will learn it.

"Yes, it is wonderful; and if only you will work, you'll do excellent things; I will vouch for that."

"And I too, Monsieur."

It is two o'clock; I am rejoicing in my Sunday. From time to time I interrupt myself in this historic diary, in order to look at an anatomical figure, and some drawings of bare muscles which I bought to-day.

Wednesday, November 7th.—The weather is grey and damp; I live only in the unwholesome air of the studio. The city, the Bois, are death to me.

I don't work enough.

I am young—very young I know; but not for what I wanted to do. I wanted to be famous at the age I am now, and not to need any letters of recommendation. I was foolish and wrong to wish it, since I have done nothing more than *wish* it.

I shall succeed when the most charming of the three periods of youth is past—that period for which I wanted everything. To my thinking there are three periods of youth—from sixteen to twenty, from twenty to twenty-five, and from twenty-five to. . . . to what you will. The other youths which people have invented are nothing but consolations and nonsense.

At thirty maturity commences. After thirty one may be beautiful, young—*younger* even; "but it's no longer the same tobacco," as Alexandre Lautrec says (the son of the one at Wiesbaden).

Thursday, November 8th.—There is only one thing which could tear me away from the studio before it closes, and for the whole afternoon, and that is Versailles. As soon as they received the tickets they sent Chocolat to me, and I went back to change my dress.

On the staircase I met Julian, who was astonished to see me leaving so early. I explained to him, repeating that nothing but Versailles could induce me to leave the studio. He says it is all the more admirable, as I might so easily go and enjoy myself.

"I enjoy myself only here, Monsieur."

"And how right you are! You will see what a pleasure it will be to you in two months."

"You know that I mean to be a real artist, and I don't draw merely for amusement . . ."

"I should hope not! It would be treating an ingot of gold as if it were copper: it would be a sin. I assure you that with the facility you possess, I see it by the surprising things you do, well, you don't need more than a year and a half to develop a real talent."

"Oh!"

"I repeat—a real talent."

"Take care, Monsieur, I shall go away enchanted."

"I speak the truth; you will see for yourself. By the end of this winter you will make really good drawings, then you will still continue drawing; and I give you six months to get used to the colours, and then you will show what you can do."

Heavens! As I drove towards home I laughed and wept for joy, and dreamed of people giving me five thousand francs for a portrait.

It is terrible for ladies to be alone at a station . . . until we are installed in our wretched seats at the tribune. It is raining.

They spoke of nothing but the validations of the elections; but these validations gave rise to some incidents, so that the sitting was interesting.

I must not go often to the Chamber of Deputies, it might draw me away from the studio; you get interested, and you go on and on, every day is a fresh page of the same book. I could become so passionately interested in politics that I should lie awake; but my politics are there, at the Rue Vivienne, that is for me the road to get to the Chamber, after a very different fashion from the present. A year and a half —that's nothing!

So much happiness frightens me.

A year and a half for portraits; but for pictures . . suppose we say two or three years . . . We shall see.

I looked pretty; but towards eight o'clock was very tired, which, however, did not prevent me from going to draw for at least an hour.

Saturday, November 10th.—M. Robert Fleury was unwell and tired, and hardly corrected half of our drawings. No one received any compliments—*nor did I.* I was rather surprised, as Julian thought that what I had done was good. That's true; but within myself I was dissatisfied. I am annoyed.

Afterwards we made some sketches, one of which, a sort of caricature, was a success. Julian made me sign it and put it in his album.

How much more the unpleasant things strike one than the pleasant ones!

For the last month I have heard nothing but encouraging praise, except once, a fortnight ago: this morning, I am found fault with, and I remember nothing but this morning, and it is always like that in everything. A thousand people applaud, one alone hisses, and is heard above the thousand.

The nude studies of the afternoon and evening have not been corrected. Ah! I am not so much to blame! you remember that I did not like the models and that we only began on Tuesday; Monday there was some confusion on account of the models, and besides, I was placed just in front of the man, quite close, and below him; the most difficult pose of all. Never mind; it is a bad sign, my child, when one has to seek for excuses.

Tuesday, November 13th.—The opinion of M. Robert Fleury never agrees with that of M. Julian, so that the latter often refrains from saying what he thinks. The gentlemen down-stairs have Robert Fleury, Boulanger, and some one else besides, whereas we have only Robert Fleury It is not fair.

There is to be a competition. First a competition for places, so that chance may not sometimes give a bad place to the best student, and the reverse to one who would not know how to make use of it. And then a competition which will last a whole week.

There is to be one every two months, I believe, and Breslau advises me very strongly to compete for a place, as it will be useful to me in two months' time, if not now.

While waiting for the carriage which is to come at a quarter to eight this evening, I am studying my figure showing the muscles.

Wednesday, November 14th.—I have been to the neighbourhood of the École de Médicine, to get various books and plaster casts. I went to Vasser's. You know Vasser, who sells all kinds of anatomical models, skeletons, &c. Well, I have some influence there through friends, and they spoke of me to M. Mathias Duval, who is professor of

anatomy at the Beaux-Arts, and to other people and some one is to come and give me lessons.

I am enchanted: the streets were full of students coming out from the schools. These narrow streets! these musical instrument makers, and all that kind of thing! Ah, heavens! how well I understood the magic, if I may call it so, of the Quartier Latin!

I have nothing of the woman about me but the envelope, and that envelope is deucedly feminine. As for the rest, that's quite another affair. It is not I who say this, since it seems to me that all women are like myself.

Speak to me of the Quartier Latin, and welcome. It is there that I feel reconciled to Paris: you could imagine yourself far away in Italy almost . . . although an Italy of a different kind, of course.

The people in society, otherwise known as *bourgeois*, will never understand me. Indeed, it is not to them that I address myself, but to those of our own set.

Unhappy girls, listen!

For instance, my mother is horrified at seeing me in a shop where one sees such things. Oh, such things! "Naked peasants!" Philistine! When I have painted a beautiful picture, they will see only the poetry, the flower, the fruit. They never think of the dunghill.

I see only the end, the goal. And I march straight on towards this goal.

I love to go to the booksellers and other people, who, thanks to my unassuming dress, take me for a Breslau or some one of that class; they look at you in a certain kindly encouraging way, which is quite different from what I am accustomed to.

One morning I went with Rosalie to the studio in a cab. To pay the man I gave him a twenty-franc piece.

"Oh, my poor child, I have no change to give you."

It is such fun!

Thursday, November 15th.—We have had the competition for places, a sketch of a head to be done in an hour.

It will be decided on Saturday; I am not anxious about it, however, for if I am last of all it will be only fair. I have been studying a month, the others at least a year

each, roughly speaking, without counting what they have done elsewhere than in this studio; they have studied in earnest, being artists by profession. It is that rogue of a Breslau whom I fear most. She is admirably gifted, and not bad-looking; I assure you she will make her way. I cannot get it into my head that she has been drawing at Julian's about five hundred days, and I only thirty—that is to say, with Julian alone she has worked more than fifteen times as much as I have. If I am really gifted, in six months I shall be able to do as well as she does. Surprising things may happen, but there are no miracles in things of this sort, and yet a miracle is what I want!

I am discontented at not being the best at the end of one month.

Friday, November 16th.—I have been to see poor Schaeppi at a boarding-house in the Avenue de la Grande Armée. Quite an artistic garret, and so clean that there is a look almost of wealth about it.

Breslau and several other budding artists live there.

Sketches, studies, and a lot of interesting things about the room. This contact with artistic things, this atmosphere alone does me good. . . . .

I can't forgive myself for not knowing as much as Breslau. . . . . The fact is . . . . I have never gone deeply into anything in life, though I know a little of everything; and I am afraid it will be the same in this; and yet, no; from the way I am working, it must turn out well. It does not follow because you have never done a thing that you will never be able to do it. At each beginning I doubt afresh.

Saturday, November 17th.—M. Robert Fleury was not satisfied with the likeness. Now as I catch likenesses well, as a rule, and as you don't lose the qualities you already possess, this doesn't trouble me much. I shall begin again.

The competition was decided. There were eighteen competitors. I am thirteenth; so there are five below me; that's not so bad. The Polish girl *first;* quite unfair!

I was complimented on my studies from the nude.

I bought different kinds of anatomical models and skeletons, and all night I dreamt that they were bringing me subjects to dissect.

What would you have? I am worn out; my hands are

no longer capable of anything but drawing and playing on the harp. And yet it is . . . . absurd that Breslau should draw better than I do.

My sketch was the most forward.

"All this in an hour," cried M. Robert Fleury. "She works like one possessed."

And I must tell you that M. Julian and the others said at the men's studio that I had neither the touch, nor the manner, nor the capabilities of a woman; and that they would like to know if there is any one in my family from whom I have inherited so much talent and vigour, nay even brutality, in drawing, and so much perseverance in my work.

Still, is it not absurd that I cannot yet make a composition?

I do not know how to balance my figures I have tried to draw a scene in the studio. Well, does not compose. It doesn't look like anything. It is true I did it entirely out of my head, from imagination, and I never troubled myself to notice how my people walked. No . . . . it is frightful!

Sunday, November 18th.—In the evening I made a sketch of my washhand-stand—or, rather, of Rosalie standing before it; the sketch holds together, and has a look of reality about it; the arrangement pleases me; when I draw better, I'll do it again—perhaps in oils. A washhand-stand and a lady's-maid have never been done without a Cupid, a flower, a broken vase, a feather-broom, &c. &c., or something of the kind.

Friday, November 23rd.—That creature Breslau has done a composition—*Monday Morning, or the Choice of a Model.* The whole studio is there, and Julian is next to me and Amelia, &c. &c. It is done correctly, the perspective good, the likenesses, everything is there. When you are capable of doing a thing like that, you are certain to become a great artist.

You can guess, can't you? I am jealous. That is a good thing, because it is an incentive.

But I have been drawing these six weeks. Breslau will always be ahead of me, having commenced before I did. Now in two or three months I shall be able to draw as she does—that is to say, really well. I am pleased, besides, to find a rival worthy of me; the others would have sent me to sleep.

Ah! It is terrible, to want to draw like a master after six weeks' work.

Grandpapa is ill, and Dina is at her post, full of devotion and care. She has grown much better-looking, and is so good! If Providence does not send her a little happiness—*supristi!*—I shall give *le bon Dieu* the benefit of my opinion.

Saturday, November 24th.—This evening at the studio there were present only Amelia, I, and Julian, the servant and Rosalie.

M. Julian sent for the competition drawings of the male students, our own, and also the caricatures of the male students, to show us.

We began to look at and judge our drawings, in anticipation of the real decision, which will take place on Tuesday, and will be given by MM. Robert Fleury, Lefebvre, and Boulanger.

There will be a contest between Breslau and a French girl (who has been four years in the studio, always does profiles, has no spark of genius, but draws perfectly), and also another girl. Amelia, the Polish girl, and that stout Jenny send in paintings. When he came to my head, Julian said something of this kind:—

"You may possibly not have a good place because you are in competition with girls who have been three or four years in the studio, and who are really advanced, but your head is certainly one of the best as a likeness. Your work is phenomenal! Show it to any great master you like, and ask him how long it takes to be able to draw like this from Nature; and no one—no one, I tell you—will say less than a year. Of course, however, it is very imperfect."

And he gave me a lesson *by comparing my drawing with that of the French girl.*

"And in your studies from the nude there is a great deal wanting, but there is no evident fault in drawing. If you were to tell any one that after a month or six weeks' work, you made your figures stand and balance like this—drawn from life, too—they would say you were making fun of them."

"And yet, Monsieur, I am not satisfied with myself." And when I said it, I assure you I meant it.

"Not satisfied?"

"No; I still hope to do a little better . . ."

"If you continue like this, you will do wonders. What you do already is, as I have told you, phenomenal."

He never speaks so when many are present; it would cause a revolution.

Yes, no doubt I shall have a bad place. Those brutes do not know how short a time I have been drawing, and, not seeing the model, they will not be able to judge of the likeness.

I needed a little encouragement, because this morning, I assure you, I felt very down-hearted.

Monday, November 26th.—At last I have taken my first lesson in anatomy—from four to half-past, just after my drawing.

M. Cuyer teaches me. He was sent by Mathias Duval, who has promised to show me the *École des Beaux-Arts.* I began with the bones, of course, and one of the drawers of my writing-table is full of vertebræ . . . real ones. It is horrible, when you think that the other two contain scented paper and visiting-cards from Naples, &c.

On returning from the studio, I found M. Cuyer waiting in the twilight of the drawing-room, and on the sofa opposite I found mamma and Marcuard, most pompous of commanders, who had returned for ten days, and who kissed my hand covered with charcoal, and . . . which had been in contact with vertebræ, for I had stolen away from the drawing-room to take my lesson.

Tuesday, November 27th.—M. Julian came up to us, a little disconcerted, after the decision of MM. Robert Fleury, Boulanger, and Lefebvre. I give you his speech as nearly as I can:—

"Ladies, the examiners have only given places to six heads after the one which gained the medal, awarded, as you already know, to Mlle. Delsarte (the French girl). The others have been simply classified for places at the next competition; the three last are to draw lots." In order, no doubt, to spare the feelings of the ladies.

A voice said to me that I should be one of those to draw lots; it would have been quite natural, and yet I felt vexed.

After the little speech, which made a considerable impression on every one, he continued—

"I cannot tell to whom these heads belong. Will one of

you ladies kindly write the names as I go on? Who is the first?"

"Mlle. Wick."

"Second?"

"Mlle. Bang."

"Third?"

"Mlle. Breslau."

"Fourth?"

"Mlle. Nordtlander."

"Fifth?"

"Mlle. Forchammer."

"Sixth?"

"Why, it's Mlle. Marie!" exclaimed the Polish girl.

"I, Monsieur,?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

"But it's absurd!"

I am among the first six; Amelia, Zilhardt, and the Polish girl come after me. I was the last to come to the studio, seeing that I have been there only since the 3rd of October. *Sapristi!*

They all came up to congratulate me. Mlle. Delsarte said all sorts of flattering things, and her sister Marie called us the two heroines of the competition.

"What you have done after so short a time is better than a medal at the end of four years' study."

A success, and what a charming one!

Friday, November 30th.—At last I took my mandoline to the studio, and every one was delighted with the charming instrument—the more so as to those who have never heard it before I seem to play well. In the evening, during the interval of rest, I was playing, and Amelia accompanying me on the piano, when in came the master, who stopped to listen.

If only you could have seen how delighted he was!

"And I, who always thought of the mandoline as a sort of guitar, on which people scraped—I had no idea it could sing; indeed, I could not have imagined such sweet sounds could be drawn from it; and how graceful it looks! Ah! I shall never speak against it any more. You would hardly believe what a delighful moment I spent. Ah! it is beautiful. You may laugh if you like, but I assure you it . . . scrapes something in the heart. 'Tis strange!"

Ah! poor wretch, you feel it then!

This same mandoline met with no success at all one

evening when I played it at home, before a party of grand people, ladies and gentlemen; and yet they were just the persons who should pay compliments, whether they are pleased or not.

The brilliant lights, the white shirt-fronts, and powder, sufficed to destroy the charm. Whereas the enclosed space of the studio, the quietude of the evening, the dark staircase, the fatigue—everything tends to make you impressionable to whatever there is in this world that is sweet, or.... strange, or pleasant, or charming.

Mine is a terrible profession. Eight hours' work a day, besides the going to and fro, and, above all, the work which needs so much conscientiousness and intellectual effort. There is nothing so silly as to draw without thinking of what one is doing, without comparing, remembering, and studying; but to draw in that way would not be tiring at all.

When the days grow longer, I shall work still more, so that I may be ready when I go back to Italy.

I *will* succeed.

Wednesday, December 5th.—It has been dark all day, so that we could not draw, and I went to the Louvre with a Finnish girl; and as she looked like an English governess, I walked there, delighted with the *chic* of my sealskin cap, and mantle reaching to the ground.

It is really instructive to look at beautiful things with some one who knows about them.

Saturday, December 8th.—I went to the theatre; it was very funny, people laughed all the time; lost time that I regret.

I worked badly this week.

There would be many goings-on in the studio to tell about, but I take my studio work seriously, and I do not trouble myself about anything else; it would be beneath me. I regret that evening. I was not seen, and I did no work. It is true I laughed; but this inward satisfaction is of no use to me; therefore it is disagreeable, since it gave me no pleasure.

Sunday, December 9th.—Dr. Charcot has just left; I was present at the consultation, and heard afterwards what the doctors said to each other, because I am the only person who keeps calm and collected, and I am looked upon as a third

physician. At all events, they do not expect any catastrophe for the present.

Poor grandpapa! I should have been so grieved if he had died just now, because we have often quarrelled; but as his illness will be of some duration, I have time to atone for my hastiness. I remained in his room when he was at the worst. . . . To tell the truth, my appearance at the bedside of a sick person is always a sign of its being a serious case, for I hate assiduous attentions that are not needed, and I never show anxiety unless I allow myself to do so. You see that I never miss any opportunity of praising myself.

I saw the new moon with my left eye; that disturbs me.

Pray don't fancy that I was rough with grandpapa; I only treated him as an equal. But as he is ill—very ill—I regret it, and wish I had endured everything without saying a word.

We never leave him, for as soon as any one goes away, he asks for him to come back. George is with him. Dina is always at his bedside; that goes without saying. Mamma is ill with anxiety. Walitzky—dear Walitzky!—runs hither and thither, attending on the patient, grumbling and consoling at the same time.

I said that I should wish to bear everything without saying a word; I seem like an unhappy ill-treated creature; there was nothing to endure, but I was irritated and irritable, and grandpapa being just in the same mood, I lost my patience and answered rather sharply, and sometimes I was wrong. I don't want to pose as an angel disguised under a cloak of wickedness.

Tuesday, December 11th.—Grandpapa has lost the power of speech. . . . It is terrible to see this man—who so recently was still strong, energetic, and young—to see him look like this . . . . almost a corpse. . . .

I continue to draw from the bones. I am more than ever with Breslau, Schaeppi, &c.; the Swiss set, in fact.

Wednesday, December 12th.—At one o'clock the priest and the deacon came and administered extreme unction to grandpapa. Mamma was crying, and praying aloud; afterwards . . . . I went to lunch. Such are the animal needs which do and must exist in every one of us.

Saturday, December 15th.—As was expected, Breslau had

an immense success. She draws so well. As for me, they found some very good points in my head, and some not at all bad ones in my study from the nude. I am . . . . I don't know what. Breslau has been drawing these three years, and I only two months. Never mind; it is shameful. Oh! if I had commenced three years ago—only three years; it is not so very much—I should be known by now.

There is a comedy going on in the studio. A subscription had been organised to offer M. Robert Fleury and M. Julian a photograph of all the pupils of the studio. Just at this time the Spanish girl, forgetting herself through her over-anxiety to be the head of the studio, was rude to Breslau, who answered sharply, and the students divided into two camps.

The Swiss girls, five in number, one for all, all for one! They no longer speak to the Spanish girl. The descendants of William Tell refused to subscribe, and got quite angry. I called them together in the ante-room, and made a speech to show them the folly of their conduct in acting thus. They were offering an affront to the master, at the same time that they delighted the Spanish girl by making her seem of so much importance.

So they re-considered their decision. Then, in order the better to prove to the Spanish girl that I absolutely refused to recognise her as my superior, I offered to break open the money-box this morning at nine o'clock. The terrible Spanish girl had not yet arrived. They seconded the proposal, and proceeded to execute it, and I counted out a hundred and seven francs and one sou. Upon which I went to announce the result in the room of casts.

"Is Mlle. A—— there?" I was asked by a kind of apple-woman, who has her daughter taught drawing.

"No, Madame."

"How strange! I thought it was she who had . . . ."

"All the pupils contributed, Madame; therefore all the pupils wished to know the result, and it was in their presence that the money-box was opened. Good morning, Madame."

The Spanish girl came. She said nothing, but I can boast of having another enemy. I can also boast that I don't care a fig about it.

Saturday, December 22nd.—Robert Fleury said to me: "You must never be satisfied with yourself."

So did Julian. Now, as I never have been satisfied with myself, I began to ponder on what they had said. And after Robert Fleury had been saying many kind things to me, I replied that he was quite right to do so, for I was thoroughly dissatisfied with myself, discouraged, and in despair, which made him open his eyes with surprise.

And in truth I was discouraged. The moment my work does not strike people with astonishment I get discouraged. It is very unfortunate.

As a matter of fact, I have made unheard-of progress; I am constantly told that I show "extraordinary promise," that I get the likeness, that the "*ensemble* is good," and "in drawing." "What more do you want, Mademoiselle?" "Be reasonable," he said, in conclusion.

He stood a very long time before my easel.

"When one draws like this," he said, pointing first to the head, and then to the shoulders, "one has no business to draw shoulders like that."

The Swiss girls and I, all in disguise, went to Bonnat, to ask him to take us into his studio for male students. Of course, he explained to us that these fifty young men being under no supervision it was absolutely impossible. Then we went to Munkácsy (I don't know if I spell his name correctly), a Hungarian painter, who has a splendid house, and great talent.

He knows the Swiss girls, who had a letter of recommendation to him a twelvemonth ago.

Saturday, December 29th.—M. Robert Fleury was much pleased with me. He stood at least half an hour before a pair of feet that I had done lifesize, and asked me again if I had never before painted, and if I meant to take up painting seriously. How long should I be able to remain in Paris?

He wished to see my first attempts in oils, asking me how I had succeeded. I answered that I had painted only for amusement. As he remained a long time by me, every one came behind him to listen; and in the midst of what I may call general stupefaction, he declared that I might paint if I were so inclined.

To that I replied that I was not dying to begin, and that I preferred to perfect myself in drawing.

Sunday, December 30th, and Monday, December 31st.—I feel dull; we are not keeping up the holidays, and that makes

me feel dull. I went to see the Christmas-tree at the house of the Swiss girls; it was bright and pleasant, but I was sleepy, having worked till ten at night. We had our fortunes told. Breslau will win prizes, I am to get the *Prix de Rome*, and the others will fail.

It is strange, all the same.

CHAPTER VI.

PARIS: ARTISTIC LIFE—1878.

Friday, January 4th.—How strange that the old self should sleep so profoundly! Hardly anything of it remains; now and then a reminiscence which awakens past bitterness, but then immediately I think of . . . . what? Of Art? It makes me laugh.

Is this the last stage of the creature? I have sought so long and so cruelly for this end or means of existing without cursing myself, or cursing the rest of creation all day long that I can hardly believe I have found it.

With my black blouse on I have a look of Marie Antoinette in the Temple.

I am beginning to become what I wished to be. Sure of myself, outwardly calm, I avoid annoyances and petty worries. I do few things that are useless.

In short, I perfect myself little by little. Let us understand what I mean by the word perfection—perfection as it applies to me.

Oh, time! It is necessary for everything. Time is more terrible, more irritating, more crushing than ever when it is the only obstacle.

Whatever may happen to me, I am more prepared for it than formerly when it made me furious to be obliged to own that I was not perfectly happy.

Sunday, January 6th.—Well! I am of your opinion; time passes, and it would be a hundred times more amusing to spend it as I wanted to before; but as that is impossible, let us wait for the results of my talent; it will still be not too late. . . .

We have removed; we live now at No. 67, Avenue de l'Alma. From my windows I can see the carriages passing in the Champs-Élysées. I have a drawing-room and studio in one to myself. Grandpapa had to be carried; it was so sad to see! . . . . As soon as he was brought into his room, Dina and I came to his side and waited upon him, and poor grandpapa kissed our hands.

My bed-room reminds me of Naples. . . . A glass was broken in grandpapa's room.

Yes, my room reminds me of Naples. The time for the journey is approaching, and I feel, as it were, the soft fumes of my former idleness stealing over me. . . . In vain! . . . .

Monday, January 7th.—To believe, or not to believe, in my artistic future? Two years are not my whole life, and after two years one can begin again a leisurely existence, going to theatres, travelling, &c. . . . I want to become famous.

I will be.

Saturday, January 12th.—Walitzky died at two o'clock this morning.

Last night, when I went to see him, he said to me, half in fun and half sadly, "*Addio, Signorina,*" to remind me of Italy. Perhaps it was for the first time in my life that I shed tears free from selfishness and anger.

There is something particularly distressing in the death of any one so absolutely inoffensive and absolutely good. He was like a poor dog who had never done harm to any one.

Towards one o'clock he had felt better, and so the ladies went back to their rooms. My aunt alone remained with him when he gasped for breath, so that she had to throw water in his face.

Coming to himself a little, he rose, as he was absolutely bent on bidding adieu to grandpapa; but when he reached the corridor, he had only time to cross himself thrice, and to call out in Russian . . . "Adieu!" in so loud a voice, however, that mamma and Dina woke up and ran to him, only to see him fall into the arms of my aunt and of Tryphon.

I cannot realise it; it seems to me impossible; it is so terrible.

Walitzky dead! It is an irreparable loss; one can hardly believe that such a character is to be found in real life.

Attached like a dog to all our family, and quite platonically. Oh yes! unselfish to a degree.

You read of people like that in books. If only he can know my thoughts! I hope that God may grant him the power of knowing what we think and say of him. Let him hear me then, wherever he may be; and if he has ever had to complain of me, he will forgive me for the sake of my deep esteem, my sincere friendship, and my heartfelt sorrow.

Monday, January 28th.—The competition is to be decided to-morrow. I am so afraid of getting a bad place! . . . .

Tuesday, January 29th.—I was so mortally afraid of the examination that poor Rosalie had to make superhuman efforts to induce me to get up.

I expected either to obtain the medal, or else to be placed only among the very last.

Neither one thing nor the other. I remained in the same place I had two months ago; consequently it was a failure.

I went to see Breslau, who is still ill.

Tuesday, February 12th.—They misled me as to the time when I was to take my place, and then a Spanish girl and two others assured me that they had said nothing to me, and that it was myself who had made the mistake. This lie, like all lies, made me indignant—all the more, because I must say it to the credit of humanity, that those whose part I had taken at the time of the affair of the Swiss girls did not say a single word to support me.

I say it, that it may be known; as for me, I have no need of protection; I only protest when I am in the right.

This morning I could not work at all, I could see nothing; and in the afternoon Berthe came, and I gave myself a holiday.

This evening, at the Italian Opera, they played *La Traviata*. Albani, Capoul, and Pandolfini, are great artists, but it gave me no pleasure; yet in the last act I had not exactly the wish to die, but the idea that I should suffer and die just at the moment when all was about to end happily.

It is a presentiment I have. I was dressed *en bébé* —a very graceful costume when one is slight and of good figure. The white bows on the shoulders, the bare neck and arms, made me look like an Infanta of Velasquez.

Die? . . . It would be absurd: and yet it seems to me that I am going to die. I cannot live. I am not created according to the ordinary pattern. I have too much of some things and a lot of things missing, and a character not made to last. If I were a goddess, with all the universe to serve me, I should find that I was ill served.

It is impossible to be more capricious, more exacting, more impatient, than I am. Sometimes, or perhaps even always, I have a certain undercurrent of

reason and calm: but I cannot explain my meaning exactly. I only tell you that my life cannot last. My plans, my hopes, my little vanities, fallen to the ground! . . I have been deceived in everything!

Wednesday, February 13th. — My drawing makes no progress, and I feel as if some misfortune were about to happen to me—as if I had done something wrong, and feared the consequences, or else some insult. It seems pitiful, but I am afraid in some ways.

Mamma makes herself quite unhappy, and it is her own fault. There is one thing that I beg and pray of her not to do—that is, not to arrange my things, not to put my rooms in order. Well, whatever I may say, she does it with an obstinacy which is almost morbid. And if you knew how exasperating it is, and how it increases my impatience and my brusque way of speaking, which do not need to be made worse than they are.

I believe she is really fond of me, and I am really fond of her, too, but we cannot be two minutes together without irritating one another to tears. In short, we are much worried when we are together, but we should be unhappy were we separated.

I mean to give up everything for drawing. I must remember this, for that is life to me.

So I shall become independent, and then, come what may, I am ready.

Friday, February 15th.—I shall not go to the opera to-morrow.

I draw as well as usual, but that does not prevent my being dissatisfied with myself. I told this to Robert Fleury some time ago, and Saturday, when he was correcting our studies from the nude, he said—

"Did you do that?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"You never drew the whole figure before coming here?"

"No."

"I think you complain?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Of not getting on fast enough?"

"Yes, indeed, Monsieur."

"Well, if I were in your place, I should be very well satisfied."

It was said with a kindly good-humour that was worth many compliments.

Yes, but when shall I be able to paint portraits? . . . In a year . . . . at least, I hope so.

Sunday, February 24th.—I shall go to the studio, and shall prove that one can succeed, when one has the will, and as much baffled, as desperate, and as furious as I am.

Oh! how long is the way! One gets impatient—yes, I get impatient; that is natural; but . . . . at twenty I shall not be too old to begin to show my powers, and by the time I am twenty I shall know if my hopes are justified.

Saturday, March 2nd.—Robert Fleury was very pleased with me this morning.

Monday, March 4th.—My dog has been lost since Saturday. I kept hoping he would come back.

My poor dog, if there were room in my mind for any feeling, I should be miserable about him. My poor lost dog!

If I were to die owing to everything I want, to everything I have not!

Now I believe myself a misunderstood being.

It is the most abominable thing you can think of yourself.

A hundred thousand pretensions, and all equally unjustified. I knock myself against everything, and get bruised

Tuesday, March 12th.—When I think of Pincio, who is indeed lost, my heart aches.

I really cared for him, and his loss affects me almost as much as Walitzky's death.

Especially when I think that the animal is in the hands of strangers, that he misses me, and that I shall never again see his little face, with the extraordinary black eyes and nose. . . . That's right; I am making myself cry now.

Ah! *sapristi*, a thousand . . . . what you will! I believe I would rather see C——, or anybody wounded, ill, or ruined, than never again see my dog, who loved me so. I feel true sorrow for his loss, and I don't care a straw for anything else.

Wednesday, March 13th.—Julian playfully admired my stoicism, and the Spanish girl said that those who work coldly will never do anything out of the common. As for her, she

has so much enthusiasm that she has been working night and day for four years; she can't succeed in putting together a head or a study from the nude, though she has a certain power of painting solidly.

If I were a man I should not care to marry her; all she produces is disjointed.

My uncles, who themselves have no knowledge of friendship, such as exists between people like C—— and myself, think that he inspires me with a tender interest. It is evident that they don't understand; for to give one's love to C—— would be to want to make oneself a home . . . . on the bridge of Avignon.

Saturday, March 16th.—I went to see the exhibition at the Mirlitons. I really love my profession, and am always glad to convince myself of this afresh.

Robert Fleury said to me this morning, "For some time there has been a certain point beyond which you cannot go; that is bad. With the true gifts you possess, you ought not to be stopped by easy things; the less so, that you can conquer what is most difficult."

Yes, I know it, *pardieu*. A portrait to do at home, and then the domestic worries. But that shall trouble me no longer; I will not let it. C—— will bring me nothing; whereas painting will. And Monday you will see how I shall leap beyond the point of which Robert Fleury spoke. I must, above all, be quite convinced that I must succeed, and that I will succeed.

Saturday, March 23rd.—I promised you to get beyond the point of which Robert Fleury spoke.

I kept my word. They were extremely pleased with me. They told me again that it was worth while working with such genuine abilities, that I had made astonishing progress, and that in a month or two . . .

"You will be among the best of the students; and remember," added Robert Fleury, looking at the picture of Breslau, who was away,—"remember that I include those who are not here to-day."

"You may expect," said Julian to me in a low voice, "to be detested here, for I have never seen any one make such progress as you have done in five months."

"Julian," said Robert Fleury, before everybody, "I have just been giving the highest praise to Mademoiselle, who is wonderfully gifted."

Julian, in spite of his great size, seemed to float on wings. For Robert Fleury is not paid, and only does the correcting out of friendship; so that Julian is happy when his pupils intreest the master.

Julian came while the study from the nude was being corrected (which he never does, as a rule); but I have noticed that he has been watching mine with interest since Monday.

In short, with my habitual modesty, I will dwell no longer on these flattering occurrences, but only notice an increase of fifty per cent. in the jealousy of some, in the jealousy and uneasiness of others.

The others begin to paint almost as soon as they feel inclined: but I have placed myself under the especial care of Robert Fleury, who is quite willing; I do nothing, except by his orders. To-day he ordered me to do some studies from still-life from time to time, very simple ones, just to get into the way of handling the brush. This is already the second time he has spoken to me of painting.

Next week, or the week after, I shall paint for him, on a canvas, No. 8, my skull, nicely arranged with a book, or something else.

Monday, March 25th.—It is the competition to-day. A woman who looks a little like Croizette.

I have a fairly good place, and I think I am in the mood for work. And then I don't mean to tire myself by staying up late.

Robert Fleury came this evening; he is certainly very pleased with me; he questioned me on anatomy, and, of course, I answered without hesitation.

It is odious to be like me; but I thank God I am good, and not in love with any one. If I were, I should kill myself with rage.

Saturday, March 30th.—I had not foreseen that from my place I should have to turn my head each time to look at the model. This movement is very trying to my nerves, and my drawing is as bad as it can be. I am sure I shall be the last, and I have told every one so.

The night classes are over, so I must arrange for some work to do at home.

Thursday, April 4th.—I went to the studio early, and was told of the decision, which is absolutely unheard of, and upset everybody.

Vick has the medal (that's natural enough). Then comes Madeleine (the girl who nearly always has the medal), and then I. I am so taken by surprise that I am not even pleased.

It was so surprising that Julian went to ask Lefebvre (the one who was elected first on the jury of the Salon) why he had placed us thus. And Lefebvre and the students downstairs said that I had been placed third because they saw I had the true feeling for drawing. As for Breslau, it seems that her drawing was spoilt by *chic*. She sat far from the model, and so her drawing was somewhat wanting in firmness; but as the professors are prejudiced against women, they took that for *chic*.

Fortunately for me, Robert Fleury was away. Lefebvre and Boulanger were the only judges; otherwise they would have said that it was due to Robert Fleury's influence that I was third.

I don't know what to do with my evenings since the evening classes have been closed, and it makes me tired.

Saturday, April 6th.—Robert Fleury really gives me too much encouragement; he thought the second place should have been given to me, and he was not in the least surprised at my success.

It was absurd to see the fury of the others. I went to the Luxembourg, and then to the Louvre with Schaeppi.

To think that M——, after leaving us, probably went home to dream of my arms and of me, and will think that I am thinking of him!

Whilst I, undressed and untidy, with my hair tumbling down, and my shoes on the ground, was asking myself if I had bewitched him sufficiently; and, not content with asking myself, I asked Dina.

And yet, O folly of youth! two years ago I should have thought this was love. Now I am reasonable, and understand that it is amusing when you feel that you are making some one love you—or, rather, when you think you see some one falling in love with you. *The love one inspires is a sensation unlike anything else, which one feels oneself and which I formerly mistook for love.*

Oh dear! oh dear! and I thought I was in love with A——, with his rather big nose, which reminds me of M——'s. . . . Ugh, horrible!

I am so pleased to justify myself—*so* pleased! No, no,

I have never been in love, and . . . if you could only imagine how happy I feel—how free, and proud, and worthy . . . worthy of him who is yet to come.

Tuesday, April 9th.—To-day I worked satisfactorily in the morning; in the afternoon I remained in bed, being unwell. It lasted two hours, after which I got up, almost glad to have suffered. It is so nice afterwards; you feel so happy to laugh at the pain. How glorious is youth!

Twenty years hence it will last a whole day.

I have finished the *Lys dans la Vallée;* the book is very fatiguing, in spite of its many beauties.

The letter from Nathalie de Manerville, which closes the book, is charming and true.

I read Balzac to my own detriment, for, indeed, the same time spent in working would help me to become myself a Balzac in art.

Friday, April 12th.—Yesterday Julian met Robert Fleury at the café, and Robert Fleury said I was a really interesting and surprising pupil, and that he hoped much from my future.

It is to that I must anchor myself, especially in those moments when all my brain is invaded by that inexplicable and terrible fear, and when I feel myself sinking in an abyss of doubt and torments of all kinds, without any cause whatever.

Very often lately there have been three candles at home—a sign of a death.

Am I the person destined to go to the next world? It seems so to me. And my future and my fame? Oh, well, they will be done for.

If there were any man in the landscape, I should believe I was in love again; I am so terribly restless; but there is none, and besides, I am disgusted. . . .

And yet there are days when I think you do not lose your dignity by following your fancies; on the contrary, you assert your pride, and indifference to other people's opinion, by not resisting them. Ah! but they are all such poor, such unworthy creatures, that I am incapable of giving them a moment's thought. Firstly, they all have corns on their feet, and I would not forgive that to a king. Imagine me dreaming of a man with corns on his feet!

I begin to believe I have a true passion for my art, which

reassures and consoles me. I want nothing else, and I am too disgusted with everything to think of anything else.

If it were not for that uneasiness, that fear, I should be happy.

It is quite fine—real spring-time. One feels it as much as one ever can in Paris, where even in the most charming of woods, under the trees, which seem most mysterious and full of poetry, one is sure to find a waiter, with his white apron turned up, and a glass of beer in his hand.

I get up at sunrise, and am at the studio before the model. If only I can free myself from this fear, this accursed superstition!

I remember that in my childhood I had a presentiment and fear almost like this. It seemed to me that I should never be able to learn anything but French, and that other languages could not be learnt. Well, you see, it was not so; and yet I had a real superstitious fear, just like this one.

I hope this example will relieve my anxiety.

I thought that *La Recherche de l'Absolu* was quite different, for I, too, am seeking after the Absolute. Now the Absolute in feeling is the Absolute in everything. That is what makes me think out and set down a thousand attempts to express the truth, at the end of which I succeed to a certain extent, but do not hit the mark exactly.

Saturday, April 13th.—At twenty-two I shall be either famous or dead.

You think perhaps that one works only with the eyes and fingers?

You who are *bourgeois*, you will never know the amount of sustained attention, of unceasing comparison, of calculation, of feeling, of reflection, necessary to obtain any result.

Yes, yes, I know what you would say . . . . but you say nothing at all, and I swear to you by Pincio's head (that seems stupid to you; it is not to me)—I swear that I will become famous; I swear solemnly—by the Gospels, by the passion of Christ, by myself—that in four years I will be famous.

Sunday, April 14th.—Poor grandpapa, he is interested in everything, and suffers so much at not being able to speak. I guess better than any one what he means; he was so happy this evening; I read the papers to him, and we all chatted in his room.

I felt at the same time grieved, happy, and touched.

And now human language cannot express my anger, my rage, my despair.

If I had been drawing ever since I was fifteen, I should now be famous!

Do you understand?

Saturday, April 20th.—Last night, locking up this note-book, I opened the sixty-second one; I read over some pages, and chanced on A——'s letter.

It made me dream long, and smile, and then dream again. I went to bed late, but it was not lost time; lost moments like these don't come at will, but only when we are young. We must know how to make use of them, appreciate them, and enjoy them, like all God's gifts. The young do not know how to appreciate youth rightly; but I am like one who is old, who knows what each thing is worth, and who wishes to lose no particle of enjoyment.

On account of Robert Fleury I was unable to confess before mass, which necessitates my putting off the communion till to-morrow. The confession was singular; here it is—

"You are not without sin," said the priest, after the usual prayer. "Are you not given to idleness?"

"Never."

"To pride?"

"Always."

"Do you keep the fast days?"

"Never."

"Have you offended any one?"

"I don't think so, but it may be, perhaps, by trifles, my father, but nothing serious."

"May God forgive you, my daughter," &c.

I am self-possessed; I proved it to-night by talking without jesting. I am calm, and have absolutely no fear, moral or physical. . . . Often I say: "I was horribly afraid of going to some place, or of doing something." It is an exaggeration of speech common to almost everybody, which means nothing. What pleases me is that I am getting into the habit of speaking to everybody; it is essential if one wishes to have a good *salon*. Formerly, I used to speak to one person only, and take no notice, or hardly any, of the rest.

Saturday, April 27th—Sunday, April 28th.—I had the mad idea of letting them ask men to the midnight mass in our church.

On the right stood the ambassador, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, and his wife, Madame Akenfieff. The duke is the son of the Grand Duchess Marie, who died at Florence, and is a nephew of the Emperor.

The couple were at Rome when I was there, and Madame Akenfieff was not received at the Embassy. Now she plays the part of Grand Duchess to perfection; she is still a beautiful woman, and very stately, though very thin. Well, the husband is still full of delicate attention to his wife; it is admirable and quite charming.

The Embassy gave an Easter supper, which took place after mass, two hours after midnight, in the house of the priest, which, being quite near the church, was chosen for the occasion.

But it was the ambassador who sent out the invitations, and who received; so that we had the good fortune to be at the same table with the Grand Duke, his wife, the ambassador, and the best Russian society in Paris.

I was dull, and yet not vexed on the whole, for it will send me back to my work with new ardour.

Why does not Prince Orloff, who is a widower, fall in love with and marry me? I should then be ambassadress in Paris, almost empress. Did not M. Anitchkoff, who was ambassador at Teheran, marry a young girl for love when he was over fifty-five?

I did not produce all the effect I wished. Laferrière came late, and I was obliged to put on a dress that fitted badly. I had to improvise a chemisette; it was a low-necked dress, and had to be altered. On my dress depended my temper; on my temper, my manner and the expression of my face—everything, in fact.

Monday, April 29th.—At work from eight in the morning to six in the evening, from which you must deduct an hour and a half for going out to lunch; there is nothing so good as regular work.

To change the subject, I must tell you that I believe I shall never be seriously in love. I always discover something comical in the man, and then all is over. If he does not seem ridiculous, he is awkward, or stupid, or tiresome. In short, there is always a something that discovers the ass beneath the lion's skin.

It is true that until I find my master I shall not let myself be caught by any charm. Thank heaven, the mania I have of finding out people's faults will prevent my falling in love with one and all of the Adonises on earth! . . . .

How silly the people are who go to the Bois, and how unable I am to understand their empty stupid existence!

Friday, May 3rd.—There are moments when one would throw up everything—the intellectual whirl, glory, and painting—in order to go and live in Italy, to live on sunshine, and music, and love.

Saturday, May 4th.—I love everything simple—in painting, in feeling, &c.—everything. My feelings have never been simple, and never can be, for simple feelings cannot exist where there are doubts and fears founded on previous experience. Simple feelings can exist only in complete happiness, or in the country, when one is ignorant of all those things which . . . .

I am essentially of a hair-splitting character, as much through an excess of delicate perception as through self-esteem, a desire to analyse and to seek for the truth, through fear of following a wrong track or of a failure.

Well, when heart and mind are tormented with all these things, you attain only results which show fatigue; they may be violent, but are at the same time subject to strange and sudden changes, to ups and downs—in fact, an absolute and tormenting want of balance; yet on the whole this is preferable to an absolute evenness, which, as every one says, is wearisome. This evenness excludes those extremely delicate shades which give supreme pleasure to those finely organised, hair-splitting natures who require subtlety even in what is great—nay, sublime, and without which you can never obtain such powerful and many-coloured effects . . . .

You would think I knew something about it; I know only that I write down my fancies, and steal my ideas from no one.

Sunday, May 5th.—I have been seven months at the studio.

I went again to the exhibition with Anna Noggren. We went through it, only glancing at everything, with the exception of the pictures, which were the only things that really interested us.

I was very much surprised at the portrait of Don Carlos, which is badly drawn, false in colour, and not like. As for the famous portrait of M. Thiers, I had not seen it at the Salon, and saw it for the first time to-day; but I feel sure that it has darkened in colour.

Carolus Duran I like best of all, for the life in his work; and Bonnat for his skill.

Bonnat's hands are marvellous.

Tuesday, May 9th.—I might have had a delicious hand if my fingers had not been shamefully spoilt by stringed instruments, and if I did not bite my nails. But the celestial instruments would not matter if I had decent nails.

My body like that of an antique goddess, my Spanish-looking hips, my small and perfectly-shaped bosom, my feet, my hands, and my childlike head—of what use is it all, since nobody loves me?

Poor Pincio and poor Walitzky! I thought of them to-day.

Saturday, May 11th.—Schaeppi, aunt Marie, and I went to the exhibition to see the pictures and admire Don Carlos, who is the most magnificent and royal of men I have ever seen. He surpasses in distinction our Grand Dukes and our Emperor.

Dress him as you like, place him where you will, every one will ask, Who is that man?

It is impossible to conceal good birth; and when men of birth are ugly, or do not show their breeding, it is, you may be sure, that there is something shady about their origin. It is impossible to be more kingly, more dignified, more natural, than Don Carlos. If that man were as intelligent as any one else, it would be too much. He is not quite a fool, but he is asleep.

Sunday, May 12th.—I have painted my first study of still-life—a vase of blue porcelain with a bunch of violets, and a little shabby red book at the side, on a canvas, No. 3. In this way I shall go on with my drawing, and get used to the colours, by working two or three hours on a Sunday. Every Sunday I shall do something different.

Yesterday I was rude to my mother. Afterwards I went back to my little drawing-room, where it was dark, and, kneeling down, I took an oath before God that I would never answer my mother sharply again; and if she provoked me, that I would hold my peace, or go out of the room.

She is very ill; a misfortune soon happens, and I should never console myself for having behaved badly towards her.

Monday, May 13th.—For the afternoon places they drew

lots; the first fell to me, and as I had not yet come, the next girl took my place.

Then I came in, and Breslau told me that I must be the last, having lost my place. Such a thing was never, never done before. You left the person in your place, and sat just behind her, but were never sent right to the back. Although that may be the rule, I made them ask M. Julian about it. M. Julian replied that the rule certainly existed, but that it had never been enforced, and that he thought it shameful to have played me such a trick. I left in a rage, but came back to say that my absence would give only too much pleasure to a lot of stupid jealous girls.

The Spanish girl came up to try and calm me, because I threatened to leave the studio; the maid also came and said consoling things. But I answered them that they need not be afraid; I should certainly work, and that I should be very silly to waste my time, as that was just what would please the others. It wanted twenty-five minutes to the hour.

"They have succeeded," said I, "in making me lose an hour, from one till two, but I shall employ these twenty-five minutes in calming myself, so as to be able to draw well, and to enrage those wretched creatures who have recourse to such petty tricks out of jealousy." For those twenty-five minutes I led them a life!

Thursday, May 16*th.*—While I was preparing to paint my death's head, having after my usual fashion heralded my project with trumpets and drums, Breslau has this week painted one. That will teach me not to chatter so much. Talking it over with the others, I said that really my ideas must be worth something, since there are people foolish enough to take up the worst of my chance suggestions.

Friday, May 17*th.*—I could become a *communarde*, just for the pleasure of blowing-up all the houses and destroying the homes.

One ought to love one's home. There is nothing sweeter than to rest there, to dream of the things one has done, and the people one has seen . . . But to rest eternally! . . .

The days from eight till six pass somehow or another in working, but the evenings!

I mean to model in the evening . . . in order not to think that I am young, that time is passing, that I am

bored to death, and disgusted, and that everything is horrible!

How strange it is, though, that some people have no luck, either in love or in the business of life. In love, it is my own fault. I took wild fancies to some, and forsook others . . . But in practical things!

I shall now weep, and pray to God to settle this matter for me. It is a very original idea to talk to the *bon Dieu*, but it does not make Him any kinder to me.

Others do not know how to ask. As for me, *I* have faith; I supplicate . . .

Doubtless, I have no merit.

I believe that I am soon to die.

Thursday, May 23rd.—I have begun to paint two oranges and a knife, at the studio. Since I have broken with Breslau, I am polite to the Spanish girl, who is the most obliging creature, putting herself out for me, arranging my still-life, and giving me advice.

One does not work as well in spring-time as in winter.

Saturday, May 25th.—"That is not getting on well enough for you," said Robert Fleury.

I felt it myself; and if he had not been encouraging about my still-life studies, I should have fallen from the height of my hopes—and this would have been serious.

We went to the Français to see *Les Fourchambault*. The piece is very much admired, but I am not in love with it.

I had a hat . . . but that no longer interests me. What I want is to have an air of distinction. I had not been thinking of it much lately. Decidedly I am to be a great artist. . . . Every time I leave my work I am sent back to it by stinging blows of every kind.

Have I not had visions of political *salons*, then of the world, then of a rich marriage, and again of politics?

All that was at the time when I dreamed of, when I hoped for, the possibility of some natural, human, feminine arrangement of my life; but no, nothing. This constant, imperturbable, astounding ill-luck does not even make me laugh any more.

It has given me great coolness, an immense contempt for every one, reasoning power, wisdom, and a number of qualities which go to make up a character which, while being cold, disdainful, and callous, is at the same time active,

brusque, and energetic. As for the sacred fire, it is hidden, and the vulgar onlookers, the profane, do not even suspect it. They think I care not a straw for anything. I am without heart; I criticise, despise, and mock.

And all the more tender feelings thrown back into my inmost self, what do they say of this haughty assumption? They say nothing; they murmur, and hide themselves ever deeper, both hurt and grieved.

I pass my life in saying wild things, which please me and astonish others. . . . There would be no harm if one did not take a bitter tone, if it were not the outcome of this inconceivable ill-luck in everything.

For instance, when I made my famous request to the *bon Dieu*, the priest gave me the bread and the wine, which I took, and then the piece of bread without the wine, according to custom. This bread fell twice from my hands. It pained me, but I said nothing, hoping that it did not mean a refusal.

It appears, however, that it did.

All this proves to me that there remains my art, to which I must devote my life. . . . No doubt I shall again leave it for other things by fits and starts, but for a few hours only, after which I shall return chastened and wiser.

Monday, May 27th.—I got to the studio before seven, and went with the Swedish girls to have breakfast for three sous at a crêmerie. I saw the workmen, the *gamins* in their blouses, come to drink their poor cup of chocolate, just like the one I myself had taken.

"For you, Mademoiselle, to commence painting by still-life studies is just as if a strong man were ordered to take exercise by handling this" (and Julian raised and lowered his penholder). "I agree that you should not do the face, but paint feet, bits from the life; there is nothing better than that."

He is perfectly right, and I am going to paint a foot.

I lunched at the studio; they brought me something from home, for I calculated that by going home to lunch I lost an hour every day, which makes six hours or one day a week, four days a month, forty-eight days a year.

As for the evenings . . . I want to do some sculpture; I spoke about it to Julian, who will mention it to Dubois, or get it mentioned to him, so that he may feel interested in me.

I had given myself four years; seven months have already

passed. I think three years will be enough; that leaves me still two years and five months.

I shall then be between twenty and twenty-one.

Julian says that in a twelvemonth I shall paint very well; that may be, but not well enough.

"This way of working is not natural," he said, laughing. "You give up society, walks, and drives—everything, in fact. There must be some purpose, some secret idea beneath this."

He is not a Southerner for nothing.

To-day something happened almost like my quarrel with the Swiss girl, only I played Breslau's part, and an old lady mine.

"Madame," I said, so as to be heard, "I am in my right, and I might keep this place if I were in the habit of causing annoyance to well-bred people. Take it, Madame; by the rules of courtesy it is yours. Thank God I have been well brought up, and have nothing in common with certain animals (excuse the term) who do not know how to behave." And as the poor old lady would not accept it, I added: "Take it, I beg of you, Madame; I give it no more for your sake than to glorify myself. I do this noble deed because I respect myself."

That was my vengeance, although it was half chaff.

Thursday, May 30th.—Generally their relatives and surroundings do not believe in the genius of great men . . . . At home they over-estimate my abilities, so that they would not be astonished if I were to paint as great a picture as the *Raft of the Medusa*, and if I were to receive the cross of the Legion of Honour. Is it a bad sign? I hope not.

Friday, May 31st.—My people went to see a *féerie* at the Châtelet; I went with them. When you have seen one, you have seen all. I was bored; and whilst looking mechanically at the advertisements on the curtain, I was thinking that my life has lost its brightness, is faded, and . . . *done for*. It is a pity to feel such a blank, such desolation around oneself. As a matter of fact . . . I understand it now. I fancied that I was born to be happy in everything; now I see that I am unhappy in everything; it is exactly the same thing, only that it is just the opposite. From the moment I have known what to expect, it is quite bearable, and it grieves me no longer, since I am prepared.

I assure you I say what I really think. What was

awful, was the constant disillusion. To meet with serpents where you expected to find flowers! 'tis horrible; but these shocks have educated me into indifference. Everything goes on around me, I don't even look out of the carriage window as I go to the studio.

I close my eyes, or read the paper.

You think perhaps that this resignation is desperate. . . . . It is caused by despair, but it is calm and gentle, if sad.

Instead of being rose-colour, everything is grey; that is all. You make up your mind to it, and feel calm. I don't know myself any more. It is not a passing mood, but that is what I have become. It seems strange to me, but it is none the less true. I don't even need money, only a couple of black blouses a year; linen which I could wash on Sundays for the week; very simple food, as long as there are no onions in it, and it is fresh; and . . . . the possibility of working.

No carriages to ride in, the omnibus or my feet; I wear shoes without heels at the studio.

Why live then? Why? *Eh! parbleu!* in the hope of better days, and this hope never leaves us.

Everything is relative. For instance, compared with my past anxieties, the present is ease of mind itself. I enjoy it as I should an agreeable event. In January I shall be nineteen. Moussia will be nineteen! It seems absurd and impossible. It is fearful.

At times I am seized with a desire to dress, to go out, to show myself at the Opera, the Bois, the Salon, the Exhibition. But then I say to myself directly, What is the use? And it all comes to nothing.

Between every two words I write I think of a million things; I express my thoughts only by fragments.

What a misfortune for posterity!

No, it is not a misfortune for posterity, but it prevents me from making myself understood.

I am jealous of Breslau, who does not draw at all like a woman.

Next week I shall work so hard, you will see! . . . . My afternoons will be devoted to the exhibition and the Salon.

But the week after next . . . I mean to draw well, and I will.

Monday, June 3rd.—A sleepless night! Work from

eight in the morning, and going about from two till seven in the evening, to the Salon, to look for a house, &c.

And of what use is this wonderful health of mine? this energy which spends itself and accomplishes nothing?

I work . . . Oh yes, to be sure! A miserable seven or eight hours a day, which have no more effect on me than seven or eight minutes.

We went to see a beautiful studio. I trembled with delight going through it; for even the sight of a large well-lighted studio makes you believe that you will accomplish great things.

To-morrow I will tell you in earnest my true opinion, my inmost thoughts, formed neither by other people nor by my surroundings. I will even tell you to-night!

In my heart, my soul, my mind, I am republican.

The old titles kept up; equality before the law; all other equality is impossible. Respect for families of ancient lineage; honour to foreign princes. Protection for the arts; luxury and elegance.

These dynasties, these Ministers who take root and then rot as they stand, infest a country. 'This court favour! There lies the misfortune, there the ruin! Whereas the constant renewal and change of the chief of the State, a frequent clean sweep of the Ministers, the officials well exposed to the breezes of public opinion—that is what is needed. Things like this make a country fresh and healthy, and consequently capable of anything if it possesses intelligence; and that will never be wanting to the French.

People reproach the Republic with bloodshed, infamous deeds, and a thousand other things. *Que diable!* Look at the beginnings of anything, especially when half the people do nothing but spoil, hinder, and oppose. Several attempts failed. There was the Napoleonic tradition; there was Saint Helena.

And now, what do we find? That sterile M. de Chambord, and after him the Orléans princes. The D'Orléans are not to my taste. One is not fond of degraded bastard things. As for Napoleon III., he destroyed the chances of his house for ever and a day. The present Republic is the true one—the one so long waited for, the crowning benediction of Heaven come at last.

What matter the few freethinkers who are to be found under all *régimes*? What matter extravagant ideas? The country is not a drawing-room!

Let party men choose their guests ; but the Republic is no party. She is the country as a whole ; and as more and more of her children rally to her, she will open her arms ever wider ; and when all shall have come, there will be none proscribed, neglected or favoured, and political parties will have ceased to exist. But France will be living.

For the moment, the Republic has too much to do to think of individuals.

It is criminal, they say, for the Republicans to have black sheep in their ranks. Yet what nation is without them ?

If all France were to become legitimist or imperialist, would they then become pure and without reproach ?

Good-night ! I am almost talking nonsense, through hurrying on so fast.

Wednesday, June 12th.—To-morrow I take up again my work, neglected since Saturday ; I feel remorseful, and to-morrow everything shall go on as usual. The evening will be enough for my own affairs.

M. Rouher surprised me in several ways. Firstly, by his youthfulness—I had imagined him grave, slow, and decrepit, and saw him jump from the cab, offer his arm, pay the cabman, and run up the steps ; and then by his ideas—a half education, he says, leads to the absolute denial of all authority. He proclaims the benefits of ignorance (although he says it is a puzzling question), and asserts that newspapers are poison, scattered broadcast on to the public streets.

You may imagine with what curiosity I looked at him and listened to the man who had been Vice-Emperor !

But I need not here give you my judgment—firstly, because I have not seen him enough, and, secondly, because I don't feel inclined to do so to-night. He gave us several interesting details, with which he is in a position to be perfectly acquainted, concerning the attempt on our Emperor in 1867, and then about the Imperial family, and he asked me if we knew the Prince Imperial. As you may imagine, I was orthodox with the master of the Bonapartists.

I am even surprised at my delicate flattery and tact. Gavini and the Baron seemed to approve me completely, and M. Rouher himself was pleased, but . . . . what a display of damp fireworks !

They spoke of votes, laws, pamphlets, faithful followers, traitors, before me. Did I listen ? Oh, I should think so.

It was like a door opening into Paradise. And yet I have said that women should meddle with nothing, being only capable of doing harm, and not serious enough to stop short of excess.

I am sorry that I am a woman, and M. Rouher, that he is a man.

"Women," he said, "have not the worries and anxieties that we have."

"Will you allow me to say, Monsieur, that we all have them alike? But the worries of men bring them distinction, glory, and popularity; whereas those of women bring them nothing at all."

"You believe, then, Mademoiselle, that we are always thus rewarded?"

"I believe, Monsieur, that it depends on the man."

You must not think that I attacked him just in that way, suddenly. I remained at least ten minutes in a corner, somewhat puzzled; for the old fox looked by no means delighted at my being introduced to him.

Would you like to know something? I am delighted. Now I feel inclined to tell you all the clever things I said, but I must not. I only tell you that I did my very best not to talk commonplaces, and to seem full of good sense, and in this way I give you the best idea I can of what happened.

Gavini said the Bonapartists were happy in having the sympathy of pretty women, bowing towards me at the same time.

"Monsieur," I replied, turning towards M. Rouher, "I give my sympathies to your party not as a woman, but as a man, and a man of principle."

Saturday, June 15th.—Only think! Robert Fleury would not say anything to me, my drawing was so bad. Then I showed him the one of last week—and got praise for it, I am thankful to say. There are days when everything fatigues one.

Wednesday, July 3rd.—M—— came to bid us good-bye, and, as it rained, he proposed to accompany us to the exhibition.

We accepted; but before going, while we were alone, he begged of me not to be so cruel, &c. &c.

"You know that I am madly in love with you—that I suffer. If you but knew how terrible it is to see nothing

but mocking smiles, to hear nothing but chaff, when one is truly in love!"

"You exaggerate your own feelings."

"Oh no! I swear to you! I am ready to give you every proof . . . the most absolute devotion, the fidelity, the patience of a dog! Only say one word—tell me that you have some confidence in me. . . . Why do you treat me as if I were a mountebank—a being of inferior race?"

"I treat you as I treat everybody."

"Why? since you know that I love you as no one else does—that I am devoted to you heart and soul?"

"I generally do inspire feelings of this kind."

"But not like mine. Let me believe, at least, that you have not towards me . . . a feeling of repulsion."

"Repulsion! Oh no! not that, I assure you."

"But to me indifference is as terrible."

"Ah! well . . . "

"Promise me that you will not forget me during the few months I shall be away."

"That is not in my power to do."

"Give me permission to remind you from time to time of my existence. . . . Perhaps I shall amuse you, or call up a smile. . . . Let me hope that sometimes, at rare intervals, you will send me a word . . . only one word."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Oh! without your signature—simply this: 'I am well.' Nothing more; and it will make me so happy!"

"I sign everything I write, and I always honour my signature."

"Then you do give me permission?"

"I am like the *Figaro*, I am willing to receive any correspondence."

"Good God! If you knew how terrible it is never to obtain a serious word, to be for ever scoffed at! . . . No, I entreat of you, be in earnest; you would not have it said that you did not take pity on me, even at the moment of our parting. Will you not let me hope that my unbounded devotion, my attachment, my love? . . . Impose on me any conditions, any proofs, you will; but let me hope that one day you will be more . . . kind. . . . That you will not always laugh?"

"As for proofs," I said, rather seriously, "there is but one."

"And that is? I am ready and willing to accept anything."

"Time."

"Time? Be it so; you will see."

"I shall be very happy."

"But, tell me, have you confidence in me?"

"Confidence? I have so much confidence in you that I would trust you with a letter, and feel quite sure that you would not open it."

"Dreadful idea! No, I mean absolute confidence."

"What great words!"

"And if the feeling is a great one?" he said, softly.

"I should be only too happy to believe it; these things flatter one's vanity. There, I consent to have a little confidence in you."

"Really and truly?"

"Really and truly. And now you are satisfied, are you not?"

We went to the exhibition. I am out of patience because M—— is happy, and pays his addresses to me as though I had accepted him.

I have a sensation of real pleasure this evening; the love of M—— produces absolutely the same effect on me as did that of A——, so you see that I didn't care for Pietro. I was not even in love with him! I was but just on the threshold of being in love; but you know what a horrible disenchantment it was. You can understand that I don't intend to marry M——.

"True love is always worthy of respect," I said to him; "you need not be ashamed of it; only don't get exaggerated ideas about it."

"Your friendship!"

"A vain word!"

"Then your . . . ."

"You are too exacting!"

"But what am I to say, since you will not let me gain your love little by little—since you refuse me your friendship. . . .?"

"Pure illusion!"

"Love, then?"

"You have taken leave of your senses."

"Why?"

"Because I detest you."

*

Friday, July 5th.—At the concert of the Russian gipsies.

I don't want to go away and leave a bad impression. We were six — my aunt, Dina, Étienne, Philippini, M——, and I. When the concert was over, we went to eat ices, and called to our table the prettiest gipsies, and two of the gipsy children, to whom we gave ices and wine. It was quite amusing to talk to these girls, who are all young and virtuous. They are well looked after.

Afterwards my aunt gave her arm to Étienne, Dina gave hers to Philippini, and I mine to M——. We walked home, the weather being so fine. M——, who had become calm, spoke to me of his love. . . . It is just as it was before; I don't love him, but his fire warms my heart. That is what I mistook for love two years ago! . . . .

He is eloquent. The tears even came to his eyes. As I came nearer home I did not laugh so much. I was softened by the beauty of the night and this idyll of love. Ah! how sweet it is to be loved! There is nothing in the world so sweet. . . . Now I know that M—— does love me. One cannot simulate like that. And if he loved me for the sake of my money, he would have been disheartened before now by my disdain; and besides, there is Dina, who is supposed to be as rich as I am; and there are many other marriageable girls. . . . M—— is not a beggar, and he is a perfect gentleman. He might have found, and he *will* find, some one else.

M—— is very nice; I was perhaps wrong to leave my hand in his at the moment of our parting. He kissed my hand; I owed him that at least. Besides, poor fellow, he loves and respects me so much! I questioned him as if he had been a child; I wished to know how he came to love me, and since when. It seems that he loved me from the first. "But it is a peculiar love," he said. "Others are women for me, but you are something apart from and above the rest of the world. It is a strange feeling; I know that you treat me as if I were some hunchbacked clown; I know that you are not kind, that you have no heart, and still I love you. One has always a certain admiration for the heart of the woman one loves, and I . . . . I am not, so to speak, in sympathy with you, although I adore you."

I continued to listen; for I tell you, in real truth, words of love are worth all the sights of the earth, except those to which you go in order to be seen. But then it is still a kind of song, a manifestation of love! You are looked at, you are admired, and you open out like a flower under the rays of the sun.

Soden, Sunday, July 7th.—We left at seven. Grandpapa wished me to stay, but I bid him good-bye; then he kissed me, and all at once he began to cry, his nose puckered, his mouth opened, his eyes shut, just like a child. Before his illness, my love for him was nothing; but now I adore him. If you only knew what interest he shows in the smallest things—how he loves us all since he has been in this terrible condition! A moment more, and I should have remained. . . . . What folly to be always so sensitive! Fancy a person transported from Paris to Soden. A deathly silence expresses but feebly the quiet which reigns at Soden. I am stunned by it, as one might be by a great noise.

Here there will be time for meditation and for writing.

What depressing stillness! I hope you will be able to read dissertations in plenty!

Dr. Tilénius has just gone; he asked me the necessary questions about my illness, and did not say, like the French doctors, "Well! it will be nothing; we shall make you well again in a week, Mademoiselle."

To-morrow I begin my cure.

The trees here are fine, the air is pure, the country suits my face. In Paris I am only pretty, if I am even that; here, I look sweet and poetical, my eyes are larger, and my cheeks thinner.

Soden, Tuesday, July 9th.—They bore me to death, these doctors! I had my throat examined; pharyngitis, laryngitis, and catarrh. . . . . Only that! . . . . I amuse myself by reading Livy, and taking notes in the evening. I intend doing it every evening. I need to read Roman history.

Tuesday, July 16th.—I am determined to succeed, by my painting, or by some other means, be it what it may! Do not imagine, however, that I have taken up art only from vanity. There are perhaps few girls of so artistic a temperament in everything as I am. You must have perceived it, you who are the intelligent portion of my readers. For the others I don't care a straw. They will only think that I am extravagant, because I am strange in everything, though involuntarily so.

Wednesday, July 24th. — Dr. Tomachewsky, who is physician to the Opera at St. Petersburg, must know something; besides, his opinion coincides with that of Dr. Fauvel and others; and I myself, too, know that the Soden waters,

by their chemical composition, are quite unsuited to my illness. If you are not ignorant, you must know that it is to Soden that consumptive patients are sent.

Yesterday, at six in the morning, my aunt and I, accompanied by Dr. Tomachewsky, went to Ems to consult the doctors there.

We have now returned.

The Empress Eugénie is at Ems. Poor woman!

Thursday, August 1st.—I disguised myself as a queer-looking old German woman, full of odd little ways; and as every new arrival arouses intense interest amongst the frequenters of the Kurhaus I created quite a sensation.

But I committed the imprudence of not ordering anything from the waiter, suspicion was aroused, I was followed, pursued, and all was over.

I assure you, it is dull work to make five-and-twenty persons split their sides with laughter without being amused yourself.

Friday, August 2nd.—I have been thinking of Nice these last days. I was fifteen; ah! how pretty I was then!

My figure, my feet, my hands, were perhaps unformed, but my face was bewitching. It has never been so since. On my return from Rome, Count Laurenti almost upbraided me. . . .

"Your face has changed," he said to me; "the features, the complexion, are as they were before, but it is no longer the same. . . . You will never again be as you are in this portrait."

He spoke of the portrait in which I was leaning my elbows on the table, with my cheek resting on my hands. "You seem to have come into the room, to have leant your head on your hands, and with your eyes looking out into the future, to be saying to yourself, half in terror, 'And is this life?'"

When I was fifteen there was something childlike in my face, which was there neither before nor after I was fifteen; and that expression is the most bewitching one in the world.

I have discovered some walks in Soden. . . . I do not mean the usual paths up which every visitor thinks himself obliged to climb, but alleys and woods where one sees no one.

I love this quiet. Paris or else the desert for me! I do not speak of Rome; it would make me cry directly.

Old Livy tells his story so well; and when in a certain passage you feel that he masks a defeat, or excuses a humiliation, it is almost touching. I tell you Rome has, as yet, been my only love.

Imagine my delight when I hear the ladies talk of their nerves, their acquaintances, their doctors, their dresses, their children! But I isolate myself; I go into the woods, or else I shut my eyes, and then I am where I please.

Tuesday, August 6th.—My hat amuses me, and amuses Soden. I bought of the woman who serves out glasses of water at the springs a blue woollen stocking she had just commenced; at the same time she showed me how to work it. I at once took up both idea and stocking, and sat down, with Mme. Dutine, in front of the hotel windows to knit the stocking, whilst my aunt and the others went for a walk, I know not in what direction.

A change has come over me. I have become calm, very quiet, and gentle; I am becoming German; I knit stockings —or, rather, a stocking, which will last for ever, because I do not know how to do the heel. I shall never do it, and the stocking will grow longer, and longer, and longer

It will not even be long.

It is pouring. My wit is boundless. Sweet Germany!

My walks do me good. I read, and do not lose my time. Ye sages, glorify me!

Wednesday, August 7th.—Oh! God grant that I may go to Rome! If you knew, O God, how I long for it! Show to thy unworthy child a goodness beyond what she has deserved. Oh! grant that I may go to Rome . . . . it is impossible doubtless, for that would be happiness! . . . .

It is not Livy who has given me these ideas, for my old friend has been neglected for some days.

No, not Livy, but only the memory of the Campagna, the Piazza di Popolo, the Pincio, and the Cupola in the setting sun. . . .

And that divine adorable twilight of the dawn. When the sun rises, and one begins to distinguish little by little . . . . how empty and void are all other places! . . . . And how holy is the emotion called forth by the memory of the

miraculous city so full of enchantment! . . . . I think it is not I alone, but every one whom she inspires with inexplicable feelings, due to some mysterious influence . . . . some combination of the fabulous past with the holy present, or else . . . . I know not how to express it . . . . If there were a man I loved, my wish would be to lead him to Rome, and there to tell him of my love in face of the sun as it sets behind the divine Cupola. . . .

If I were struck down by some immense misfortune there, I would go to weep and pray with my eyes lifted to that cupola; and if I should become the happiest of all mankind, then also would I go there . . .

How flat and *bourgeois* to think that one lives in Paris . . . . and yet it is the only city in the world possible, after Rome.

Paris, Saturday, August 17th.—This morning we were still at Soden.

I had vowed that I would prostrate myself to the ground five hundred times if I found grandpapa alive; I have fulfilled my promise. He is not dead, but it is almost as bad; all the same . . . my cure at Ems is a failure.

I hate Paris! one can be happier, more contented, and satisfied there than elsewhere. In Paris life may be more complete, more intellectual, more glorious—I am far from denying it—but for the life I lead one needs to love the town itself. Towns, like persons, are either sympathetic, or antipathetic to me; and I cannot make myself like Paris.

Monday, August 19th.—Mlle. E——, who was governess at Madame Anitzkoff's, is now with us, and will be a kind of governess.

I shall show her great respect when I go out shopping, so that she may be treated with respect, for she herself is not imposing, being short, carroty, young, and sad-looking; a round face, like the moon when the moon is dull. The effect of her face is to make one laugh; her eyes full of a comical dreaminess; but with the kind of hat I have thought of she will do, and I shall go to the studio with her.

I console myself for having left Ems, when I see how happy grandpapa is to see me again, dying as he is.

I have a terrible disease; *I am disgusted with myself.* It is not the first time that I have felt I hated myself, but that does not make it less terrible.

To hate another person whom you can avoid is one thing, but to hate yourself, that is indeed torture.

Saturday, August 24th.—I spent an hour in making a sketch of grandpapa lying down; it is on a canvas No. 3. They say it is very good; but you know those white pillows, the white shirt, the white hair, and half-closed eyes, are anything but easy to paint.

Of course I did only the head and shoulders.

I am glad to have this remembrance of him.

The day after to-morrow I shall go the studio, so as to feel less impatient; I cleaned my paint boxes, sorted my colours, and cut my charcoal. During the week I have done all I had to do in the way of business.

Thursday, August 29th.—I don't know by what act of providence I was late. At nine o'clock I was not yet dressed, when some one came to tell me that grandpapa was worse. I dressed, and went to see him several times. Mamma, Aunt, and Dina, were crying. M. G—— came in and out as he liked. I said nothing to him. It is no use preaching at such a terrible time. At ten the priest came, and in a few minutes all was over.

I remained on my knees with him to the end, passing my hand over his poor forehead, or feeling his pulse. I saw him die. Poor dear grandpapa, after so much suffering! I do not like to utter commonplaces. During the religious service which was held by his bedside mamma fell into my arms. They had to carry her away, and put her to bed in her room. Every one wept aloud, even Nicholas. I cried, too, but silently. He had been laid on his bed, which was ill-arranged. These servants are abominable. They show a zeal which hurts me. I myself arranged the pillows, covering them with fine cambric, trimmed with lace, and draped a shawl round the bed *he* loved—an iron one—which would seem poor to other people. All round I put white muslin. White becomes the goodness of the soul which has taken its flight, the purity of the heart which has ceased to beat. I touched his forehead when it was already cold, and felt neither fear nor disgust. The blow was expected, yet one is stunned when it falls.

I wrote out the telegrams and announcement of the funeral. And I also had to take care of mamma, who had a violent fit of hysterics. I think my behaviour was quite what it should have been. And I do not think

because I didn't cry aloud that I have less feeling than the others.

I can no longer distinguish my dreams from my real feelings.

They had to send for mourning dressmakers, &c. My family are capable of dispensing altogether with the outward show of mourning; they will not understand that the world does not take into account the mourning of the soul, and that in their eyes the more crape you display the more convincingly you prove yourself to be a good mother, a good daughter, or an inconsolable widow, as the case may be.

The atmosphere is filled with a fearful mingling of the smell of flowers, of earth and incense. It is hot, and they have closed the shutters.

At two o'clock I began the portrait of my poor dead grandfather, but the sun came into the room at four, so I had to stop, and it will only be a sketch.

I do not know how everything should be done, but I try instinctively to conform absolutely to etiquette, although I have a heart.

Every moment I open this book, to set down what happens.

Friday, August 30th.—Real life is a hateful and tiresome dream. . . Yet, how happy I might be with just a little happiness. I possess in the highest degree the art of making a little go a long way, and I am not affected by what affects other people.

Sunday, September 1st.—And I see nothing for me . . . . nothing but painting. If I were to become a great painter, it would be a divine compensation; I should have the right, before my own conscience, of having feelings and opinions of my own. I should not despise myself for writing down all these trifles. I should be somebody. . . . I might have been nothing, and should be happy in being nothing but the beloved of a man who would be my glory. . . . But now I must be somebody by my own effort.

Wednesday, September 4th.—Kant declares that things exist only by our imagination. That is going too far; but I admit his doctrine in so far as feeling is concerned. As a matter of fact, feelings are produced by the impression made on one, either by objects or living beings; and since he says

that different objects are what they are, only in our mind—in a word, have no objective value or reality except in our mind . . . but a person who is in a hurry to get to bed and who has to calculate by what hour she must begin her drawing so as to have it finished by Saturday, cannot hope to reason out all that.

In ordinary language, imagination is other than what I mean by it; people say imagination when they mean folly, or nonsense; were it not for that. . . . Can love exist otherwise than in the imagination? And it is the same with every other sentiment. You see, all this edifice of philosophy is admirable, but a mere woman like myself can show it to be false.

You say that things possess reality only in our minds? Well, I tell you that the object strikes your sight, and the sound your hearing, and that these—let us say things—determine everything. If it were otherwise, things would not need to exist, we should *invent* everything. If nothing exists in this world, where does anything exist? For to be able to affirm that nothing exists, you must know of the real existence of something, no matter where it be, if it were only to account for the difference between what is *objective* and what is *imaginary*.

Of course . . . . the inhabitants of another planet may have a different way of looking at things from ours, and in this case it is quite true. But we are on the earth, let us remain there, and study what is above or below us, and that is quite enough.

I become enthusiastic about these learned, patiently worked-out, extraordinary, amazing follies; these learned and logical arguments and deductions. . . . There is only one thing that makes me unhappy; it is that I feel that it is all false, and that I have neither the time nor the will to find out why it is so.

I should like to talk it all over with some one—I am very lonely. But I assure you that I do not wish to force my opinions on others. I tell my ideas naïvely, and I would readily yield to any good reasons that were offered to me. I ought, and I should like, without making myself ridiculous by excessive pretensions, to hear learned men speak; I should like, you cannot tell how much, to obtain admittance into the world of letters and science, to see, to listen, to learn. . . . But I do not know whom nor how to ask for what I want, and there I remain, stupefied, wonderstruck, not knowing into what study to throw myself, and catching glimpses on every

side of treasures of interesting knowledge—history, languages, science, the whole earth, in fine . . . . I wish that I could take in the whole world at a glance, and learn and know everything.

Friday, September 13th.—I am not in my right place in the world. I waste in idle talk energy enough for the making of a man. I make set speeches to express my feelings about domestic and absolutely trifling annoyances. I am nothing, and the capabilities which might have developed into real qualities are nearly always wasted or misapplied.

There are big statues which are admirable on a pedestal in the middle of a large square, but place one of them in your room, and you will see how stupid it is, and how much in the way! You will knock your head and your elbows against it ten times a day, and at last you will curse and find unbearable that which, if it were in its right place, every one would admire.

If you find that the "statue" is too flattering an image for me, well, I am content to let it be . . . whatever you like.

Saturday, September 21st.—I have received both praise, compliments, and encouragements. Breslau, who has returned from the seaside, has brought back some studies of women and heads of fishermen.

The colouring is charming, and poor A——, who consoled herself formerly by saying that Breslau was no colourist, looked quite crestfallen. Breslau will be a great artist, a truly great artist, and if you but knew how severely I judge, and how I despise the pretensions of these females, and their adoration for R——, because, so it seems, he is handsome, you would understand that I do not fall into ecstasies about nothing; besides, when you read these lines the prediction will be fulfilled.

I must force myself to draw from memory, otherwise I shall never be able to do compositions. Breslau is always making rough drawings, sketches, doing all kinds of things. She had already been doing them for two years before she came to the studio, and she has now been there two years and more. She came about June, 1876, just when I was wasting my time in Russia. . . . Oh, misery!!

Monday, September 23rd.—Julian came to tell me that M. Robert Fleury is very pleased with me; and going back over everything I have done, he thinks that considering the short

time I have been working I have done wonderfully well; that he has, in fact, great hopes of me, and thinks that I shall certainly bring him great credit.

It is stupid to write every day, when there's nothing to say. I bought a wolf-skin in the Russian section for a rug. Pincio the Second is terribly afraid of it.

Shall I really become a painter? The fact is that I only leave the studio to read the illustrated Roman Histories, with notes, maps, texts, and translations.

That is also stupid; nobody is interested in these things, and my conversation would be more brilliant if I read something more modern. Who cares for early institutions, or for the number of citizens who lived under the reign of Tullus Hostilius, for the sacred rites of Numa Pompilius, or the struggles between the tribunes and the consuls?

Duruy's great History, which is appearing in numbers, is a treasure.

When I have finished Livy, I shall read Michelet's History of France, and then I shall read the Greek authors whom I only know by hearsay, and from quotations in other books; and after that . . . My books are packed up in boxes and we must take an apartment in which we are more likely to remain than this one, before I unpack them.

I have read Aristophanes, Plutarch, Herodotus, a little of Xenophon, and I think that is all. Epictetus too, but it really is not enough. And then there is Homer, whom I know very well, and Plato, whom I know just a little.

Friday, September 27th.—Very often, and in all circles, people discuss the mutual wrongs of men and women, exerting themselves to prove the one or the other to be the more guilty. Must I then interfere to enlighten the poor denizens of this earth?

Man has to a certain extent the initiative in nearly everything, and so must be looked upon as the more guilty, without being on that account worse than the woman, who, since she is, so to speak, condemned to be passive, escapes a certain amount of responsibility, but is not, on that account, better than the man.

Saturday, September 28th.—Robert Fleury was again pleased with me and asked me if I had done any painting.

"No, Monsieur."

"Ah, Mademoiselle, that was not right; you know that

it was agreed that you should. You will be really culpable if you do not work a great deal."

And if you knew how sparing he is in his praise, a "not bad" is a great deal to obtain from him, and I have had "*good*," "*well done*," "*very well done!*"

Monday, September 30th.—I have done my first regular painting. I was to do still-life studies, so I painted, as you already know, a blue vase and two oranges, and afterwards a man's foot, and that is all.

I dispensed with the drawing from the antique; I shall perhaps be able to do without the work from still-life.

I have written to Colignon that I should like to be a man. I know that I could be somebody, but with petticoats what do you expect one to do? Marriage is the only career for women; men have thirty-six chances, women only one, as with the bank of the gaming table, but, nevertheless, the bank is always sure to win; they say it is the same with women, but it is not so, for there is winning and winning. But how can one ever be too particular in the choice of a husband? I have never before felt so indignant at the present condition of women. I am not mad enough to claim that stupid equality which is an utopian idea—besides, it is bad form—for there can be no equality between two creatures so different as man and woman. I do not demand anything, for woman already possesses all that she ought to have, but I grumble at being a woman because there is nothing of the woman about me but the envelope.

Thursday, October 3rd.—To-day we remained for nearly four hours at an international dramatic and musical *matinée*. They performed scenes from Aristophanes, in frightful costumes, and so abridged, so ill-arranged and altered that it was simply hideous.

What was splendid was a dramatic recitation, *Christopher Columbus*, given in Italian by Rossi: what a voice, what intonation, what expression, what truth to nature! It was finer than music. I think it would seem magnificent, even to one who did not understand Italian.

While I listened to him I almost worshipped him. Ah! how great the power that lies in speech, even when the words are learnt by heart, even if it is not real eloquence. That fine looking Mounet-Sully recited afterwards . . . but I will not speak of him. Rossi's recitations are high art; he has the

soul of a great artist. I saw him as he was leaving, talking to two other men; he is common. He is an actor; but an artist of his stamp must have a certain grandeur of character even in everyday life. I saw by the look in his eyes that he could not be altogether an ordinary man, but the charm exists only when he is speaking . . . Ah! but then it is marvellous . . . To think the Nihilists scoff at all art!

What a terrible existence! If I were clever, I should know how to get out of this; but then there is only some one's word for it, and, moreover, that some one is myself. Where have I proved or shown my intellect?

Saturday, October 5th.—It was Robert Fleury's day to correct our drawings at the studio. Well, I had such a terrible fright; he cried, "Oh! oh! Ah! ah! Oh! oh!" in several different tones of voice, and then said—

"So you are going in for painting now?"

"Not altogether, Monsieur; I shall only paint once a month . . ."

"Never mind, you are right to begin; you may paint. There's someting good too in your work."

"I was afraid I did not know enough to begin painting."

"On the contrary; you are quite advanced enough. Continue; this isn't bad at all—" &c. &c.

After this I had a long lesson, which proves that my case is *not hopeless*, as they say at the studio. I am not liked there, and whenever I have some poor little success, B—— gives me a furious look, quite laughable to see.

But Robert Fleury will not believe that I have never learnt painting.

He remained a long while, correcting, chatting, and smoking, just as if he were Carolus.

He gave several extra pieces of advice, and then asked me what place I had had at the last competition of last year. And when I told him that I was second . . .

"And this year," he said, "you must . . . H'm!"

It is so absurd; he has already told Julian that he thought I should get a medal.

At last, without any difficulty, I have the permission to paint from life, without having done still-life studies; I pass them over as I passed over the antique.

Monday, October 7th.—Stupid people will say that I want to be the successor of Balzac—it is not so; but do

you know the secret of his great power? It is that he pours out on paper all that his mind conceives, quite naturally, without fear or affectation. Nearly all people of intelligence have thought what he has known how to write down; but who could have expressed their thoughts as he does? The same faculty given to any other mind would certainly have produced a very different result.

No! Nearly all people have not had these thoughts, but in reading Balzac, his truth and fidelity to nature have so taken hold of them, that they fancy his thoughts already existed in their own minds.

But as for me, a hundred times, while speaking or thinking of some particular thing, I have been horribly tormented by ideas that I felt to be in my mind, and that I had not the power to unravel and extract from the frightful chaos of my brain. I have also another belief with regard to myself; I fancy that whenever I say anything clever, or make some remark full of penetration, people will not understand.

Perhaps, indeed, they may not understand it as it was meant.

Good night, good people!

Robert Fleury and Julian build great hopes on me; they take care of me as if I were a horse which had a chance of winning the Grand Prix. Julian does nothing but intimate by his gestures that the praise will spoil me; but I assured him that, on the contrary, it gave me great encouragement, which is the truth.

Wednesday, October 9th.—The successes obtained at the competition of the École des Beaux-Arts by Julian's pupils have given his studio a good standing.

There are more students than enough. Each one imagines he will get a Prix de Rome, or at least compete at the École.

The ladies' studio shares in this distinction, and Robert Fleury vies with Lefebvre and Boulanger. To everything, Julian says—"What would they say of it down-stairs?" or else, "I should like to show that to the gentlemen below."

I long indeed for the honour of having a drawing of mine shown down-stairs. You know they only send down the drawings to show off what we can do, or to make them furious, because they say that women are of no account. For some considerable time I have been thinking of the honour of having my work sent down.

Well! To-day Julian entered the room, and after looking at my study from the nude, he *spoke thus*:—

"Finish that well, and I will take it *down-stairs*."

Saturday, October 12th.—My study from the nude was thought very, very good.

"Ah! you are really talented, and if you work you can do what you like."

I am getting used to praise (I say so for form's sake), and the proof that R—— tells the truth is that they all envy me. And it is absurd that it should be so; but it gives me pain. There must be something in it for them to say such things to me each time, especially when the person who says them is a man as serious and conscientious as R——.

As for Julian, he adds that if I knew all that was said of me it would be enough to turn my head.

"You would be intoxicated with pride, Mademoiselle Marie," said the maid.

I always fear that those who will read these lines will think that people flatter me because I am rich. That makes no difference. I do not pay more than the others, and the others have influential friends, or are related to professors. Besides, when you read this diary there will no longer be any doubt as to my merits. Ah! I must at least obtain compensation in that way.

It is gratifying to see the respect paid to one for personal merit.

R—— begins to imitate Carolus. He comes and he goes (he has received a grand medal at the Universal Exhibition); he stays to chat after he has corrected the drawings, lights a cigarette, throws himself into an arm-chair. All that I do not mind; I know that he adores me as a pupil, and so does Julian.

The other day the Swedish girl gave me some advice, and so Julian called me into his private room, and told me that I ought to follow my natural bent; that my painting, would be at first weak, but that it would be *my own*, "whereas if you listen to others, I will not answer for what may happen."

He is willing for me to try my hand at sculpture, and is going to ask Dubois to give me advice.

For the first time in Paris I enjoyed my drive. I was dressed, my hair done. I looked neat, I had taken my time, I had not hurried. And as Dina remained with mamma, I had the place of honour.

To ride with my back to the horses is torture to me instead of being a pleasure. Every Saturday I shall do the same. It is so stupid to go to the Bois, however you go. To-day I was myself again. I had some success, every one looked at me.

I was in mourning, and wore a felt hat with feathers; the whole effect being elegant, stylish, and simple.

Monday, October 14th.—"The whole place is crammed down-stairs," said Julian; "I will take down your study from the nude; give it to me."

I know that these are only trifles, but still it is pleasant.

Wednesday, October 16th.—It is silly, yet it pains me to see the envy of these women. It is so little-minded, so shabby, so mean. I have never known what it is to be envious of anybody. I merely regret not to be able to do as well.

I submit to superiority; I am sorry for it, but I submit; whilst these creatures . . . . nothing but conversations prepared beforehand, little smiles when they speak of a certain person with whom the professor is pleased, things said of another person, but meant for me, to prove that studio successes signify nothing.

Finally, they have come to the conclusion that the competitions are nothing but a farce, especially as Lefebvre has bad taste and only likes drawings stupidly copied from life, and Robert Fleury is no colourist. In short, the masters are incompetent, despite their celebrity; such is the dictum of the Spanish girl, Breslau, and Noggren. I am quite of their opinion when they say that the studio successes imply nothing at all, for there are two or three specimens here who will for ever remain deplorable mediocrities, and who yet pass for first-rate artists in the eyes of the other students.

I am disliked by the students, but the masters are pleased with me.

It is so amusing to hear these women say the very reverse of what they said ten months ago, when they felt sure of getting first medals. It is amusing because it is one of those comedies which are played all the world over, but it irritates my nerves. Is it, perhaps, because after all I have an honest nature?

These studio squabbles annoy and exasperate me in

spite of all my reasoning. I am indeed impatient to leave them behind me.

Sunday, October 20th.—I ordered the carriage for nine o'clock, and, accompanied by my maid of honour, Mlle. Elsnitz, I went to see Saint-Philippe, Saint-Thomas d'Aquin, and Notre-Dame. I ascended to the top, and I went to see the bells, just like an English girl. Well! There is a Paris I adore and that is old Paris, and I could be happy there, but only by avoiding the boulevards, the Champs-Élysées, all the new and fine quarters, which I abominate, and which irritate me. But over there in the Faubourg Saint-Germain you feel quite differently.

We saw the École des Beaux-Arts. It is enough to make one cry.

Why cannot I go and study there? Where can any one get such thorough teaching as there? I went to see the Exhibition of the Prix de Rome. The second prize was won by one of Julian's pupils. Julian is much pleased. If ever I am rich I will found a School of Art for women.

Saturday, October 26th.—My painting is much better, and my study from the nude very good. M. T—— was the examiner for the competition. Breslau was first, I second.

In short I ought to be satisfied.

This morning, as Robert Fleury was speaking to me in the corner about the designs for my sculpture, I stood listening to him like a little child, with a look of innocence on my face, my cheeks changing colour, not knowing what to do with my hands. He could not help smiling while he spoke, and so did I, for I was thinking that I smelt of fresh violets, that my hair, naturally wavy, dry, and light, was full of delicious light and shade, and that my hands, holding I don't remember what, had assumed amusing attitudes.

Breslau says that the way my hands touch things is a beauty in itself, although my hands are not classically beautiful.

But one must be an artist to discover this beauty. The *bourgeois* and people in society do not notice the way one takes hold of things, and always prefer plump, or even fat, hands to mine.

Between ten and eleven o'clock I had time to read five newspapers and two numbers of Duruy.

I fear that these school successes do me harm. I am almost ashamed of getting on so well, and that they say to me "much better" or "very good," makes me conscious of neither the difficulties conquered nor the progress made—but when they say it to Breslau, it seems to me that she is a great artist.

That should reassure me a little.

Sunday, November 3rd.—Mamma, Dina, Mme. X——, and I, drove out together. They want to get me married, but in order that they should not make me the means of enriching some good gentleman, I declared plainly that I was perfectly willing to marry, but only on condition that the man was rich, in a good position, and handsome, or else some clever and distinguished man. As for his temper, were he the devil himself that is my look-out.

Madame G—— spoke so profanely of the arts that I shall go out of the room if she speaks of them again before me. She quotes the example of ladies who paint at home and have masters, and she says that I shall be able to do the same when I am married. In the tone of indifference of the woman of the world, of the *bourgeoise*, there is something horribly revolting, which shocks all the nobler artistic feelings.

You understand, I reason things out for myself sensibly and logically.

I shall try first to compass the marriage of my dreams. If I am not successful in that I shall marry, as every one else does, by the help of my fortune. And so I am quite easy in my mind about it. When you marry, you have to reflect that it is not like choosing a suite of rooms which you hire by the month, but like buying a house. You must have everything you require in it; you cannot make shift with an insufficient number of rooms, as you would in a lodging. Moreover, an old Russian tradition says that "Buildings added on bring ill-luck."

Tuesday, November 5th.—One thing there is which I think truly beautiful, and worthy of the heroic age: that self-annihilation of a woman before the superiority of the man she loves must be the most exquisite gratification of her self-esteem that can be felt by a woman of noble mind.

Saturday, November 9th.—A shameful defeat. No medal given at all, which will cause those fools of girls who

are advanced, and who did not compete, to triumph. I am first all the same; I think I should have been, even against Breslau. There would have been a tie for the first place; but this inward conviction amounts to nothing. The fact remains; they did not compete, no medal was awarded. In my heart I don't care two straws. Breslau is the only one for whom I have any respect. And, after all, she has worked three years at Julian's, and two at Zürich; in all nearly five years, not reckoning, that is, time lost through illness. And I have worked altogether only eleven months. And if you take into consideration my previous attempts, it will make up another month. If you count the copies from engravings, and the six heads I painted at Rome, done at different times, all this spoiling of paper makes up one month's work (eight hours a day, *I declare on my honour*), six weeks *at most*. So that we arrive at a total of one year. And all this to announce to you with great pomp, that I draw from the undraped model as well as Breslau; the masters told me so.

Wednesday, November 13th.—Robert Fleury came this evening. It would be idle to repeat all the words of encouragement which he said to me after a long lesson. If what these people say is true, you will know, by the time you read this, what to think of me.

But it gives one pleasure, notwithstanding, to see that one is being really taken seriously. I am absurd . . . . I have the most unbounded hopes for myself, and when other people tell me the same thing, I seem never to have suspected such possibilities, and am in ecstasies of joy. I am as full of surprise, and as radiant, as a monster who learns that he is loved by the most beautiful of women.

Robert Fleury is an excellent teacher; he leads you on step by step, so that you feel at each step the progress you have made.

To-night he treated me a little like a pupil who had learnt his scales, and who had been given a piece for the first time. He lifted the corner of the veil, and revealed to me wider horizons.

To-night marks an era in my work.

Saturday, November 16th.—And to-day Robert Fleury was very pleased with Breslau, and advised her to do something for the Salon; adding that she would get in, he himself would answer for it.

As for me, this week I had that old G—— next to me, the pest of the studio; a good creature, but without any sense, and trying to one's nerves.

My drawing is now as good as Breslau's; she still has the advantage of me in practice. Now I must give myself so many months to paint as well as she does, for if I can't do that there can be nothing extraordinary in me. During the seven or ten months which I allow myself she will not stop . . so that I shall be obliged to push on fast enough to catch up the past ten months in the seven or ten months in which we shall race together.

It seems to me very unlikely, and would be very extraordinary. Well, I must leave it to Providence.

Wednesday, November 20th.—This evening, after my bath, I suddenly became so pretty that I spent twenty minutes looking at myself. I am sure that if people could see me to-night, I should be a success. The colour of my complexion is absolutely dazzling and yet delicate and tender; my cheeks have but the faintest tinge of pink; nothing marked but the lines of the lips, the eyebrows, and the eyes.

Please don't think I am blind when I am looking plain. I see it myself I assure you; and this is the first time I have been looking pretty for a very long while. My painting swallows up everything.

The horrible thing of life is that all must fade, become parchment-like, and perish!

Thursday, November 21st.—Breslau has painted a cheek so absolutely true and lifelike that I, a woman and a rival artist, felt inclined to kiss that woman's cheek. . . .

This must often happen in every-day life; one must not approach too near for fear of soiling one's lips, and ruining the thing one admires.

Robert Fleury came to-night to the studio. My work is still getting on well.

Friday, November 22nd.—The prospect of Breslau's future frightens me. I am disheartened and sad.

She can compose, and in her work there is nothing feminine, commonplace, or mis-shapen. She will attract attention at the Salon, for besides the expression she will put into it, the subject she will choose will be no ordinary one. I am truly mad to envy her; I am but a child in art, while she is a grown-up woman.

My painting before everything. For the moment I am in low spirits; everything looks black to me.

Saturday, November 23*rd.*—Robert Fleury has spoken to me again concerning "a real artistic future, the future of a painter of true talent." I do not remember the expressions he used, but he spoke of the study from the whole figure I did in the evenings, and Breslau, who heard, looked at me with that air of kindly esteem which people assume when they do not want to seem jealous.

It was not with reference to this week's head that he spoke, for my painting is still so poor that there is not much to say about it, but with reference to my work as a whole. What puts me out slightly is that he ordered me not to be content with studies at the studio, but to do sketches, composition from imagination, &c.

Hitherto my work had been that of a machine; now I must put something of myself into it, and show some independence.

By the way in which he advised me to work, and by the way he encouraged me, I saw that I am in his good graces, like Breslau. You understand that I don't care a rap for the man, I *do* care for the master; for I tell you again that though he be not a painter whose work takes one by storm, our chief is perfect as a teacher.

With Breslau and myself he has a particular way of correcting the work.

To-night I have been again to see the *Amants de Vérone* with Nadine and Paul. We asked Filippino to come with us. Capoul and Heilbronn sang and acted most delightfully. The score seems to open like a flower as one listens to it for a second time. I must go again. The flower will seem to open still more, and give forth a delicious perfume. The work contains exquisite phrases, but one needs both patience and delicacy of ear to appreciate them. This music does not force its beauty on you, you must seek out its charm, which, subtle and faint as it is, yet exists.

Sunday, November 24*th.*—We went to see the Museum of Antiquities with Nadine. What simplicity and what beauty!

Ah! there will never be a second Greece!

Monday, December 16*th.*—It is freezing and snowing. I can only find rest in work, and I pass the two remaining hours in reading or dozing.

Never, never before have I been so depressed, downhearted, discouraged, and sceptical. I care for nothing in the world.

I am at work, but like a machine; I must make a good sketch, and get praised for it. This will give me back my interest in the artist's fame, and be a reason for living.

Saturday, December 21st.—Done nothing good to-day. My painting doesn't get on; I think I shall want more than six months to do as well as Breslau. She will be a remarkable woman, no doubt . . . . an odd mixture, I should say, if oddness were not so common nowadays.

My painting doesn't get on.

"Well, my girl, you think that Breslau painted better than you do after two months and a half; but she painted from still-life or plaster casts."

Six months ago Robert Fleury made the same remarks to her which he did to me this morning:—"Your work is too smooth; the tone is crude and cold. Try and get out of this. Make one or two copies."

She didn't die of it at the end of ten months of painting; shall I die of it at the end of ten weeks?

Friday, December 27th.—I have lost a week at the studio. For the last three days I have wanted to write down some reflections which I can't quite recall; but irritated by the singing of the young lady on the second floor I began turning over the leaves of my stay in Italy, and then I was interrupted and lost the thread of my thoughts and that melancholy frame of mind which is not unpleasant.

I am surprised at the ease with which I made use of high-sounding words at that time to describe the simplest occurrences.

But as I aimed at great sentiments, I was vexed at not being able to describe strange, wonderful, and romantic sensations, and made myself the interpreter of my sentiments; painters will understand what I mean. That is all very well; but how could a girl who claims to be intelligent be so mistaken about the true value of men and events? I say this because I was just going to remark that my relatives ought to have told me, for example, that A—— was not to be taken seriously, nor a man about whom one should be in the least put out. In short, they talked most injudiciously about him to me, my mother

being younger than myself; but still, in spite of it all, since I have such a high opinion of my intelligence, I ought to have been a better judge, and should have treated him like everybody else, instead of making so much of him in my journal and elsewhere.

But I was full of impatience to have romances to record, and fool that I was, it would perhaps have been more romantic without them. In short, I was young and inexperienced, in spite of my rhodomontades and boastings; I must confess it at last, at whatever cost.

Very well! methinks I hear the reader say, a strong-minded woman like you should not be obliged to retract her words.

Sunday, December 29th.—Thereupon I leaned my head on the sofa, and fell sound asleep till eight o'clock this morning. How amusing it is to sleep like this out of your bed!

I have quite lost hold of art, and can't get my mind fixed on anything whatever. My books are packed up; I am forgetting my Latin and my classics, and feel quite stupid. The sight of a temple, of a column, of an Italian landscape, makes me loathe this Paris, so dry, worldly-wise, learned, and over-refined. The human beings are all ugly here. This paradise, for it is a paradise to highly organised natures, is nothing to me. Yes, rest assured that I am cured of my errors. I am neither clever nor happy; I feel inclined to go to Italy, to travel, to see mountains, lakes, woods, and seas. But travel with my family and their parcels, and their daily little bickerings, recriminations, tribulations! No; a hundred times, no! To enjoy the delights of travel I must wait, but time passes. So much the worse! I could always marry an Italian prince whenever I wished to do so; therefore let us wait.

For you see by taking an Italian prince I could go on working, as the money would belong to me; but then I should have to give some to him. In the meanwhile I will stay here, and go on with my painting.

On Saturday my drawing, done in two days, was not considered bad. You will see that it is only with an Italian that I could live in my own way either in France, Italy, or where I liked best; what a delightful life! I should live partly in Paris, partly in Italy.

CHAPTER VII.

PARIS, 1879.—THE SALON.

Thursday, January 2nd.—What I long for is the freedom of going about alone, of coming and going, of sitting on the seats in the Tuileries, and especially in the Luxembourg, of stopping and looking at the artistic shops, of entering the churches and museums, of walking about the old streets at night; that's what I long for; and that's the freedom without which one can't become a real artist. Do you imagine I can get much good from what I see, chaperoned as I am, and when, in order to go to the Louvre, I must wait for my carriage, my lady companion, or my family?

Curse it all, it is this that makes me gnash my teeth to think I am a woman!—I'll get myself a *bourgeois* dress and a wig, and make myself so ugly that I shall be as free as a man. It is this sort of liberty that I need, and without it I can never hope to do anything of note.

The mind is cramped by these stupid and depressing obstacles; even if I succeeded in making myself ugly by means of some disguise I should still be only half free, for a woman who rambles about alone commits an imprudence. And when it comes to Italy and Rome? The idea of going to see ruins in a landau!

"Marie, where are you going?"

"To the Coliseum."

"But you have already seen it! Let us go to the theatre or to the Promenade; we shall find plenty of people there."

And that is quite enough to make my wings droop.

This is one of the principal reasons why there are no female artists. O profound ignorance! O cruel routine! But what is the use of talking?

Even if we talked most reasonably we should be subject to the old, well-worn scoffs with which the apostles of women are overwhelmed. After all, there may be some cause for laughter. Women will always remain women! But still . . . supposing they were brought up in the way men are trained, the inequality which I regret would disappear, and there would remain only that which is inherent in nature itself. Ah, well, no matter what I may say, we shall have to go on shrieking and making ourselves

ridiculous (I will leave that to others) in order to gain this equality a hundred years hence. As for myself, I will try to set an example by showing Society a woman who shall have made her mark, in spite of all the disadvantages with which it hampered her.

Friday, January 10th.—Robert Fleury came to the studio in the evening.

We dine and breakfast at the Café Anglais, where the food is good; it is the best restaurant in the place.

The Bonapartist papers, and the *Pays* in particular, were so stupid about the elections that I feel a sort of shame for them, as I did yesterday for Massenet when his incantation was encored, for it lost its charm by repetition.

If I don't win fame quickly enough with my painting I will kill myself, that is all. I made up my mind to this several months ago. . . . In Russia once before I wanted to kill myself, but I was afraid of hell. I will kill myself when I am thirty years of age, for until thirty we are still young and can hope for some turn of luck—happiness, or success, or anything in short. There, now, that's settled; and if I were sensible, I should not worry myself, neither to-night, nor ever again.

I am speaking very seriously, and am quite pleased at having settled it so far.

Saturday, January 11th.—At the studio it is thought that I go greatly into society; and this, together with my position, keeps me apart, and prevents me from asking them to do any of the little things for me that they are in the habit of doing for each other—to accompany me to some painter's, for instance, or to a studio.

I worked honestly all the week until ten o'clock on Saturday night, then I went home and began to cry. Until now I have always prayed to God, but as He never hears me at all, I almost begin to lose my faith.

Only those who have experienced this feeling can fully understand the horror of it. I do not wish to preach religion out of goodness, but God is a very convenient institution. When there is no one to have recourse to, when all other means fail, there still remains God. It commits us to nothing, disturbs nobody, while affording a supreme consolation. Whether He exists or no, we are *absolutely bound to believe in Him*, unless we are quite happy, and then we can do without Him. But in sorrow

and misfortune—in fact, in discomforts of every kind—it were better to die than not to believe.

God is an invention which saves us from utter despair.

Only think then what a thing it is to call upon His name in one's last extremity, without believing in Him!

Monday, January 13*th* (New Year's Day in Russia).—Well, I am amusing myself with nonsense, as usual. . . . . The whole of Sunday is spent at the theatre. A *matinée* at the Gaieté, which is rather dull, and an evening performance of *Le Pré aux Clercs*, at the Opéra-Comique. I have been spending the night washing myself, writing and reading, lying on the floor, and drinking tea.

It is a quarter-past five; so I will go early to the studio and this evening I shall be sleepy; to-morrow morning I will rise early and all will go on capitally. Do not imagine that I admire myself for all these tricks, for I am disgusted and horrified with myself. But never mind, I greeted the New Year in an original fashion—on the floor with my dogs . . . I have worked all day long.

Tuesday, January 14*th*.—I was unable to get up till half-past eleven after sitting up all night. The competition was judged this morning by the three masters—Lefebvre, Robert Fleury, and Boulanger. I only reached the studio at one o'clock, and then only to learn the result. The elder girls had been examined this time, and the first words that greeted my ears as I entered, were: "Well, Mlle. Marie, come along and receive your medal!"

And indeed there was my drawing fastened to the wall with a pin, and bearing the word: "Prize." I should have been less surprised had a mountain fallen on my head.

I must explain to you the importance and real meaning of these competitions. Like all other competitive examinations, they are useful, but the rewards are not always the proof of the tastes and natural ability of the individual. For it is unquestionable that Breslau, for instance, whose picture comes fifth in the list, is superior in every way to Bang, who comes first after the medal. Bang goes *piano e sano*, and her work is like good honest carpentering; but she always takes a high place, because women's work is in general rendered painful by its weakness and fancifulness, whenever it is not of a strictly elementary character.

The model was a lad of eighteen years, who, both in form and colour, strikingly resembled a cat's head that

one would make with a saucepan, or a saucepan in the form of a cat's head. Breslau has painted some figures which would easily win the medal; but this time she has not succeeded. And further, it is not execution nor beauty which is most appreciated down below, for beauty has nothing to do with study, you may have it in you or not, execution being only the complement of other more important qualities; but it's above all, *correctness*, boldness, and *perception* of truth. They don't consider the difficulties, and they are right; therefore a good drawing is preferred to an indifferent painting. What, after all, do we do here? We study; and these heads are judged solely from that point of view. Mine is a perfect swaggerer. These gentlemen despise us, and it is only when they come across a powerful, and even brutal, piece of work, that they are satisfied; this vice is very rare amongst women.

It is the work of a young man, they said of mine. It is powerful; it is true to nature.

"I told you that we had a stunner up there," said Robert Fleury to Lefebvre.

"You have won the medal, young lady," said Julian, "and it was awarded with honours; the gentlemen did not hesitate."

I ordered a bowl of punch, as is the custom down-stairs, and Julian was called. I received congratulations, for many present imagined that I had reached the height of my ambition, and that they should get rid of me.

Wick, who won the medal at the last examination but one, is this time the eighth; but I console her by repeating to her the words of Alexandre Damas, who says so truly:—"A failure is not a proof that we have no talent, whereas one successful piece of work is a proof that we have." This definition is, after all, the one most exactly applicable to these matters.

A genius may do a bad thing, but a fool can't do a good one.

Thursday, January 16th.—With two or three exceptions the evening pupils do not come in the morning.

I have been much praised; that *was* a delightful moment, though, when . . .

"Come and take your medal!"

The other night, at Madame de M——'s, I said in a sweet, low voice, when showing my medal—

. . .

"This represents a great deal of courage, Madame."

And, indeed, it represents the work of twelve months. Next to the terror I experienced after my meeting with the king at Naples, the most violent emotion of my life has been the reading of *L'Homme-Femme*. The admiration I felt for Dumas made me believe for a few minutes that I loved, with passion and frenzy, this man of fifty-five years, whom I had never seen. I understood Bettina and Goethe.

Friday, January 17th.—If I were only sixteen I should be the happiest woman on earth.

"Well!" said Robert Fleury, "you have got the prize."

"Yes, Monsieur."

"That's all right; and you may be sure that you have deserved it."

"Oh, Monsieur, I am happy to hear you say so."

"Yes; it is well gained, not only on account of the head you did for the competition, but you have deserved it for your work generally. You have made great progress, and I am glad that it has so happened, and that you have won the medal; you have thoroughly deserved it."

I was blushing, and felt confused as I listened, which rather took from my pleasure in hearing those words; but my aunt, who was present, trembled more than I did.

"Mademoiselle Breslau has produced a nice horror," he said to the Spanish girl as he moved away.

"It was so difficult, Monsieur."

"Oh! tut, tut. It is because she has taken it into her head not to work; she appears now and then, and if she does not receive endless compliments, she disappears and we see nothing of her for weeks. She has, nevertheless, done some studies which . . . ."

"That head was so difficult, Monsieur," rejoined the Spaniard, who would take the devil's part if necessary, in order to find fault with the competitions.

"But she doesn't work."

"But she does something at home . . . ."

"It would be much better for her to make a good prize drawing." The poor man was annoyed that this should take place before Lefebvre and Boulanger.

Saturday, January 19th.—I have again caused, maintained, and quieted a studio rebellion. After it was over I went and told everything to Julian, so that he might not have the facts put before him in a distorted form.

Greatness in the bud! Science and talent in the bud! I very much fear that all these buds will only make a harvest for some donkey! Oh! if only I could be a man! but no, it would be better to die.

Wednesday, January 20th.—All day I am thinking of a blue sea, of white sails, and a sky all brightness . . . .

On entering the studio I find P——. This old mushroom tells me that in a week's time he is going to Rome, and in the conversation he happens to mention Katarbinsky, and others . . . . and I feel myself transported with joy at this prospect of sunshine; of old marbles amongst the foliage; of ruins, statues, and churches. The Campagna! that "desert"; yes, but I adore that desert. And thank God there are many besides myself who love it.

That divine and artistic atmosphere; that light, which, when I think of it, makes me cry with rage at being here.

I know some painters there!

There are three classes of people: the first love all this, are artists, and do not find the Campagna an odious desert, cold in winter and unbearable in summer; the second don't understand art and don't feel its beauty, but dare not own it, and try to look like the former. These latter do not displease me so very much, for they see their nakedness, and try to conceal it. The third section resembles the second, but has not this redeeming feature. This is the class that I loathe, because they disparage and chill you. They do not feel or understand anything themselves; they pronounce art to be nonsense; and, narrow, callous, and revolting, they wallow in the full sunshine of Italy.

Monday, February 3rd. — Yesterday I went to see *L'Assommoir*, and liked it very much. But beforehand, from about five o'clock until evening, I spent my time trying to make a sketch. One must practise . . . . The others downstairs do so every Sunday; they are given a subject, and are expected to make a rough sketch from imagination.

As for myself, I begin at the beginning: Adam and Eve, on a canvas No. 4. And now that I've begun, I shall do one every week. If I listened to myself, I should never have done talking about my talents. For a first attempt my sketch is very good . . . .

I will show it to Julian with another that I am going to do.

Tuesday, February 4th.—This evening the model did not come. I sat, and while I was on the platform Julian arrived, and we talked politics. I enjoy talking to that slyboots.

I make fun of everything and everybody at the studio. I recite, jeer, and amuse them; I sketch out political programmes when I am in the mood, and Julian says to me: "Bravo! And your painting besides! . . . . Why, with such gifts you might become unique in Paris." He thinks me very witty and clever, ruling our *salon* at home, and very influential.

Wednesday, February 5th.—There! we have been to Versailles, on the first day of the Gambetta Presidency. His speech, which he read, was received with enthusiasm, and had it been worse the result would have been the same. Gambetta read badly, and with a detestable voice. He has not the moderation of a President, and, after seeing Grévy, you wonder what this man is doing there. In order to preside over a Chamber it is not sufficient to be talented—a particular temperament is necessary. Grévy presided with mechanical regularity and precision. The first word of his sentences just fitted the last. Gambetta makes crescendos and diminuendos: he expands and contracts; he throws his head about, and has ups and downs. . . ! In short, he is either incoherent or very artful.

Sunday, February 16th.—On Saturday I received a scolding.

"I cannot understand how, with your abilities, you find so much difficulty in painting."

Well, I don't understand it either. I feel paralysed! I can struggle no longer! There's nothing for it but to die. O good God! have I nothing more to expect from anyone? And, worst of all, I have just filled the fireplace with wood, without the smallest necessity, for I wasn't cold, . . . while perhaps at this very moment there are many poor wretches who are hungry and cold, and weeping with misery. These reflections immediately check the tears that I am so fond of shedding. It's only a notion, perhaps, but I fancy that I should prefer complete misery; for then one is at the lowest ebb, and there is nothing to fear, and one

doesn't die of hunger so long as one has any strength left to work.

Tuesday, February 18th.—A little while ago I fell on my knees beside my bed to ask God for justice—for pity, or pardon! If I do not deserve my agonies, let Him do me justice! If I have committed grievous sins, I ask Him for forgiveness! If He exists, and is really such as we are taught to believe, He must be just, He must pity and forgive. I have none but Him; it is therefore natural that I should go to Him, begging Him not to forsake me in my despair, not to lead me into temptation, and not to let me doubt, and blaspheme, and die. My sins are, no doubt, like my sufferings—doubtless I commit every minute petty sins which form an overwhelming total.

Just now I spoke harshly to my aunt, but I could not help it. She came in just when I was weeping, with my hands over my face, and was summoning God to attend to me a little. Oh, misery of miseries! They mustn't see me weeping, or they might think it was from love, and then I should . . . weep with rage.

Wednesday, February 19th.—I must do something to amuse myself. I say this in silly imitation of what is written in books. What is the use of amusing oneself? Even suffering itself is a kind of enjoyment; and then I am not like other people, and I hate all those things that they do to improve themselves—morally and physically—because I don't believe in it.

Nice, Friday, February 21st.—Here I am at Nice. I want to bathe in the air, to drown myself in light, and to listen to the sound of the waves. Do I like the sea? Why, I adore it. Rome is the only place in which I forget it . . . or nearly forget it.

I travelled with Paul. . . We were taken for husband and wife, which ruffled me immensely. As our villa is let, we go to the Hôtel du Parc—the old villa Aqua Viva, in which we lived eight years ago. Eight years! and I am travelling for pleasure. We dine at London House. Antoine, the proprietor, comes and pays me his respects, and so do the *dames du comptoir*. Then all the cabmen smile and bow, and the one we engage pays me compliments on my having grown so much—he knows me. Another one offers his services, telling us that he served Mme. Romanoff

Next come my friends of the Rue de France. This is all very nice, and these good people have given me much pleasure.

The night is beautiful, and I escape all alone until ten o'clock in the evening; I go roaming by the sea-shore and sing to the accompaniment of the waves. There is not a living soul in sight, and the scene is very lovely after Paris —especially after Paris!

Saturday, February 22nd.—How different from Paris! Here I awake without effort; the windows are open all night. The room I occupy is the very one in which we took our drawing lessons with Benza. I watch the sun gradually lighting up the trees near the fountain in the middle of the garden, as I used to see it every morning; my little study still has the same paper, the one I chose myself. It is no doubt occupied by some English barbarian. . . . I recognised the room by the paper, for they have built a passage, which confuses me; the room I am in was a conservatory. The weather is beautiful!

We dine at London House, and shall continue to do so as long as we stay at Nice. Everybody is to be seen there, especially during the carnival time.

Sunday, February 23rd.—Yesterday we went to Monaco. I can never express how this nest of cocottes repels me. I only stayed in the gaming-rooms for ten minutes, but that was enough for me, as I don't play. Mme. Abaza, who had come there for the theatre, expressed her delight at meeting me again. We heard a comic opera in the new hall, which is very fine, and in the style of the day.

Garnier fecit!

I go for a walk in the twilight, and I admire the sea and the sky. What colour, what transparency, what purity, what perfume!

Monday, February 24th.—I am happy when I can ramble alone. The waves are incomparably beautiful; I went to listen to them before going to hear Patti. It had been raining, and there was a soft and delicious freshness in the air. It does one's eyes good to gaze at night into the dark blue of the sea and the sky. I was so absorbed that I did not notice that the sea had broken away a part of the Promenade, and I fell into this precipice of about two or three yards deep.

Paris, Monday, March 3rd.—I started yesterday at midday; the weather was superb, and I almost shed real tears when leaving this delicious and incomparable country. From my window I could see the garden, and the Promenade des Anglais with its Parisian elegance. From the passage I could see the Rue de France, with its old Italian buildings, and its alleys with their picturesque light and shade. And all these people who know me—"It is Mlle. Marie," they say as I pass.

As much as the people of Nice have made me suffer, do I adore the houses and streets. It is my own country, after all. Now I should like to leave Paris; my mind wanders, and I feel lost. I expect nothing more, I hope nothing more. I am desperate and resigned. I think and think; I seek, and finding nothing, I heave one of those sighs which leave me more oppressed than before. Come now, what would you do in my place?

Now that I am in this merciless Paris, I feel as though I hadn't looked half enough at the sea; I should like to see it again. I have brought back with me poor Bagatelle, my dog who was run over at Spa, and has been so miraculously cured. It seemed a pity to leave him there all alone. You could not believe the goodness, faithfulness, and attachment of this animal. He never leaves me, is always under my chair, and hides himself with such a humble and pleading face when my aunt comes to remonstrate about the carpets.

Tuesday, March 4th.—I called to see Mme. G——, and we went out together; she paid a few calls, during which time I read the newspapers in the carriage. At her house we saw the Countess Murat, with her daughter-in-law. Ah, yes, M. G—— has at last obtained consent. We talk with enthusiasm about the departure of the Prince, then we deplore the dangers to which he may be exposed, and go into ecstasies over his energy. He did not ask anybody's advice.

And then if those good Zulus do eat Napoleon there will not be so very much to despair about. When he is dead his party disappears, and there are no further obligations; people will turn to that rascally Republic, which, after all, is the sister of the Empire.

Wednesday, March 5th.—To-morrow I begin work again. I give myself another year. One year in which I mean to work more ardently than ever. Of what good is it to despair? Oh yes, this is a thing we say when we feel in better spirits, but when despair takes possession of you . . . .

Despair, my angel, will not bring you anything, and as *there is nothing to be done* let us set to work! I shall have time enough to be discouraged afterwards. As this life must be dragged out in the hopes of a better fate, let us be busy in it. There is no way of getting out of it; is it not just the same thing whether I draw or read? You will think these strange reasonings to induce me to work? It is no longer even a makeshift! . . . . It is that I fear I may some day say to myself—"If, instead of remaining at the studio, you had thought of self, you might perhaps have found . . . . "

Anything you like! There may be some way; but I know not what to do.

Really, it is horrible! I am always wondering if it would be possible to bring my father here. . . . . But, do you know what he is doing? He is having his house newly done up to receive us. Thank you! I have been there and have had enough of it. My aunt and mother are incapable of anything, and I am ashamed to admit that I am not able to compel them; even then nothing would come of it.

Just when we are giving up seeking is the time to find. In any case, painting can do me no harm. . . . . But I receive no encouragement! . . . . *Just the very opposite.* There, my angel, justify yourself for your want of intelligence.

Romance! stuff! Oh! Do you see? I write, I think, I dream, and then I stop short; and there is always the same silence, the same solitude, the room looks always the same. The motionless furniture seems to provoke and mock me! I am here fighting with this nightmare while others live!

Glory! Oh bother glory!

I will marry; why delay this event? What am I waiting for? If I give up painting I have a wide field before me. Then . . . . I must go to Italy and get married there. . . . . Not to Russia; to buy a Russian would be dreadful. Besides, in Russia I could easily get married, especially in the country; but I am not such a fool. At St. Petersburg? Well, if my father would consent, we might spend a winter there. . . . .

Next winter in St. Petersburg, then! I do not think I am fond of my art; it was a means, I give it up. . . . . Truly? Oh! I can't tell. . . . . Shall I give myself a year—the time for which we have hired our apartments?

To be or not to be?

A year is not enough . . . . At the end of that time I shall see if it is worth while going on. . . . . But in Italy, and if I give up painting, I shall be hearing talk of young lady artists, that will enrage me and cause me to regret; and when

in Naples or St. Petersburg, every time I hear praises of somebody's talent, how shall I be able to listen? And the foundation for all this would be my beauty. Supposing I do not succeed! *For it is not only necessary to please; you must please some given man.*

Directly I put art aside and admit the possibility of going into society, or of shining at the promenade or at the theatre .... I am rambling, I will go to bed. This thought of St. Petersburg really pleases me. However, at twenty years of age, I shall not be so very old. In Paris, there is nothing to be expected in the way of rich husbands; as for poor ones, Italy is much more convenient.

Saturday, March 8th.—I have been trying to model, but I have never seen how it is done, and know nothing about it.

The flower-stands and vases are filled with violets. I shall have some for a long time; they are in earth.

How beautiful is this blue satin, those violets, the light streaming from above, the harp. . . . Not a sound, not a soul. . . . I don't know why I am so afraid of the country; I am not afraid of it, ... but am not eager for it. . . . After all, it is very charming as a rest, but I am not tired, only dreadfully bored.

Sunday, March 9th.—Do you know that writing is a great consolation! There are things which would kill you if you couldn't *destine* them to be read by others, and so "divided to infinity."

I am pleased to find that a man like Dumas troubled himself about the quality of his paper, ink, and pens, because each time that some accessory prevents my working, I tell myself that it is idleness, and that great painters had no whims. . . .

But stop. . . . I can understand that Raphael, suddenly inspired, should have drawn his *Madonna della Seggiola* on the bottom of a cask; but I also think that this same Raphael must have had recourse to all his favourite tools in order to paint and finish off his picture; and had he been forced to paint somewhere against his will, he would have become as enervated as I do, ordinary mortal that I am, in Julian's studio.

Wednesday, March 12th.—I must go and hang myself! However mock-heroic and impossible and absurd this idea of

destroying myself may seem to you, it must come to that at last.

I do not get on with my painting. It is true, however, that since I commenced painting I have worked anyhow, and with many interruptions; but that has nothing to do with the matter. I who had dreamed of being rich, happy, a leader of fashion, an attraction . . . . to lead, or I should say to drag out such a life!

Mlle. Elsnitz is my companion as usual, but the poor thing is so dull. Picture to yourself a tiny body, with a large head and blue eyes. . . . Have you ever noticed at the milliner's those wooden heads with pink cheeks and blue eyes? Well, that's it—the same in looks and expression. Added to this is a languid air, which you also see on these dummies which I have just mentioned; a slow walk, but so heavy that to hear her you would think it was a man; a weak and drawling voice; she takes in what you say with astonishing slowness. She is always absent, never sees anything at once, and after a while she stops in front of you and gazes at you with such a serious face, that she either makes you burst out laughing or puts you in a rage

She often comes into the room and stands. in the middle of the floor as if rooted to the spot, and looking as though she did not know where she was. Perhaps her most irritating trick is her way of opening the doors; this operation lasts so long that every time I hear her I feel inclined to rush to her assistance. I know that she is young—only nineteen. I know too that she has always been unfortunate, that she is in a strange house where she has not a friend, not a soul with whom to exchange an idea. . . . It often grieves me to see her, and her gentle, passive expression touches me; and then I make up my mind to chat with her, to . . . . But it is no good; I find her quite as repulsive as I did the Pole and B——. I know it is wrong, but her idiotic look paralyses me. I know what a sad position hers is; but when she was with the Anitchkoffs it was just the same. When asking me the slightest thing, to play something on the piano, for instance, she goes through as much hesitation and torture as I should feel were I to *beg* some one to give me an invitation to a party or a ball.

However, I do not chat with anybody here, so she is not an exception.

I work at the studio, and when taking my meals at home I read papers or a book. This is a habit I should find it difficult to shake off. I read even while practising

the mandoline. Therefore the poor little thing is not treated worse than the others. I feel remorse, but I can't help it.

I am intensely miserable when in her society. The drives I am obliged to take with her would be a perfect torture to me if I did not look out of the window, and by persistently thinking of something else manage to forget her. . . It is not difficult to do so—nothing could be more insignificant than the poor being, or more depressing! I do so wish that she could find some condition in which she might be happy, and so take herself off. I am ashamed to say that she spoils the desolate wilderness of my life.

Oh, that painting! if I could only do it!

Friday, March 14th.—In spite of my remonstrances, Paul has just left. I got angry, and declared that he shouldn't go. He declared, upon his honour, that he would. I held the door; but, taking advantage of a moment's absent-mindedness, he escaped.

It was to prove that he could keep his word. He had sworn that he would go to-day. In short, it was the firmness of a weak mind who, feeling himself of no account in important things, makes up for it in trifles.

This saved me from fretting. I immediately got twenty francs from my aunt to send an abusive telegram to my father at Poltava, but at the same moment Rosalie came to tell me that I must not reckon on Champeau (a girl who sometimes makes my dresses), as she has typhoid fever. Her workwomen have left, and she is all alone. An idea struck me. I tore up the telegram, and sent the twenty francs to this woman.

There is nothing more pleasant than to do some good for which one gets no return. I would willingly go and see her—I am not afraid of typhus—but it would look as though I expected to be thanked; and besides, I might spend this trifle if I did not send it to her at once. . . I must confess that the pleasure of doing so would not then be so keen. I suddenly feel an impulse to boundless charity. To relieve the sorrows of others, when nobody thinks of lightening mine, would be rather *chic*, wouldn't it?

Saturday, March 15th.—If Robert Fleury—whom we call Tony in his absence—scolds me to-day, I shall give up paint-

ing. You know how much envy and unpleasantness my progress cost me. Each time I get into a difficulty people seem to say, "I told you so—it couldn't last!" My first efforts won compliments; then I arrived at a more difficult stage and saw that it caused too much satisfaction around me not to suffer considerably. This morning I dreaded my lesson, and while that animal of a Tony was correcting the others, and getting nearer and nearer to my place, I was saying prayers so fervently that Heaven seems to have heard me—for I gave satisfaction. Good heavens! what a load fell from my mind! Perhaps you can't imagine such emotions? Can you imagine me waiting in anxious silence fully conscious of the delight that would be felt if I received a snub? This time it would have been for good and all—for friends or enemies are the same in these things. However, it is past. Next week I shall have courage to endure any wrench.

Sunday, March 16th.—Coco is dead! He was crushed by a cart just before the door. When I called him to dinner I was told of it. After the grief which I felt at the death of Pincio the First, whose place the present *Pincia* is filling, this misfortune seems less. . . But if you had a dog born in the house—young, silly, playful, ugly, good-natured, and affectionate, jumping and looking at you with two eager and innocent eyes, like children's—you'd understand how much I suffered from his loss.

I wonder where the souls of dogs go? This poor little creature, with its long white and woolless body—for he had no more hair behind than in front—with one huge ear always pricked up and the other hanging down! in short, I prefer ten times over an ugly dog like this to one of those frightful beasts which cost so much.

He looked like one of the beasts of the Apocalypse, or one of the carved monsters on the roof of Notre-Dame.

Pincia does not seem to notice that her son has been killed; it is true she is expecting a new family.

They shall all be called Coco or Coquelicot. I think it is said that dogs have no souls. Why not?

Tuesday, April 1st.—Why should mirth be more agreeable than sorrow? We have only to make believe that *ennui* pleases and amuses us.

A reminiscence of the Enchiridion of Epictetus, and very

appropriate; but I could reply, that first impressions are involuntary; so that however strong we may be, the first impression must always have given us the start, after which we may manage as we please, but in any case it must *always* have been so. It is by far the most natural course to continue in the direction of one's first impression, that is to say, the *natural* impression, to rely upon and strengthen the feeling experienced, than to divert or twist it, and to cripple one's feelings so far as to conform them one to the other or, rather, to confuse them all, to efface them, and to trouble no more about anything . . . . to cease living, which is after all what I wish to bring about.

It would be shorter to . . . But no . . . Then all would be over.

The most odious thing in the world is to be in it, to live unknown, to see no one of any interest, or have a chance of exchanging ideas with any one; to know neither the celebrities, nor the men of the day. . . . This is death, this is hell!

I will speak now of what are commonly called misfortunes. We ought not to rebel and complain; sorrows even are joys, and they ought to be considered as indispensable elements of life. Supposing I lose a loved one, do you think it is nothing to me? On the contrary, I should be in despair, I should weep and moan and cry out, and then this pain would gradually melt into long prolonged, perhaps abiding, sadness.

I don't say that this would be pleasant, I don't wish for it, I don't *prefer* it; but I can't help saying that it would be life and therefore enjoyment.

We lose a husband or a child, we are deceived by a friend; and we loudly accuse our fate; I should very likely do the same. But these manifestations are in the nature of things, and God is not offended at them, and men are not *offended* either, knowing that these are the natural and inevitable consequences of the sorrow we endure. We groan, but we don't think in our inmost souls that these things *ought not to be*; we accept them almost unconsciously. We may even seclude ourselves, and afterwards retire to a convent—afterwards, you understand.

It may also frequently happen that we are happy when quite alone, that is to say with a husband, or with the parents of whom we must think and for whom we live; but as regards myself, I am speaking on behalf of persons who are quite alone. . . . . Besides, I have now a grudge

against my family as one of the causes of my sufferings Neither do I speak of the silent and unknown heroes described in novels by persons who invent them, or copy them from nature in order not to remain like them.

You imagine perhaps that I complain of a calm life, and that I wish for excitement? *May be*, but that's not it.

I like solitude, and I even think that if I *lived*, I should isolate myself from time to time to read, to meditate, and to rest; then it becomes a delight, an exquisite enjoyment. In the dog days you are glad to get into a cellar; but would you like to be there long, or for ever?

Now if some knowing fellow would be at the trouble to beat me in argument, he might ask me whether I would consent to purchase life by the death of my mother, for instance? To this I would reply, that I should not desire it even at the price of a life less dear, for, in the order of nature, one's mother is the person one loves the most.

My remorse would be horrible, and out of pure selfishness I would not consent.

Thursday, April 3rd.—After all, life is pleasant. I sing and dance when I am all alone, for perfect solitude is a great enjoyment; but what a torment when it is disturbed by the servants, or by one's family! . . . Even one's family! . . . Listen! This morning, on returning from the studio, I imagined that I was happy, and you wouldn't believe how much affection I felt in my heart for all my people, and for my good aunt, who is all devotion and abnegation. But there it is, I am not happy!

Little Elsnitz embitters my existence. I no longer take tea because she pours it out, and when I am obliged to eat bread which her fingers have touched!!! I would run the risk of an aneurism, if by running madly along the stairs I could get the start of her and walk a few steps without her. When I want the decanter or the vinegar bottle, I take them from the opposite side, so as not to touch what she has touched. That poor girl has something of the insect about her, and her plaintive looks and black nails sicken me.

Saturday, April 5th.—Robert Fleury, being ill, scarcely corrected at all; besides which my work has not been

particularly good. Sarah tries to reconcile me and Breslau; I make objections, but in my heart I should be glad.

The artificial leaves on the mantelpiece caught fire from the blue candles, and cracked the glass.

But misfortunes do not come because glasses break; glasses break because misfortunes are to happen. We should be thankful for the warning.

Sunday, April 6th.—I have a little morning hat, so stylish that I am not afraid to go and spend the morning alone at the Louvre; but as the hat is becoming, as well as *distingué*, I have made the conquest of a young artist, who has followed me all the time, and who risks a bow in the passage where there is no one near; but I would not notice anything, so he was considerably abashed.

Tuesday, April 15th.—Julian came in and announced to us the death of our Emperor; I was so startled, that I did not comprehend what he said. Everybody got up to look at me; I turned pale, tears stood in my eyes, and my lips quivered. Accustomed to see me make fun of everything, the amiable Julian tried to laugh. The truth was, that some fellow had fired four shots point blank at the Emperor, but he was not hit.

And Julian slapped his thigh, saying that he should never have thought me capable of such emotion; nor should I.

Wednesday, April 16th.—Rather a funny conversation with Breslau; we were in the anteroom—I, she, and Sarah. I gave an orange to Sarah, who offered half of it to Breslau, and laughingly said—

"Take it, it is from me, and not from Mademoiselle Marie."

But as she hesitated, I stopped washing my brushes, and turning towards her, said with a smile—

"I offer it you."

She was quite taken aback, and accepted the orange with a blush; I also blushed.

"What it is to have oranges," I said as I peeled another; "take some more, Mademoiselle."

"Sarah, did you see how we both blushed?"

"It is so stupid," said Sarah.

"You are overwhelmed with my kindness," said I laughingly to Breslau, as I offered her another slice.

"You see I don't care a fig for you," she said to me, as she accepted it.

"Not less than I; but if you cared so little, you wouldn't have got so red."

"I don't care a fig for myself, too."

"Ah! that's all right then."

And as it was getting rather painful, I looked at them and laughed—"I admire you!"

"Me?" asked Breslau.

"Yes; you."

"You are quite right."

"Indeed!"

And that was all.

"Are you coming, Sarah?" asked Breslau.

I went back to my brush-washing.

How childish!

Friday, April 18th.—I have been looking for an Empire or Directoire head-dress, which led me to read the article on Mme. Récamier, and I am naturally depressed to think that I might have a *salon*, but have none.

The imbeciles will say that I think myself quite as beautiful as Mme. Récamier, and as witty as a goddess.

Let the fools talk, and let us content ourselves with saying that I deserve a better fate; and the proof of it is, that all those who see me imagine that I take the lead, and that I am a remarkable woman. People heave a deep sigh, and say, my turn will perhaps come. . . . I have got used to God; I have tried not to believe in Him, but I cannot succeed . . . . that would bring general collapse and chaos. I have only God—a God who takes note of all my trivialities, and to whom I tell everything.

Monday, April 21st.—Last day of the competition; there was considerable animation.

On Saturday I went with Lisen (a Swede) to see some artists at Batignolles, near the Montmartre Cemetery. I have found out that what I dislike in Paris are the boulevards and new parts.

Old Paris and the heights, where I went on Saturday, breathe a perfume of poetry and peace which went to my heart.

Tuesday, May 6th.—I am very busy and contented; I was miserable because I had too much leisure—I see it now. For the last twenty days I have been working from eight to twelve, and from two to five, getting home at half-past five. I then work till seven o'clock; in the evening I sketch, or read, or play a little music, so that at ten o'clock I am fit for nothing but bed.

Such an existence leaves no time to think how short one's life is.

Music; the evening hour; the thought of Naples . . . . distract my attention. . . . Let's read Plutarch.

Wednesday, May 7th.—If this working fit would but last, I should think myself quite happy. I adore drawing and painting, composition and sketching, crayon and red chalk; I have had no wish to be idle, nor to rest.

I am happy! One month of such days represents the progress of six ordinary months. It is so absorbing, so interesting, that I fear it will not last. At such times as these I believe in myself.

Thursday, May 8th.—In my simple childhood, I thought, by the interest I felt in reading stories of the cardinals, at the A—— period, that I had the power to love. Recently I have read histories of painters with the same interest, and have even felt my heart beat at some studio stories.

Saturday, May 10th.—My painting is not bad, nor the tone unpleasant. As for the composition, Julian thought it very good as regards expression, grouping, and arrangement, but said it was badly executed. He also added that this was not an important point in these competitions, which is quite comprehensible.

Monday, May 12th.—I look pretty, and am happy and in good spirits. We went to the Salon, and chatted about everything, for we met Béraud, the painter, whom we puzzled at the masked ball, and who passed us, not guessing who we were.

Breslau's picture is a fine canvas, filled with a large easy-chair of gilt leather, in which her friend Marie is sitting, in a dark-green dress of subdued tint, with something of grey-blue colour round the neck; in one hand she holds a portrait and a flower, in the other she has a packet of letters which she has just tied up with a red ribbon. The

arrangement is simple, and the subject is well known. Admirable drawing, with great harmony of tone, the effect of which is almost charming.

I suppose I am uttering an enormity when I say that we have not a single great artist. There is Bastien-Lepage; where are the others? . . . . There's knowledge, facility, conventionality, school-work, plenty of conventionality, an enormous amount of it.

Nothing true, nothing that moves, strikes, thrills, or touches, nothing that makes you shiver or weep. I do not speak of sculpture; I do not know enough about it to give an opinion. But to see the utter want of solidity of the domestic or *genre* pictures, and these horrible pretentious mediocrities, and the portraits, either common or *good*, is enough to sicken you.

I have seen nothing good to-day but the portrait of Victor Hugo, by Bonnat, and, perhaps, Breslau's picture.

Breslau's arm-chair is out of drawing, the woman seems to be holding on to it, because it seems to lean towards the beholder: it is a pity. I mention Bonnat because there is some life in what he paints, and Breslau because all the middle tones are so harmonious.

I cannot allow that it is right to give, as L—— does, the same toes to every woman . . . . it irritates and enrages me.

Wednesday, May 14*th.* — Instead of going to the Salon, I worked at my sketch . . . . "The Death of Orpheus."

I do not feel perplexed either with the composition or the drawing. I have got notions of glory and happiness, and of all that is most delightful in the world.

Friday, May 16*th.*—The Salon is a bad thing because, when you see the rubbish, the utter rubbish, which is there, you begin to think yourself somebody, when, in reality, you are nobody.

Sunday, May 30*th.*—Jeanne sat to me, and we kept her to dinner with us.

She is, I need not tell you, a woman well born, perfectly well bred, highly educated, and intelligent; she is badly dressed, and looks like a board, while, in reality, she has one of the most beautiful figures you could wish to see, though she is brown and thin.

She has magnificent eyes, her mouth is of the same width as her eyes, and as the breadth of her nose. Her nose is very large, but beautiful and noble in shape; and her neck is like a swan's. She reminds me of the Queen of Italy, although she is very dark; not, however, as regards her skin, for that is fairly white.

You must know that she married Baron W——, junior, an awful brute.

The poor woman was at death's door when her family came to her rescue by suing for a separation. Poor woman! she hates him.

In this case, you see, it would be better to drown one's self than to live with one's husband. But I don't think Jeanne capable of loving at all. She is a *femme de Temple*, if you have read *l'Homme-Femme*.

Thursday, June 5th.—After Jeanne had sat, we went together to Mme. de Souza, whose at-home day is Thursday. In the evening we went to the L——'s, and mamma accompanied me; she still wore mourning in order to make a better impression on her hosts.

M. de L—— lights a candle and takes us to look at the children, who are all in bed and asleep. Just like a guide showing you the curiosities in a museum. He carries off the guests in parties, and shows them the nine wonders of the world, which they really are considering the age of their father.

Saturday, June 7th.—Mme. de L—— sent all her seven children with three nurses to see us.

But first let me say that my painting was not bad in tone (that's the most important thing for me), but faulty in the composition! R. F. scolded me, but I need not fret too much about that, for in working hard at the colour I overlook the composition; but I will make up for that afterwards when I have conquered the colouring; you do not lose what you have by nature. But all the same I am in a dark cloud. To return to the L—— children, they are curiosities. They are accustomed to be trotted out to visitors, and to perform studied movements. In five minutes' time they were quite at home; they wanted me to draw their portraits, each one posed in his turn. I sketched them all in five or seven minutes; the eldest considered my sketch very good. Next he wanted me to put the number and name under each face.

I feel stupefied, out of my element, and bored.

Monday, June 9th.—No doubt it is the warm and heavy weather which makes me good for nothing. I have worked all day long, and, moreover, I have quite made up my mind not to shirk my work; but I feel much shaken.

To-night we are going to the Foreign Office ball. I shall look plain; I am sleepy and should like to go to bed.

I am not longing for a *succès d'estime*, and I feel that I shall seem plain and stupid. I do not even think of making "conquests" nowadays. I dress well, but I no longer throw my soul into it, and I never think about the sensations I may cause. I look at nothing and nobody, and am dreadfully bored. I care for nothing but painting. I have no wit left, no readiness of speech; when I speak I am dull or exaggerated, and . . . . I must set about making my will, for I feel that this cannot last.

Saturday, June 14th.—I have been drawing this week, and they consider that I have not done as well as I ought. I am sick of life!

Sunday, June 15th.—For the moment I cast away all my cares and have quite made up my mind to work.

Julian is a great man as regards the way in which he comprehends the duties which are incumbent upon me; and he says that I *must* succeed, just because . . . . We understand one another, dear posterity, do we not?

"*You must begin* next year," said the illustrious leader of the Folies-Julian.

Yes, it is settled; and you will see, old father Julian, that I *have something in me!*

To tell the truth, you encourage me for the sake of the money I bring the studio, and for the honour I might bring. But then what does it matter, whether my work be good or bad, you will be paid all the same?

You will see, if I am not dead. My heart beats, and I am in a fever when I think that I have only a few months longer.

I will work hard, with all my might, all the time. To-morrow I will go to Versailles, but if I miss just to go to Versailles it will not matter—it will mean the loss of one afternoon in the week at the outside.

Julian has already noticed the renewal of steady work, he will see I never omit to do my weekly compositions. I have

an album in which I design them, number them, and write the title and date of each.

Saturday, June 21st.—I have been crying for nearly thirty-six hours without stopping. Last night I went to bed quite worn out.

We had two Russians to dinner, Abigink and Sévastianoff, gentlemen-in-waiting on the Emperor, also Tchoumakoff and Bojidar; but I was good for nothing. My sceptical and chaffing wit was gone. I have sometimes lost relatives, and had other troubles, but I never remember mourning for anybody so much as for the one who has just died. This is all the more surprising that after all it ought not to affect me at all, I ought rather to rejoice.

Yesterday, at twelve, as I was leaving the studio, Julian sounded the whistle for the maid, who put her ear to the tube, and directly afterwards said to us in a voice full of agitation—

"Ladies, M. Julian asks me to inform you that the Prince Imperial is dead."

I assure you that I uttered a shriek, and sat down on the coal-box. And they were all talking together.

"A moment's silence, if you please, ladies. This is official the telegram has just been received. He has been killed by the Zulus, so M. Julian tells me."

This rumour had been already circulated, and indeed when the *Estafette* was brought to me I perceived in thick letters the words—*Death of the Prince Imperial.* I cannot tell you what a blow it was.

Moreover, to whichever party one may belong, whether one be French or not, it is impossible to help feeling the general stupefaction.

This frightful, this premature death, is a terrible thing.

But I will tell you what none of the papers will tell—namely, that the English are cowards and murderers. All this cannot have happened in the natural course; there must be one or several guilty wretches infamously bought. Should a prince, the hope of a party, be exposed to danger? And a son, too? . . . . No; I don't think there is a single wild beast who would not be grieved to think of the mother. The most appalling sorrows, the most cruel losses, always leave something, a gleam of light, of consolation and hope. . . . . Here there's nothing. It can be said without fear of contradiction, that there has never been such a sorrow. It was her fault that he left; she bothered him and tormented him, she did

not give him as much as five hundred francs a month, and made his life wretched. The young man left on bad terms with his mother.

Do you see the horror of it all? Do you see that woman's state?

There are mothers as miserable, but not one of them can have felt the blow so much; for the pain is made as many millions of times greater in proportion to the noise and sympathy or even to the imprecations caused by this death.

The brute who broke this news to her would have done better to kill her.

I went to the studio, and Robert Fleury paid me a great many compliments; but I returned home only to sob again. Afterwards, I went to Mme. G——'s, where everybody was in mourning and had red eyes—from the lodge-keeper upwards.

M. Rouher remained for half an hour speechless. We thought all was over with him; then he wept perpetually without stopping. Mme. Rouher had intermittent hysteric attacks all the evening, shrieking that her husband was dying and that she would die too.

Mme. G—— interrupts her, and says, with decision, "Really, at such times as these people ought to manage to avoid hysterics . . . . it is most inconvenient," she added, very seriously.

I was keeping back my tears, as they would not have understood what was the matter with me; but I could not help smiling when I heard Mme. G—— telling her tale to some ladies in mourning, and saying that Mme. Rouher, when she heard the news, fell flat down upon her back. Mourning is put on for six months. "We shall, no doubt, be sick of it before that time; but the first days, you understand! . . . ."

Those English have always been horrid to the Bonapartists, who have always been stupid enough to go to that despicable England, which I hold in perfect hatred. Do we not become very enthusiastic, very tearful, over a novel? Can we help being moved to our soul's depths by this frightful catastrophe, by this terrible, odious, and heartrending death? It struck me at once that C—— would turn towards the family of Jérome, and that was exactly what happened. In short, here is a whole party out in the cold. They want a prince even for the sake of appearances, and I think they will keep together. Some of them, those who have least compromised themselves, will go over to the Republic; but the

others will continue to support some shadow or other. But who can tell? When the King of Rome died, was it not thought that all was at an end?

To die? at such a moment. To die at the age of twenty-three, killed by savages; and fighting for the English! I should think that his most cruel enemies must feel a sort of remorse in their inmost hearts.

I have read all the papers, even the insulting ones, and I have bathed them in my tears. Were I French, and a man and Bonapartist, I could not be more shocked and outraged or more distressed.

To think of this boy driven away by the low jokes of the dirty radical papers; to think of him being attacked and murdered by savages!

The cries he must have uttered, his despairing calls for help, the suffering, the horror of his helplessness! Dying in a horrible unknown corner, forsaken and almost *betrayed!*

But why so all alone, and with the English too! . And his mother.

And the English papers have the infamy to insinuate that there was no danger in the place where they were reconnoitring. Can there be any security in such a country for a small party amidst savage enemies?

One must be a fool or an idiot to believe it. But read the detailed accounts. He was left there for three days, and that wretched Carey only noticed that the Prince was missing when it was too late.

When he caught sight of the Zulus he fled with the others, without troubling himself about the Prince.

No, it is awful to see it in print in their papers and to think that this nation has not been exterminated, that their confounded island cannot be annihilated with all its cold, barbarous, perfidious, and infamous inhabitants! Oh! if it had been in Russia, our soldiers would have sacrificed themselves to the last man!

And these scoundrels forsook him and betrayed him!

Only read the details and see if you are not struck with so much infamy and cowardice! Is it right to run away and forsake one's comrades?

And will they not hang Lieutenant Carey?

And the mother, the Empress—poor Empress! All is at an end, lost and annihilated. Nothing left but a poor mother dressed in black.

Monday, June 23rd.—I am still under the sad in-

fluence of this terrible event. The public has slightly recovered from the shock, and is wondering through what criminal imprudence the unhappy young man was left in the hands of the savages.

The English press deplores the cowardice of the Prince's companions. And I, who count for nothing, gasp for breath and the tears fill my eyes when I read the lamentable accounts. I have never felt so upset, and the efforts I have been making all day to keep from weeping oppress me.

It is said that the Empress died in the night, but no newspaper confirms this fearful but consoling rumour. I feel such a raging in my heart when I think how easy it would have been to prevent this crime, this misfortune, this infamous occurrence. Troubled faces are still to be seen in the streets, and some of the newswomen are in tears. I am crying too, though I admit that I can't account for it. I should so like to be in real mourning with crape, it would be in keeping with my spirits.

"What is it to you?" they would ask. I don't know, but it makes me very sad.

There is no one here. I am shut up in my own room. I shall not have to act a part, so I burst into tears, which is idiotic, for it weakens my eyes; I felt the effects of it this morning as I worked. But I cannot be calm when I think of the fatal and truly frightful circumstances which accompany the Prince's death, and of the cowardice of his companions.

It would have been so easy to have avoided it!

Wednesday, July 2nd.—Having read other depositions of English soldiers, I came to the studio so upset that I could do nothing but scratch my painting and take my departure. Between this and Saturday I shall have time to do a profile of Dina, who has grown as beautiful as I have grown plain.

Wednesday, July 16th.—I am singularly weary; I have heard that the typhoid fever begins in that way.

I have had bad dreams. If I were to die? I am quite astonished that I do not tremble at the thought of death. If there is another life it must certainly be better than the life I lead here on earth. And if there should be nothing after death? That would be all the more reason for not being terrified, and for desiring the end of

troubles without greatness, and torments without glory. I must make my will.

I begin to work at eight o'clock in the morning, and at about five I am so tired that my evening is wasted; in fact, I must make my will.

Monday, July 21st.—Decidedly we have no summer; it becomes colder and colder.

Our model this week for the whole day is a red-haired woman of astounding beauty—limbs like a statue, and a complexion such as I have never seen. She will not remain a model long, so we greedily take advantage of the time she is here.

Sunday, August 3rd.—My dog, Coco II., has disappeared. This happened while we were at the theatre. I was surprised at not seeing him dash to meet me when I returned, and I went to see if he were with the others. Then I was told that he was lost. You think nothing of that, but I, who loved the creature dearly, who had named it before its birth, and who had become as much attached to it as it was to me! . . .

But you cannot understand what a grief this is to me. The dog never left me when I was at work. . . My people, who know that I am pained, keep mournfully silent. Mamma has been running about all the evening.

On coming home, I went out again to beg some policemen to bring him back if they found him.

All the servants were told they that must find the dog or leave their situations. This is the fourth dog in one year. First of all Pincio, then Coco I., a week ago Niniche, and yesterday my dog.

Monday, August 4th.—I could not go to sleep. That poor little dog was constantly before my eyes—still so timid that he ran away from the concierge, not knowing where to go.

I even shed a few tears, and then asked God to let me find him again. I have a particular prayer which I whisper to myself when I want to ask for something. I don't remember ever having said this prayer without feeling relieved.

This morning they called me, and brought back my dog, and the poor wretch was so hungry that he didn't show so very much joy to see me again.

I had considered him as lost, and my family, to comfort me, kept telling me that he had been killed.

Mamma exclaims that it is a real miracle, for it is the first time we have found a lost dog. She would be much more surprised if I told her of my prayer, but I only mention that here, feeling dissatisfied in doing so. There are thoughts and prayers of so private a character that when they are repeated or written they make us appear stupid and ridiculous.

Saturday, August 9th.—To go or not to go? The boxes are packed. My doctor does not seem to have much faith in the efficiency of the waters of Mont Dore. But what matter, I am going for the sake of rest. And when I come back I must lead a life of amazing activity. I shall paint all day, and model at night.

Wednesday, August 13th.—We have been at Dieppe since yesterday, where we arrived at one o'clock in the morning.

Are all seaside places alike? I have been to Ostend, to Calais, to Dover, and I am now at Dieppe. It smells of tar, boats, cordage, and tarpaulin. It is windy, you are exposed on all sides, and feel like a vessel in distress. It recalls sea-sickness. How different to the Mediterranean! There you can breathe, and have something to look at. There are no nasty smells as here. I prefer a nice little nest of verdure like Soden, Schlangenbad, and what Mont Dore must be.

I come here for fresh air. Ah! well yes, no doubt the air is better when you get out of the town and the port. None of these northern seas please me, and the sea is only visible from the third floor of any of the hotels. O Nice, O San Remo, O Naples, O Sorrento!!! You are not vain words, exaggerated and profaned by the praise of the guide-books. You are really beautiful and divine!!!

Saturday, August 16th.—We laugh a good deal, and I am very much bored, but it is my nature to laugh, and my laughter has nothing to do with the humour I am in. I used to take an interest formerly in looking at the *passers-by* in a watering-place—it amused me.

I have become perfectly indifferent, and do not care whether I have men or dogs around me. I enjoy myself best of all when I am alone, playing or painting. I expected

my life to be something quite different to what it is, but since it has not turned out as I had hoped, I care not what happens. It cannot be denied that I have always been unlucky.

Tuesday, August 19th.—I took my first sea bath, and one thing with another makes me wish for an excuse to cry. I would rather be dressed as a mussel fisher than wear the dress of a *bourgeoise*. But after all, mine is an unhappy nature. I should wish for an exquisite harmony in every detail of life. Things which are considered elegant and beautiful often shock me by some lack of art or grace, or of an indescribable something. I should like to see my mother elegant, witty, or at least dignified and proud. . . . Oh, wretched existence! why should one be so tormented? . . .

You call these trifles? . . . Everything is relative, and if a pin hurts you as much as a knife, what have sages to say to that?

Wednesday, August 20th.—I do not think I shall ever have a sensation which is not mixed with ambition. I despise people who are nobodies.

Thursday, August 21st.—This morning I went to make a sketch of Mother Justin, who is seventy-three years of age, and who has had nineteen children. She deals in sand. People crowded round, but I pretended not to see any of them, then a company of soldiers came to do some sort of exercise on the beach, and soon afterwards there was a driving rain; but I will go back to-morrow. It amuses me so to study in the open air. These pictures will make my study look *chic*.

I hope you understand that I affect no artistic get-up, nor any of the silly ways of people who smudge without talent and dress like artists.

Dieppe, Friday, August 22nd.—O sublime Balzac! You are the greatest genius of the world; in whichever direction we turn, we always find ourselves in your sublime comedy. You seem to have always lived and copied from nature. I have just seen two women, who by their origin, their looks, and their life, reminded me of Balzac, this great, unfathomable, and wonderful genius.

My people have just returned from the theatre. Mme.

de S—— is said to be very plain; and that is the general opinion.

How is it that I think her so charming? I allow that she is not pretty, but with my artist's eye, I am charmed by a certain curve of the lips and by her nose which is so finely chiselled. She has no lines on her cheeks nor wrinkles under the eyes, and her manners are exquisite.

Friday, August 29th.—Fatalism is the religion of the idle and desperate. I am desperate, and I swear to you that I do not care for life. I should not utter this triviality if I only felt this occasionally, but it is my constant thought even in joyous moments. I do not fear death; if there is nothing after it, all is simple enough, and if there is another life I recommend myself to God. I do not expect to go to heaven, for there one is bound to endure the same torments as here below.

Monday, September 1st.—I hope you have noted the change that has little by little been going on in me. I have become serious and sensible, and then I am getting a better hold of certain notions. I now understand many things that I used not to understand, and of which I talked at random, without being convinced. I have discovered this morning, for instance, that a great affection for an idea is possible, and that we can love it as we love ourselves.

The devotion to princes and to dynasties touches and kindles me, it makes me weep, and might, under the direct impulse of something affecting, drive me to action; but in my inmost soul there is a something which absolutely prevents me from approving of myself in these movements of the heart.

Whenever I think of great men who have served other men, my admiration for them halts and disappears. This is perhaps a silly vanity, but I almost despise all these . . . servants, and I am really only royalist by putting myself in the King's place. Gambetta, for instance, is not a man of vulgar ambition; and the conviction which makes me think this must be strong and well-founded, or I could not say it with sincerity after studying the reactionary press for three years.

As far as I am concerned I might tolerate the idea of bowing before kings, but I cannot quite adore or esteem a man who would do it.

It is not that I refuse the honours . . . no; be it understood, I should be delighted to become the wife of an attaché to an embassy or a court. (But all these people need dowries, and are on the look-out for them.)

I am speaking here only of my inmost thoughts.

It is what I have always thought, but one cannot always express one's thoughts. I approve of a constitutional monarchy, as in England or Italy, and even then it revolts me to see these bows to the royal family—it is an unnecessary humiliation. When the king is sympathetic, like Victor Emmanuel, who represented and served a great idea, or like Queen Marguerite, who is adorable and kind, it is not so bad, but these are fortunate accidents. It would be much more natural to have an electoral chief, naturally sympathetic on that account, and surrounded by an intelligent aristocracy.

The aristocracy cannot be destroyed, nor can it be created in one day; it must keep itself up, but need not necessarily hedge itself in with stupidity.

The *anciens régimes* are the negation of progress and intelligence!

We exclaim against certain individuals, but of what use is that? Men pass away, and when they are no longer wanted, they can be shelved. It is said that there are many black sheep among the Republican party. I told you months ago my opinion on this matter.

I hear them talk of absurd hatred against the persons of kings; but that's not the question. It is not the man who is bad, but the office which is useless.

I respect illustrious families; they have been, they are, and they will be; they ought to be honoured by their country, but that's different from being stupidly and irrevocably saddled with one man and his posterity. But no, none of that; I say nothing against the power of race, rather the contrary.

Cæsarism copies the Romans. Why copy? If the people are deceived by intrigues and disloyal manœuvres, it will be their own fault. But with hereditary kings, the people dispenses with all efforts of intelligence, and has not even the chance of choosing well once in ten times. It's all uncertainty, routine, imbecility, and cowardice. If the people are stupid, and choose badly, they deserve nothing better. These remarks are replies to things which are often said against the Republic.

But to be clear. . . . My Republic is an enlightened, polished, and aristocratic Republic. How can I express it? . . .

Athenian, *he* called it.*

Wednesday, September 3rd.—The arrival of the political exiles, flaunting red caps and sashes, is a bad thing. These people ought never to have been brought back. They had become accustomed to live out there, and they will now be strangers here. God only knows what complications may arise from this return of husbands or wives after ten years' absence!

I have no time to tell you my attitude towards the opinion which demanded this return.

Paris, Wednesday, September 17th.—To-day is a Wednesday, a favourable day; a 17th, a date still more favourable, on which I am beginning to prepare myself for sculpture. I made inquiries as to studios.

Robert Fleury came yesterday to the school; there was not much to correct, so he gave me some good advice, exhorting me to work out the painter's side, in which I have hitherto been deficient, in spite of my qualities of composition, drawing, character, likeness, &c. And now, instead of drawing, I am going to model by gaslight. You understand. I do not neglect colour, for I paint while there is daylight, and as soon as it has gone I model. Is that settled? Yes, certainly.

I went for a walk with Amanda (the stout Swede), and she told me of her visit to Tony (who was very nice to me yesterday), and with whom she talked about all the pupils. He told her that A—— would always fail in drawing and construction, &c. The fact is, she produces absurd pictures—swollen heads and crooked eyes, &c. As for Breslau, he said that she has not made *enough* progress, and Julian added that her talent is nothing but perseverance. Emma is clever, but lazy, and she has wild ideas. And myself, extremely talented, and, at the same time, studious, hard-working, and serious; astonishing and rapid progress; very good drawings; in short, "a concert of praises." Then it must be true, since they say so to strangers. Anyhow, it gives me courage, and I will work more, and better.

* Aristocratic—this requires reflections and explanations. Aristocracy of race *absolutely confirmed* by manners and education, in default of intelligence. Yes, for in social relations these are things, the influence of which cannot be denied. Besides, there is only one equality possible, it is equality before the law; all other equalities are wretched farces invented by the enemies of liberty, and demanded by the ignorant.

I long to go into the country, real country, with trees, grass, and a park, full of verdure, as at Schlangenbad, or even Soden, instead of that dull and barren Dieppe. And they say I don't love the country! I don't like the country in Russia, the neighbours, the house, &c. . . . but I adore the trees and the pure air so much, that I wish I could spend a fortnight in some very green and very fragrant corner. How I should like to go to Rome! But of Rome I seldom speak, even in this journal; the subject excites me too much, and I wish to remain calm.

It was in crossing the Tuileries gardens that I was seized with thoughts of country life. But how can I help it? I love the country as much as I hate the bare and windy beaches . . . . But to go to Switzerland for a fortnight with my family would be a terrible bore. Worries, recriminations, and all the accessories of domestic happiness.

Wednesday, October 1st.—Here are some papers, and I have just been reading the two hundred pages which compose the first part of Mme. Adam's review.

It has upset me; and I have left the studio at four o'clock to go for a walk in the "Bois," wearing a new hat, which makes a sensation, but now I don't care. I find Mme. Adam very pleasant.

I think you know me well enough to understand the influence of all these vital questions on my poor mind. There is nothing to be done in the matter of ancient fidelity . . . I still love violets, but simply as flowers. I pass on to the Republic, and new ideas.

To-day, here 'am I, entirely possessed by the *Revue Nouvelle*. Who knows whether, at a given moment, I shall not become enthusiastic over Prince Napoleon, whom I like better than Napoleon III., and who is really somebody? You must understand that I am not joking, and that I am as advanced as it is possible to be. We must move with the times, especially when we really feel the desire and irresistible need to do so.

Saturday, October 11th.—I left off the head in the middle of the week, consequently, when Robert Fleury was passing from the large studio to the small one, I hid behind the cloaks; but he saw me, and made me a friendly reproach, and as I was replying he walked on, shaking his head and looking back at me, which caused him not to look in front of him, and to flatten his nose against the door, and me to

laugh. So he was very cold to me when correcting my torso, and said not a word in its favour; another time I might have had a little more success. So here I am, miserable, distracted, offended, ruined, and if Julian had not comforted me a little about the composition, I should have thrown myself on the floor in despair. Every Saturday costs me dear in emotion! . . . . If the professors could suspect the torments I suffer, they would not have the heart to say nothing.

Saturday, October 29th.—My painting is much, much better. Yesterday we did the "one hour sketch" for our places, and this morning they are laid out in the little room where they shut up Tony; but he absolutely refuses to number them, saying that it is impossible, that the work of one hour is nothing, and that he is quite willing to number them at haphazard with his back turned. If this is not very serious, it is rather amusing, for we were listening at the door.

"Mademoiselle Marie," said he, "you are young; I could just as well have placed you first; this does not mean anything; another time you must give me your week's studies, according to which I will place you; there's no sense in this."

With No. 3 I shall have a very good place for the competition.

Gambetta has come back to Paris.

Thursday, October 30th.—France is a charming and amusing country with its riots, revolutions, fashions, wit, beauty, and elegance—everything, in short, that gives charm and piquancy to life. But do not look for either a serious government or a virtuous man (in the classical sense of the word)—no, nor a love-marriage . . . . nor even for true art. The French painters are very fine; but, except Géricault (and at this moment Bastien-Lepage), the divine afflatus is wanting. And never, never will France produce what Italy and Holland have produced in a special kind. A beautiful country for gallantry and pleasure, but for the rest . . . . However, it always has a something, while other countries, with their solid and respectable qualities, are sometimes tiresome. But if I complain of France, it is because I am not married. . . . For young girls, France is an infamous country, and that is not saying too much.

There could not be more cold cynicism in the uniting of two animals than is seen here in marrying a man and woman.

Commerce, traffic, speculation, are honourable words when properly applied, but they are infamous when applied to marriage; and yet there are no words more appropriate to describe French marriages.

Saturday, November 8th.—I have finished the portrait of the *Porteress*, and it is very like her. It causes immense pleasure in the lodge, the daughter, son-in-law, granddaughters, and sisters, are all in raptures.

Unfortunately, Tony has not shared this enthusiasm. He has commenced by saying that it is not bad . . . . adding, "this isn't going as well as it should."

There is no denying that I have more talent for drawing than for painting. The drawing, construction, form, all that comes of itself; but the pictorial side does not develop with equal facility. He does not like me to lose my time in this way. I must get out of this, I must do something to remedy it.

"You are daubing, that is evident, and as you are extremely talented, and have great prospects, it annoys me."

"It does not please me either, Monsieur, but I don't know how to change it."

"I have long wished to speak to you on the subject. You must try in every way, perhaps it is only a question of finding an outlet."

"Tell me what I must do, a copy, a plaster cast, or a still-life piece? I will do anything that you tell me."

"You will do all that I tell you. Oh, well then, we shall get out of it. Come and see me next Saturday, and we will talk about it."

I ought to have gone to him on a Saturday long before this, all the pupils do so. Certainly he is a good fellow.

Monday, November 10th.—I went to church yesterday. I go from time to time, so that it may not be said that I am a Nihilist.

I often say, for fun, that life is only a transit. I wish I could really believe it, it would console me through all these miseries, all these brutish griefs, these ignoble slights. The whole world is so given to mischief-makers. It is by feeling this disgust and astonishment for every-day tittle-tattle that I discover that I am free from all these nauseating pettinesses.

Friday, November 14th.—If for several days I say nothing, it is because there is nothing interesting to say.

Until now, I have been charitable to my kind; I have never said nor repeated the evil that people talk; I have always defended any one attacked in my presence, always with the interested notion that perhaps as much might be done for me. I have always defended even those I did not know, at the same time praying to God to have it repaid to me. I have never seriously had an idea of injuring anybody, and if I desired fortune or power it was with ideas of generosity, goodness, and charity, the greatness of which astonish me; but it doesn't succeed.

I will, of course, continue to give twenty sous to a beggar in the street, because these people always bring tears into my eyes; but I really think I shall become bad. It would be beautiful, however, to remain good, though soured and miserable. But it would be amusing to become spiteful, ill-natured, slanderous, and mischievous. . . . Since it is just the same to God, and He takes no account of anything.

Furthermore, we must believe that God is not what we imagine. God is perhaps Nature itself, and all the events of life are presided over by chance, which sometimes brings about strange coincidences and events which make one believe in a Providence. As for our prayers, our religions, and our conversations with God . . . . I am bound to consider them useless.

To feel an intelligence and a strength capable of moving heaven and earth, and to be nothing! I do not call out, but all these torments are written on my face. People think when you are silent that there is nothing the matter; but those things always will keep coming to the surface.

Saturday, November 15th.—I admire Zola, but there are things that every one says, and which I cannot resolve to say, or even to write. However, in order that you shall not think they are horrors, I will tell you that the worst is the word *purgé*. I regret to write such a word here. I do not hesitate to use the word *canaille* and others of the same sort, but as to those little innocent nastinesses they disgust me.

Wednesday, November 19th.—Robert Fleury came this evening, and besides giving me advice we spent a pleasant evening together round the samovar in my studio, especially as he explains to me excellently what to do for the lamps. Tony is neither paid nor interested, and, besides,

he is a serious man; he repeated to-night what he said to Mme. Breslau, that in the whole school, only her own daughter and myself possessed exceptional aptitude. All the others are worth nothing. It amuses me to see him thus pass them all in review, treating their pretensions with such scant ceremony.

He praises me behind my back only, but he persists very much in wanting me to continue, adding that I am certain to succeed; for an amateur I already have talent, and that I am right in looking higher; that with a more consistent course I should make more progress, that he will pay special attention to me; that he will come and give me advice at home; that he advises me not to work always at the studio, but to take a model home sometimes, and to model in the evening. He will come and give me the first hints, and then, one evening, he will bring Chapu to see me.

In short, I am absolutely under his wing, so to repay him somewhat I give him an order for my portrait, a small sized one; and that is what spoils my happiness, for I am afraid it will cost too much.

This man has been most amiable, all the evening chatting and giving me advice. What bothers me is doing my copies.

Saturday, November 21st.—I went to take him my copy. "It is not yet broad enough, not yet firm enough." I will do some more next week: two heads by Rubens, copied by Robert Fleury, senior—a great artist he—and also a little tiny canvas by the same, but original.

As I very much admire the sketch which he has made for his ceiling at the Luxembourg, he (Tony) offers it to me in the most gracious manner, saying that it is a great pleasure to him to give it to somebody who can understand and who appreciates it. . .

"But, Monsieur, there cannot be any lack of people who appreciate your painting." . . .

"Ah, that is not the same thing, not the same thing at all." . . .

I am already getting bolder, and am now scarcely afraid of him. After having seen him once or twice a week for two years at the studio it seems to me quite funny to be talking with him, and that he should help me on with my pelisse. A little more still and we shall be a pair of friends. Were it not for that portrait I should

be quite happy, for my master is as good as possible to me.

Monday, November 23rd.—We have been to invite Julian to dinner; he has made twenty thousand difficulties, saying that it would take away all his authority over me, and that we should not get on at all, especially as the slightest appearance of favour from him to me would look like shameless nepotism. People would say that we ask him to dine, and that I do what I like with him because I am rich, &c. The good man is right. For the rest it is an excellent system of perfidy. The Spaniard used it with Breslau, who ended by being rude to me, all through hearing herself so often called my chambermaid.

Tuesday, November 24th.—The studio at No. 37 is hired and nearly furnished.

I have spent the day there; it is very large, with grey walls. I have brought to it two bad Gobelins which hide the lower part of the wall, a Persian carpet, some Chinese mats, a large square Algerian cushion, a stand for the models, beautiful draperies, large satinette curtains of soft but warm colour.

Many casts: the Venuses of Milo, of Medicis, and Nîmes; the Apollo, the Faun of Naples; an *écorché*, some bas-reliefs, &c.; a coat-stand, a fountain, a mirror worth four francs twenty-five centimes, a clock worth thirty-two francs, a chair, a stove, an oak table with a drawer and the top arranged as a colour box; a complete tea set, an inkstand and a pen, a pail, a can, a quantity of canvases, some caricatures, some studies and sketches.

To-morrow I will stick up several drawings on show; but I am afraid they will make my paintings look worse. A flayed arm and leg, life-size, a skeleton, a box of tools, and then I should still want the Antinoüs.

Wednesday, November 25th.—We have been to see Father Didon at the Dominican convent. Need I tell you that Father Didon is the preacher whose fame has been spreading perceptibly for the last two years, and of whom all Paris is just now talking. He had been informed of our visit. Directly we arrive they go to call him, and we wait for him in a reception cell, glazed throughout, with a table, three chairs, and a good little stove. I had already seen his portrait yesterday, and I knew that he had splendid eyes.

He appears, looking very agreeable, very much a man of the world, very handsome in his beautiful white woollen gown, which reminds me of the dresses I used to wear But for the tonsure, his head would be in the style of Cassagnac's, but more enlightened, the eyes more frank, the attitude more natural though very lofty; a face which is beginning to look coarse and which has the same disagreeably crooked look about the mouth as Cassagnac's; but with a great air of distinction; having no ultra creole charm about him, with an ivory complexion, a fine forehead, his head erect, hands adorably white and beautiful, a gay air, and as much as is possible, a jolly good fellow. You would like to see him with a moustache.

Much ready wit in spite of great assurance. One can see very plainly that he knows the full extent of his popularity, that he is accustomed to receive adoration, and that he is sincerely delighted with the sensation he causes around him. Mother M—— had naturally told him beforehand by letter what a wonder he was going to see, and we talk to him about painting his portrait.

He has not refused, but said that it would be difficult, almost impossible, for a young lady to paint Father Didon's portrait. He is so conspicuous, and so much sought after.

But that is the very reason, idiot! . . . . I have been introduced as his fervent admirer. I had never seen him, nor heard him; but I imagined him just as he is, with his inflexions of voice passing from caressing tones to almost terrible outbursts, even in ordinary conversation. It is a portrait that I feel thoroughly, and if it could be managed I should be a most fortunate person. He has promised to come and see us, and for a moment I wished that he might not keep his promise, but that is stupid and false. What I wish for at present is that he may consent to sit. Nothing in the world would suit me better as an ambitious artist

Thursday, November 26th.—We go out in a sledge with Mme. G——.

The evening ends up in farce. The ladies, the princess, Alexis and Blanc, go to the Variétés, while Dina, the Count de Toulouse, and myself, take out a champagne supper from the cupboard, and, after having supped, we arrange four covers to have it thought that there is company, and I pour white wine and water into the empty champagne bottle, which I cork carefully; the same trick for the *foie gras* which I

fasten up again. They will all be coming home to supper. May they have good appetites!

Sunday, December 14th.—Bertha called for me, and, accompanied by Bojidar, we went on foot to explore the Quartier Latin, Place Saint-Sulpice, Rue Mouffetard, Rue de Nevers, the Morgue, Rue des Anglais, &c.

We took the tramway for a quarter of an hour, and then we began walking again; this lasted from three to seven o'clock. There is nothing so adorable as old Paris; it reminds me of Rome and Dumas' novels, and Notre-Dame de Paris with Quasimodo, and a heap of delightful and ancient things.

We have bought some chestnuts at a street corner, and we then spent twenty minutes at a sockseller's, where we spent nearly nine francs, and then at another's, who nearly abused us for beating her down:—"What, Madame, you make a fuss over seven francs, and you do not hesitate to give two hundred francs for a fur cloak!"—I was wearing noe worth two thousand francs.

At the corner of a street, as our socks make no noise, we let Bojidar go on, and we hide behind a door; but he soon finds us, and we go to two contractors for removals to order two four-horse vans for removing M. A——'s furniture.

Bertha quietly gives particulars: two grand pianos, a bath, wardrobes with plate-glass doors, china, a billiard table, &c.; then we feel inclined to go in everywhere and talk nonsense to every one; it was seven o'clock, however, and we had to take a cab, but after a few steps the horse falls down, and we get out. They pick up the animal, and we go on again. Without reckoning that in the tramcar there was a very simple couple next to us, whom we astonished by telling each other stories, like that of the young lady who, in a railway accident, received such a violent shock that it sent her knees into her chest and out through her back.

Sunday, December 28th.—Paul is to be married, and I consent, I will tell you why. She adores him, and wishes very much to marry him. She is of rather a good family, well known, of the same province, a neighbour, pretty well off, young, pretty, and, to judge from her letters, good-natured. And then she is anxious for it. It is thought that she is a little bit elated because Paul is the son of

a *Maréchal de Noblesse*, and has fashionable relatives at Paris. All the more reason why I should consent.

Thanks to Rosalie's carelessness my letter to Paul never reached him. Mamma has consented, the girl has sent her the following telegram:

"Pleased, delighted, my deepest thanks to your mother; come back as soon as possible—

ALEXANDRINE."

They say that the poor little thing dreads the Paris family, and me, so proud, so haughty, and so hard. No, I am not the one to say "No"; for never having loved as she loves, I will not take it on my conscience to cause annoyance to anybody. It is easy enough to say that we are on the point of turning ill-natured; but, when the occasion comes for causing pain to a fellow-creature we do not think twice about it. If I have worries, shall I cure myself by worrying others? It is not at all out of goodness that I am kind, but because I should have it on my conscience, and it would torment me. Really selfish people ought never to do anything but good; in doing evil one is too unhappy. It seems, however, that there are people who love to do harm . . . . . Each one to his tastes. Especially as Paul will never be anything more than a gentleman farmer.

Wednesday, December 31st.—I must be sickening for some illness. I feel so low that I could cry for nothing. After leaving the studio we went to the Louvre shops. It would need a Zola to describe the teasing, busy, disgusting crowd, running, pushing one another; those noses in the air, those searching eyes. I felt faint with heat and nervousness. Mamma sends to the beautiful Alexandrine Pachtenko (God forgive me!) a simple and appropriate letter, and the following is what I wrote to her on white smooth paper, on which was a little "M" surmounted by a gold coronet:—

"DEAR DEMOISELLE,—My brother will bring you mamma's consent. For myself, I send all good wishes for your happiness, and I hope you will make our dear Paul as happy as he deserves to be. Awaiting the pleasure of seeing you amongst us, I embrace you cordially.

"MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF."

What else can I say? Paul with his herculean figure and

good looks could make a better marriage. He makes this for the sake of the girl, so I accept it. What a wretched end of the year! . . . I think I will go to bed at eleven so as to sleep at midnight instead of boring myself . . . with telling my fortune.

CHAPTER VIII.

PARIS, MONT DORE, 1880.

Thursday, January 1st.—I went to the studio in the morning, so that having worked on the first day of the year I may work all through the year. Afterwards we went out to pay some calls, and then to the Bois.

Paul went away this evening at seven o'clock. Mamma went alone with him to the station; the train is too affecting. I let him go without more emotion than if he had been going to town; and if I had gone to the station I should certainly have cried.

Saturday, January 3rd.—I cough very much, but, for a wonder, far from diminishing my good looks, it gives me a languid air which suits me.

Monday, January 5th.—Well, I am going on badly.

I begin work again; but as I have not had a complete change I feel a profound languor and discouragement. And the time for the Salon is approaching! I go to talk it all over with the great Julian, and we are of opinion, especially he, that I am not prepared for it.

Let us see; I have been working for two years and four months, without deducting lost time nor travelling. It is little, but it seems enormous. I have not worked enough, I have lost time, I have slackened! . . . In a word, I am not ready. "The prickings of a pin drive you mad," says Edmond, "but you can stand a well-directed blow with a club." It is true. The everlasting comparison . . . Breslau. She commenced in June, 1875—that makes four years and a half, and two years at Zürich or at Munich, total, six years and a half, without deducting travelling or lost time, as in my case. She had been painting for rather more than two years when she exhibited. It is a year and four months since I commenced painting, and I shall not be able to exhibit with as much honour as she.

Oh, for myself, I should not care—I could wait. I have courage, and if I am told to wait a year I reply

with sincerity, "Very well." But my friends — but my family — they will no longer believe in me! I might exhibit, but what Julian wanted was that I should paint such a portrait as would cause a sensation, and I shall succeed but indifferently. That's what it is to ride the high horse. There are some in the studio five times less advanced than I am, who have exhibited, and nothing has been said, it is true. But I . . . Why do I do it? . . "You do not want to give lessons, nor to receive an order at fifty or a hundred francs. You want to make a sensation. To exhibit anything as the others do, well, it is unworthy of you."

This is also my opinion. But what of my friends, my family, and Russia! . . .

You see, Julian says that I draw ten times better than Manet, and then he adds, that I do not know how to draw. *You* ought to do more.

Ah! as for *me*, I am very much bothered, and I try to get out of it.

Mme. G—— comes to inquire about me, for, as you know, I have a beast of a cold.

Saturday, January 17th.—The doctor says my cough is purely nervous. It is possible, for I have not got a cold: I have neither a sore throat nor a pain in my chest. I simply can't breathe, and I have a stitch in my right side. I come in at eleven o'clock, wishing all the while that I might fall seriously ill, so as not to go to the ball. I dress myself! I look beautiful!

Tuesday, January 20th.—I come home from the studio and learn that Mme. G—— has been here, expecting to find me confined to my room, and she is furious that I am not nursing myself as old people do.

The tickets promised for to-morrow have been given to Mme. de Rothschild.

I would willingly give ten thousand francs for a permanent pass. Not to have any longer to ask for tickets; to be independent! Oh! barren aspiration, barren and miserable intrigue; sterile discussions with my family, sterile evenings spent in talking of what I should like, without a step being taken to bring it about! Sterile and miserable efforts!

Saturday, January 31st.—To-night (Saturday), concert and ball in aid of the sufferers from the floods at Murcia,

at the Hôtel Continental, under the patronage of Queen Isabella, who, after being present at the concert, came down to the ball-rooms, where she remained for an hour.

I don't care over much for dancing, and to find myself thus in men's arms does not particularly amuse me. In fact, I am quite indifferent to it, for I could never at all understand the emotions caused by waltzing which they speak of in novels.

I think only of those who are looking at me when I am dancing.

Thursday, February 5th.—I should always like to spend my time like to-day—working from eight o'clock till twelve, and from two till five. At five, the lamp is brought in, and I draw till half-past seven.

To dress from half-past seven to eight, dine at eight o'clock, then read, and to go to sleep at eleven.

I own, that from two till half-past seven, without stopping, is rather tiring.

Tuesday, February 10th.—I have had a long interview with father Julian about my picture for the Salon. I have submitted to him two proposals, which he approves. I will draw them both, that will take three days, and then we will choose. I am not advanced enough to succeed brilliantly with the portrait of a man—an unsatisfactory subject; but I can paint a figure (life size, of course), and the nude, which, as Julian says, attracts me as it does all those who have a consciousness of power. This man amuses me; he builds up a future for me; he will make me do this and that *if* I am good, and since our last interview I have been good. Next year it must be the portrait of a celebrated man, and a picture. "I wish you to rise from the ranks with a bound."

For this year, I, the "inventor," have thought of this—A woman at a table, her chin resting on her hand, and her elbow on the table, reading a book; a bright light falling on her beautiful fair hair. Title: "*La Question du Divorce*," by Dumas. This book has just appeared, and the question excites everybody.

The other subject is simply Dina in a skirt of white *crêpe de Chine*, sitting in a large antique chair, with listless arms and fingers interlaced. A very simple attitude, but so graceful that I hastened to sketch her one evening when she was sitting thus quite by chance, and I was wanting to get her

into position. It has a slight suggestion of La Récamier, and that the chemise may not be too indecent, I will add a coloured sash. What pleases me in this second subject is the complete simplicity, and the pretty bits to paint. Oh! it's a real pleasure.

To-day I feel *elated;* I feel quite superior, great, happy and clever. In short, I believe in my future, that's all.

Monday, February 16th.—We go to see the Queen, who is very gracious.

I am still on the look-out for a lot of things for my picture.

To-night, at the Théâtre-Français, the first performance of Sardou's *Daniel Rochat.* Quite an event. We have an excellent box with six seats. A brilliant house, plenty of people, and the representatives of the Government.

As to the play, I must see it again; it seems to me that it contains tedious passages and that the dialogue is too Swiss in style. But there was so much noise and applause; people whistled, applauded, and protested so much, that one heard only half of it. The hero is a great orator, a sort of atheistic Gambetta; the heroine is an Anglo-American Protestant young lady, liberal and republican — but a believer.

You can imagine what an effect this subject may produce just now.

Wednesday, February 25th.—In hunting after models at Léonie's I make the acquaintance of nearly all the honourable Baudouin family. It is pure Zola, the Zola of *Nana;* and indeed this is the name I give to Léonie. A mixture of naïveté . . . and of astonishing depravity.

At present she is not sitting. "I used to sit when I didn't know what I was doing, but it is not respectable to sit. I am in a costumier's; I don't find it amusing, you know, but HE wishes it."

"Who?"

"My friend . . . ."

And her sister tells me that she is crazy about him, especially since he has taken to beating her.

Sunday, February 29th.—Julian came to see my picture. He is very pleased with it, and has spoken about it to Tony, who is very . . . very busy, but who will come with pleasure when I send for him.

Wednesday, March 3rd.—Now I must go out no more at night so that I may be able to get up feeling refreshed, and work from eight o'clock. I have only sixteen days left.

Friday, March 12th.—Julian came to see my picture; he thinks the plush table, the book, and the flowers, are very good. The rest will come; the whole thing, he says, is spirited, has go about it, and is bold, almost brutal; I who was weeping this morning, came home at six o'clock consoled and confident . . . . and I find mamma in tears, with two telegrams—the first from my father.

If mamma goes to-morrow Dina is to go with her; I have only seven days; I shall never find a model; even if I find one to-morrow I shall have only six days, and it won't be possible.

Then I am done for, and I will not hide from you that I am crying with vexation and because I succeed with nothing. An idea strikes me, a sensational subject, which might be effective in spite of imperfection in its execution; which would give me this year what I could hardly have expected in the coming one . . . and all is lost. Everything goes to ruin. The work half finished, the tide in my affairs, all lost without return. This is downright ill-luck. Judge me as you please. Paul's romances left me calm, but this makes me desperate and exasperates me. I don't know how to explain it, there is something more than selfishness in it. And even if it should be selfishness, I am unfortunate enough and forsaken enough to be egoistic.

Then all my dreams for this year vanish. Wait again! . . . A whole year. Do you think that little? I have so many daily causes of suffering now; I hoped to find some comfort in my painting, and that's the way it turns out.

And my poor painting sacrificed, my ambitions disappointed, the pleasure I might have had, lost or postponed, will that console or save Paul and his fiancée over there?

Sacrifices and troubles are three times more painful when unnecessary.

Now it's all spoiled, and made a mess of. As for them, it will all come right, they will marry; a month sooner or later is of no consequence, and if the marriage does not take place perhaps it will be fortunate for both of them. While for me here, promptitude is urgent. A week's delay and I am a year behindhand. But what can I

do? It is perhaps absurd, but I am disheartened enough to cry about it just as I did about the Prince Imperial.

People will think I am fretting about Paul, the idiots!

All of us have interests here below; he has his fiancée, his love, and a small property at Poltava; with me it is another thing—quite *another* THING—which seems to hold all I desire, all that I lack, all human joys, all happiness, all satisfactions. And must I wait another year still, I, for whom, more than for any one on earth, life is a race!

Monday, March 15th.—Unnecessary tragedies. All is arranged; on Saturday we received reassuring telegrams; there is nothing serious the matter.

I have written to ask Tony to come, and I am very frightened.

I so dread what Tony may say. I feel that it is so presumptuous in me to exhibit, though Julian has told me that if all exhibitors were as advanced as myself, it would be a very good thing. I feel that I shall die with shame when he comes to look at my picture. I don't know whether I shall venture, and still I shall not be able to go away if he comes.

It seems incredible that I should be talking thus, and still it is true! If I said such a thing in public, people would think I was joking.

Friday, March 19th.—At a quarter to twelve, Tony!

"Why did I not begin earlier? It is very beautiful, charming; but what a pity," &c. &c.

In short, he reassures me, but we 'must ask for a delay.

"You could send it as it is, but that it's worth while; that is my private and sincere opinion. Ask for more time, and you will accomplish something good."

Then he pulls up his sleeves, takes the palette, and touches the picture a little everywhere to make me understand that it lacks light. But I will work at it again . . . . if I can get the delay.

He stayed more than two hours. He is a charming fellow; I am much entertained, and feel in such good spirits that I don't care much what may happen to the picture. In a word, his few touches are an excellent lesson.

At two o'clock I go in one direction and mamma in another to see what can be done. I take Dina with me, and we go to the Chamber of Deputies. I ask for M. Andrieux

(to beg him to recommend my request to M. Turquet, the Under-Secretary to the Beaux-Arts). I have to wait an hour in vain. We go to the police office, but he is not there. I then go to Doctor K—— with a letter, in which I explain to him what I want.

When I get home I learn that the Prefect of Police has been to see us, to place himself at our service, and that Julian is at No. 37 with mamma.

Julian is delighted with the picture.

"You are as strong as a man, nothing astonishes me from you."

He says all these pretty things before Mme. Simonides, who had come to see my picture, and before Rosalie in my absence.

I am quite elated and joyous even before I hear the result of mamma's proceedings with Gavini, who has written to Turquet. In fact, I have been allowed the delay—a delay of six days. I do not exactly know whom to thank, but to-night I go to the opera with the Gavinis. I thank father Gavini, as I think it is to him that I owe it. I feel radiant, triumphant, and happy.

No, but my picture! Julian raves about it; Tony also has found it good in tone, harmonious, beautiful, forcible; and Julian adds that it is bewitching, and that the Swedish colourists at the studio are fools to think that beautiful colour consists in some particular process.

"Here's a creature who has done a pleasing thing, but not pleasing in the sense of *pretty;* no, something that takes you by storm."

So I shall finish it.

A tremendous day.

Saturday, March 20th.—I go out to finish the formalities of the bulletins, &c. At the Salon there is a crowd, and pictures, and carts, and artists. I go to the Under-Secretary of State to ask him to sign my bulletin, the delay being accorded to Mlle. Bashkirtseff, whereas my picture is signed "Russ."

Turquet is very nice; he tells me that he has heard of my picture. Then . . . . In short, I cannot remember exactly all the places I went to.

Sunday, March 21st.—Saint-Marceaux comes to advise me. I like him, but he leaves a feeling of uneasiness in me. He looks absent, he walks quickly, speaks quickly. A bundle

of nerves. I am like that, too; but he leaves me all the same a feeling of uneasiness, although he spoke well of my painting. But there, when people say nothing I am dissatisfied, and when they praise me, I imagine that they are treating me as a little girl, and are making fun of me. Indeed, this evening I am not in such a mood as yesterday; that is because the right arm is too long . . . . it is two centimetres out, and I, the severe draughtswoman, am humiliated before a sculptor like M. de Saint-Marceaux.

Monday, March 22nd.—Tony is astonished that I have been able to do what I have done in so short a time.

"It is really the first time that you are applying your studies?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, do you know this is not at all bad."

He takes off his coat, seizes a palette and paints a hand for me, the lower one, in that whitish shade which is peculiar to him.

He touched up the hair, which I entirely repainted, as well as the hand. So he works at the hand, and I am amused, and we talk.

All the same, excepting the background, the hair, and the plushes, it is dirty colour. It's all muddled. I can do better. This is Tony's opinion, but for all that he is pleased, and says that if there were any possibility of my picture being refused at the Salon he would be the first to tell me not to send it. He says he is astonished to see what I have done; it is well conceived, well arranged, well worked out, it is harmonious, elegant, and graceful.

Oh yes, yes! but I am dissatisfied with the flesh! And to think that it will be said that it is my style! It is muddled. I am obliged to glaze it. I who adore bold and simple painting done at the first stroke. I assure you that it costs me a great deal to exhibit a thing when I feel so dissatisfied with its execution; something so different from my usual style . . . . it is true I have never done anything yet that has pleased me . . . . but in short it is dirty, it is patched. Tony says that Breslau shows this time the influence of Bastien-Lepage. She feels my influence as I feel hers. Tony is as good as possible. And to say that I could have done better! Confounded modesty! Cursed want of confidence! If I had not been hesitating and asking myself, *To be or not to be!* . . . Let us not commit the folly of lamenting over what is done.

I don't know why I am thinking of Italy to-night. These are burning thoughts which I always try to avoid. I have given up my Roman readings because they excite me too much, and I fall back on the French Revolution or Greece. But Rome and Italy. When I think of that sun, that air and the rest of it, I feel crazy. Even Naples. . . . Oh, Naples, in the evening. . . . And the curious part is that there is not a man in the case. When I think that I might go it maddens me. So much so that the scenery of *Masaniello* causes me a sort of emotion.

Wednesday, March 24th.—Tony has come, but does not meddle with my painting. At six o'clock we are still talking.

"There certainly will be many things at the Salon," says Tony, "twenty times inferior to this, but there is all the same no absolute certainty, for the poor jury see about six hundred pictures a day, and often in disgust refuse a thing in a bad temper; but you have this in your favour, that it's effective, and the tones are pleasant. And then Lefebvre, Laurens, and Bonnat are quite my friends."

What a nice fellow this Tony is, and I like him all the better because I don't think he is happy. The influence of his father's name and his rising talent bring him the medal of honour in 1870. Then little by little all is forgotten and disappears, he makes an enemy who, possessing some influence with Wolff of the *Figaro*, makes this terrible journalist hostile to him. Moreover, he does not know how to blow his own trumpet, and while people like Cot paint large portraits, and are well paid, he paints small ones which bring him money but no satisfaction.

This good Tony gave me some sober, but well meant, encouragement.

I can, if I like, have "much talent," he says; and by that he does not mean merely, as mamma does, what I possess already. "Much talent" is what he himself has, what Bonnat, what Carolus, what Bastien have.

I must make serious studies, and paint torsos at home, so as to prepare myself for painting portraits. I must not think of anything except my painting, but give myself up to that.

As regards women, none but Breslau and myself understand the nude so thoroughly. Few artists can draw from the nude so well as she or I; in fact, it is very astonishing

what I have just accomplished in eighteen days, after two years' study. But I must not be satisfied with results like those—"not with such satisfaction."

"Monsieur, it was not for myself."

He is quite aware of this; but I must avoid submitting to these influences, and look higher to more serious work. *I can attain whatever I wish.* Genius is not acquired; but to acquire talent, I must work, and, above all, I must not put any faith in the compliments people pay me; he himself says nothing but the truth.

"But, Monsieur, if you said anything else I should be distressed."

Well, then, I must work and be diligent, and I shall attain what I desire.

Thursday, March 25th.—I am giving the finishing touches to the picture, but I cannot work any more, for there is nothing more to be done, or else all is to be done over again. It is finished as an ill-arranged thing. My picture is some five feet high, with the frame.

The young woman is sitting at a table covered with plush of a rich old green shade, and is resting on her right hand, with her elbow on the table; she is reading a book, near to which is placed a bunch of violets. The white of the book, the tone of the plush, and the flowers beside the bare arm, have a very good effect. The woman is in a loose dress of very light blue damask, and a fichu of muslin trimmed with old lace. Her left arm falls naturally on to her knees, and seems scarcely to hold the paper-knife. The chair is in dark blue plush, and the background is of seal-skin. The background and the table are very good. The head is a three-quarter face. Dina's adorable light gold hair is loose; the shape of the head is shown, and the half-braided hair falls down her back.

At half-past three M. and Mme. Gavini arrive.

"We found it impossible to let Marie's picture go without seeing it. It is the departure of the first child."

What kind people they are. He, Gavini, accompanies me to the Palais de l'Industrie in a carriage, while two men carry the picture. All this makes me feel hot, cold, and frightened, as if I were at a funeral. And then the large rooms, the sculpture gallery, the staircases, how it makes my heart beat! While they are gone to fetch my receipt and my number, the portrait of M. Grévy, by Bonnat, is brought in, but it is placed against the wall, where the

light prevents it from being seen. In the entire hall there is only *the* Bonnat, my *own*, and a frightful yellow background. The Bonnat seems very good, and I am quite astonished to see my own picture there.

It is my first appearance—an independent act in public. One feels alone on an eminence surrounded by water . . . But it is done; my number is 9,091.

"Mademoiselle Marie-Constantine Russ."

I hope it will be received. I send the number to Tony.

Friday, March 26th.—We went to confession for communion to-morrow.

Our priest confesses like an angel—that is to say, as a sensible man: a few words and it is over. But you know my opinion on the subject. I should have been dead with despair by this time if I did not believe in God; but for all that, the formulas and legends leave me unaffected.

Wednesday, March 31st.—I am unsettled; I ought to have taken Tony's advice and rested. I go and worry Julian, to whom I give the following note:—

"I, the undersigned, undertake to paint every week one head and one cast or else a life-size study. Besides which I will do three compositions a week or only one, but in that case properly painted. If I do not keep to the above conditions, I authorise M. Rodolphe Julian, artist, to proclaim everywhere that I am absolutely unworthy of any kind of interest.

"MARIE RUSS."

I then go to see Tony, but he is occupied with a model, and I stay only a few minutes.

"You are very gifted," Tony says to me, "and must really do something."

"If you let yourself go I can answer for nothing more," says Julian; "you are already behindhand; as for success, you will succeed, but you ought to have succeeded as a phenomenon. You must, you absolutely must, make a great hit at the next Salon; you must paint a picture, something good, you really must!"

Wednesday, April 7th.—We must not forget to say that Julian has informed me that my picture has been received;

and, curiously enough, I feel no joy about it. Mamma's delight bores me. This success is not worthy of me.

Saturday, April 10th.—I am not satisfied with what I have exhibited. There are four admission numbers. Breslau had No. 3, while I was admitted simply without a number. If Breslau got only No. 3, it is just that I should have nothing; but never mind. I must rise out of this; I have been neither complimented nor scolded to my face. It is not worthy of me; I must rise out of this, I must, I must, I must! I am humiliated that I exhibited what I have; it is pretty, but unworthy of me.

Saturday, April 17th.—In the afternoon I spent a long hour with Tony; there I made the acquaintance of Robert Fleury, senior, who was very agreeable, and who told me that he had worked at drawing for four years before he commenced painting. When the father had gone, we chatted and I smoked a cigarette. As to the painting I brought, he found it good, and told me to continue. Julian also said that next to my Salon picture, it is the greatest effort I have made.

Thursday, April 22nd.—Altogether, my picture will be either placed to disadvantage, and not seen, or else in the full light; and in this case it will cause me annoyance. People will say that it is loud and pretentious, or else egregiously weak, and what not.

Monday, April 26th.—I have no place at the studio; a charming American is going to sit for me on condition that I give her the picture.

Her little face captivates my fancy, and it will be almost a picture. I am dreaming of an exquisite arrangement, and the girl is kind enough to say she will sit for me, and will be satisfied with a small picture which I will paint afterwards.

If I had not a picture at the Salon the pupils would never have confidence to sit for me.

Julian thinks that Tony worked at my picture, and you remember what Tony had done. The tone was too dark and he put in some lights, but I conscientiously repainted it all. As to the hand, he changed the drawing as he went on painting; but the day before the last I shortened the fingers, which caused me to repaint everything. Therefore, there is

not even any drawing by him; he only told me how to do it. In fact, I did it honestly, and after all it is nothing to boast of.

To-night we were at Madame P——'s, a retired magistrate's family, I think. They have taken the Hôtel d'Alcantara, with a long and narrow gallery having a single window facing the Champs-Élysées. The hotel is curiously situated, thanks to this tongue of ground reaching to the Champs-Élysées, it is convenient for fêtes, though the gallery is narrow. Nice kind people; but a curious company, and the most old-fashioned of costumes; no one of note. I feel sleepy and angry. And that dear mother of mine gets up to introduce me to the Chilian or Mexican "who laughs." He seems to be always grinning, and makes a frightful grimace, owing to a *tic*, added to which he has a large full-blown face. He possesses twenty-seven millions, and mamma thinks that . . . . To marry that man! it is almost like a man without a nose. Oh! the horror of it! I should not mind taking an old man or an ugly one, they are all the same to me, but a monster, never! Of what good would be the millions with such a ridiculous lump? There were several acquaintances, oh how dull! Some amateurs, who set your teeth on edge with their music; a violinist without an ear, and a fine fellow who, after casting a conqueror's glance round the room, rests one hand on the piano and sings Schubert's serenade in an attitude . . . . Oh, so ridiculous! I cannot understand how a gentleman can play the low comedian at a grand soirée. The women, with their head-dresses and that yellow powder which looks so dirty in the hair, appeared to have mattresses on their heads, and looked as though they had been rolling in the straw. How ugly! how idiotic!

Tuesday, April 27th.—I ran away, as I am impatient to have my first sitting with the American. She resembles Mme. Récamier; I push her hair up *à la Psyche*, and put her into a cambric slip, with short and puffy sleeves, a pink ribbon round the waist, under the breast, and a straw-coloured scarf, which she winds round her arms.

She is exquisitely slim, even surprisingly so for eighteen; the slimness of fifteen; her complexion is radiantly fresh, and her hands very white.

Thursday, April 29th. — To-night we dine with the

Simonidès. Everything is quaint in their home (I met the lady at Julian's); the husband is young and handsome, the wife is beautiful and over thirty-five. They are very much attached, live retired, receive only a few artists, and make extraordinary drawings and paintings, a sort of imitation of the Renaissance, subjects which astonish you by their naïveté—the death of Beatrice; the death of Laura; the woman who put her lover's head into a pot of basil, from which flowers sprang; and all this in a style which looks as though it had been done centuries ago. Madame dresses in the fashion of Boccaccio's time. To-night she wore a white Japanese crape dress, most delightfully soft, with long and narrow sleeves, like those of the Virgin, and second sleeves tied at the back; the skirt straight and plain; a sash of old ribbon, giving her a short waist. A bunch of lilies of the valley was placed in her bodice, she wore pearls round her neck, and earrings and bracelets of antique workmanship; with her pale complexion, her black and wavy hair, and her gazelle eyes, she looked like a fantastic apparition. If she only had the sense to arrange her hair in a simple fashion, instead of fluffing it out and making a fright of herself, she would be very remarkable.

We had been for a quarter of an hour in the studio, after leaving the dining-room, where a very good dinner had been served, flowers, fruit, and very artistically arranged, and I was accompanying Madame, who was singing some old Italian classic songs, when mamma came to call for us to go to church. . . . It is Passion week, but we arrive too late. I say my prayers in my own room.

To-morrow is varnishing day; I will take my little American with me, so that she may sit nicely.

Friday, April 30th.—My little American, whose name is Alice B——, comes at ten o'clock, and we start together. I want to go almost alone, to see first of all where my picture has been placed. So I go to the Salon, feeling very nervous, and imagining the most awful things, so that they may not come true, and, indeed, we foresee nothing. My picture is not yet hung; I find it at nearly twelve o'clock with a thousand other unhung pictures, but it is in the outer gallery, where I had been shocked already to see Breslau's picture.

You know how Wolff treats this gallery, nevertheless it contains works by Renoir, and other known artists. A—— is exhibiting a large and handsome portrait of Léon Say. Not

at all bad, very bold, but the hands look like the work of Robert Fleury, senior. May God forgive me this supposition if it be not true. The fact is that Léon Say having posed for the head only, it was easy to get help. The portrait has a very good place. As for Breslau, placed like me in the gallery, and on the line like me, she has done a very indifferent piece of painting, or, at least, a thing as unpleasant to look at as possible. It is the portrait of Mgr. Viard. I think she failed by attempting too great a delicacy of tone. All is grey; the background looks like a panel of greyish wood; the chapel and oratory decorations, and the chair, are all dirty in colour, the head also.

But there are such heads—it might have looked better with a different arrangement; as it is, the drawing is good, and there is a certain breadth of treatment in the hands. The other pupils are not worth mentioning.

As for Bastien-Lepage, his picture strikes you at first as empty, an effect of the open-air. Joan of Arc—the real one, the peasant girl—leaning against an apple-tree, holding a branch of it with her left hand, which is perfection, as is also the arm; the right arm is hanging down beside the body; it's an admirable thing. The head thrown back, the neck stretched forward, and eyes *looking at nothing*—clear and wonderful eyes. The effect of the head is bewildering; it is the peasant girl, the child of the fields, stupefied and suffering under her vision.

The orchard which surrounds the house right at the back is Nature itself, but there is . . . . a want of perspective; it seems to come forward, and injures the figure. The figure is sublime, and caused me such a strong emotion, that I am keeping back tears as I write.

Tony's ceiling is very charming, very well done, and pleases me.

These are the chief things. After breakfast, we were going — at least, I thought so — to see the Salon all together. But no, my aunt went to church, and mamma wanted to go also, and it was only when she saw my look of astonishment and indignation that, with a very bad grace, she agrees to come. I don't know if it is my modest place which infuriates them, but that is not a reason, and it is really hard to have such a family. At last, feeling ashamed of her indifference—or I don't know what to call it—mamma goes, and we three—Dina, she, and myself—meet first the whole atelier, and then some acquaintances, and then Julian.

Saturday, May 1st.—I have just endured one of those formidable, stupid, and unnecessary crushes! To-morrow is Easter. This evening, or to-night, we go to High Mass, where all the Russian colony is assembled, beginning with the ambassador and all his suite. All that have any claim to fashion, beauty, and vanity are to the fore. Great review of Russian women and their dresses — the general topic of gossip.

Well, at the last moment they bring me my new dress, which looks just like an ugly bundle of old dirty gauze. I go, notwithstanding, but no one can tell the rage it put me in! My waist was lost in a crooked and badly made bodice, my arms deformed by sleeves too wide and awkward—in short, a pretentious get-up. And, to crown it all, this gauze, which I only saw in the daylight, looks quite dirty in the evening. What efforts it cost me to keep from tearing it all up, and running out of the church! To be dressed badly for want of better is bad enough; but to be able to be well dressed and to look such a monster as I do to-night! And of course my hair feels the effects of my humour—it gets untidy, and my face burns. How ignoble!

This morning I went to the Salon to see Julian's young man, and he has promised me to do the impossible. I was in a black woollen dress—very simple—but my face was fresh, and I was much looked at.

And to-night! Oh, confound it!

Thursday, May 6th.—Many compliments from Julian for my painting.

Friday, May 7th.—Mme. Gavini came again to-day to tell mamma that I *fatigue myself* too much. That is true, but it is not the painting. I should not be tired if I went to bed at ten or eleven o'clock, but I am awake till one, and I get up at seven.

Yesterday it was the fault of that idiot of an S——. I wrote, and he has come to explain himself. Then he went to talk nonsense with my aunt: then it was I who waited for him to hear some stupid words, savouring of love. He said "Good night" to me twenty times, and twenty times I said to him "Go," and twenty times he begged to kiss my hand, and I laughed, and at last, "Well, you may, I don't care," said I. So he kissed my hand, and I have the agony of confessing that I was pleased, not because

of the object: but there was a . . . heap of reasons, and a woman is a woman for all that. This morning I still felt the kiss on my hand, for it was not the ordinary kiss of politeness.

O young girls!

Do you think I am in love with this broad-nosed youth? No, you don't?

Well, the A—— affair was nothing more. I tried hard to fall in love, and with the help of the cardinals and of the pope . . . . I became roused, but with love? Ah no! Well, as I am more than fifteen, and less silly, I invent nothing, and the affair remains as it is.

The kiss on my hand displeased me, for the very reason that it gave me pleasure; one ought not to be a woman to such a degree, and I determine to look coldly at S——; but he is such a good fellow, so simple, that I should be silly to act any comedy; it is not worth while, it is better to treat him like Alexis B——, and that is what I do. Dina, he, and I, stayed till eleven o'clock, Dina listening, and S—— and I reading verses and translating Latin.

I am quite astonished to see that this young man is very advanced, at least very much more so than I am: I have forgotten much, but he perfectly remembers his studies for the Bachelor of Arts degree and for his licence. I should never have thought he was so educated. Only fancy! I should like to make a friend of him . . . . No, I don't like him well enough for that, but simply a friendly acquaintance.

Saturday, May 8th.—When people talk in a low voice I do not hear. This morning when Tony asked me whether I had seen any of Perugino's work, I said "No," without understanding.

And when I was told of it afterwards, I got out of it, but very badly, by saying that indeed I had not seen any of it, and that, on the whole, it was better to admit one's ignorance.

Besides, Tony was very pleased with my head. Breslau asked permission to stand as my model. I generously consented, and we present to the view of the studio the touching sight of our friendly feelings. They are really childish; but, for my part, I laugh at it all.

Tony says it is a very good beginning, that I have but to continue. I appear to be comp

with Breslau, and so far, at all events, I have beaten her. (We shall take it up again next week after it's dry.)

This amuses the whole school, and everybody wants to sit for me. I tease poor Breslau by telling her that my picture has found a buyer at fifteen hundred francs, and that I am hung in the circle gallery. It is sad, but true, my painting is not first-rate; I confess to it quite willingly, as it is only natural after two years' work, and my first exhibition, with but a fortnight to do it in . . . . But the administration has been relatively just. None but the worst things are hung in this renowned gallery, and there isn't a decent canvas in the whole . . . .

Monday, May 10th.—It's strange that when I want to fight against my inclinations, I have never yet succeeded. I have never even tried to struggle; all is limited to a resolution taken in advance, and a line of conduct never followed; everything is done on the spur of the moment, just as it pleases me, and as it happens. O diplomacy! . . . . Or rather, quite frankly, it is that I find it unpleasant not to follow my own bent, and I follow it.

Thursday, May 13th.—I have such a singing in my ears that I am obliged to make great efforts in order that it may not be noticed.

Oh! it is horrible. With S—— it is not so bad because I am sitting near him; and besides, whenever I like, I can tell him that he bores me. The G——s talk loud. At the studio they laugh and tell me that I have become deaf; I look pensive, and I laugh at myself: but it's horrible.

Sunday, May 16th.—I went early to the Salon alone; only those people who have cards were present. I had a good look at the *Jeanne d'Arc*, and especially at Morot's *Good Samaritan*. I sat opposite Morot's picture with an eye-glass, and studied it. This picture pleases me better than any I have ever seen. Nothing jars, all is simple, true, and well done; it is quite natural, and does not remind one in the least of that frightful and conventional academical beauty.

It is very magnificent; even the donkey's head is good, the landscape, the cloak, the very toe-nails. It is successful, truthful, and well done.

The *Jeanne d'Arc* has a sublime head.

These two pictures are in two adjoining rooms; I went from one to the other. I was studying Morot's and thinking of that good fellow S——, when he himself passed just in front without seeing me, and as I was going away I saw him pointing from the garden to my picture, and talking about it to another person, who had the look of a journalist.

And then Saint-Marceaux's Harlequin! After the close of last year's Salon, I thought that the medal of honour had excited me when the work was no longer there to re-assure me; after six months I felt sure I had exaggerated Saint-Marceaux, but this Harlequin opens my eyes again.

The first day I stood there transfixed, not guessing whose it could be; such an unsatisfactory subject, but what talent! It is more than talent! He is a thorough artist, and so is not as much talked about as some other manufacturers of sculpture! They are all manufacturers beside Saint-Marceaux.

Tuesday, May 25th.—Mme. Goup . . . . came to sit for her portrait; and afterwards I made a composition.

It is a subject which fascinates me—Mary Magdalene with the other Mary, at the tomb of Christ. No conventional sanctities, but to paint it as you imagine it happened, and to feel what you do.

Thursday, May 27th.—How lovely is the early morning! but listen! I am about to begin . . . .

I first of all greeted the morning before my open window with the harmonious sounds of my harp, like the priests of Apollo; and then thought of my two women beside the tomb.

I should like to go to Jerusalem, and to paint this picture from native heads, and in the open air.

Tuesday, June 1st.—I think atheists must be very miserable when they are timid. As for myself, when I am frightened, I call upon God, and all my doubts melt away through egoism. This is a bad feeling, but I am not anxious to adorn myself with virtues which I do not possess. I feel that it is quite ridiculous enough to display all one's little weaknesses and meannesses. In 1873 I went to the International Exhibition at Vienna, when the cholera was raging at its highest, under the shield of the following verses from Psalm xci. I give them word for word:—

"He shall cover thee with his wings; under their protection shalt thou be safe: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day:

"Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

"A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee."

Yesterday I thought of those divine words. I read them over with enthusiasm; the same enthusiasm as I used to feel in childhood; I did not foresee that they would serve me to-day.

I have just made my will; it is enclosed in an envelope addressed as follows:—"To M. Paul Bashkirtseff, Poltava;" in my own hand, in Russian.

"I will come and drag you by the legs after I am dead if they do not carry out my wishes!"

S—— remained; at first we were simply chatting. My aunt did not leave my side, and she bored me, so I seated myself at the piano; he then told me something which made me turn cold: his sisters have arranged a marriage for him, but he does not love the woman they want to give him.

"Then do not marry her; believe me, it is madness."

Afterwards we played at cards, *aux bêtes*, which is a favourite game amongst Russian servants.

"Is it Mme. de B—— you are going to marry?" I wrote on a book which I passed to him.

"No, the lady is older," he replied by the same means.

We then filled six pages with these phrases, which it would be amusing to keep.

In fact, he loves me, he adores me, and the phrases revolve round the burning subject.

I forbid him to joke, and he replies that it is I who am making fun of him. My aunt remarks every now and again that I am silly, and that I ought to go to bed, and I tell her that I am ill, and that I am going to die. After this singular correspondence I am almost certain that he loves me; to-night there were on his side many very meaning looks, and pressings of my hand under pretence of feeling if I am feverish. However, this comes to nothing; but I should like nevertheless to keep this young man by my side, not yet knowing what I shall make of him. I shall tell him to ask mamma—that will give me time. Mamma will refuse, and that would be another

delay . . . and then I don't know. It is something even not to know.

Monday, June 14th.—I am reading over the past, of which I am passionately fond. I remember when C—— used to come in, it seemed quite to dazzle me; I can neither describe his manner, nor my impressions. . . All my being seemed to go out to him as I offered him my hand. Then I felt myself uplifted, and freed from all fleshly bonds.

I felt wings sprouting, and then a mortal terror the hours should pass so quickly! And I did not understand it. . . What a pity that the nature of my writing does not permit me to isolate interesting facts—things are all mixed. And then, to tell the truth, I rather affected to interest myself in everything to show that my whole existence was not wrapped up in C——. But when I try to live these times over again I am shocked to find them surrounded by everything else. But isn't that like life itself? Still there are things, events, and men that one would like to isolate and shut up in a precious cask with a key of gold.

"When you feel yourself superior to him he will no longer influence you," Julian said.

Was it not the thought of painting his portrait that drove me to work.

Wednesday, June 16th.—We visit the Salon at eight o'clock, where I meet Saint-Marceaux. We exchange civilities, and I say to him stupidly: "You never come to see us." "I am so busy!" Only fancy making such a reproach, it is stupid. Now I shall be thinking that Saint-Marceaux will not care about meeting me. No, look you, I must succeed with something. I must be thought somebody by men like Saint-Marceaux. And now I have only a few months left before commencing my Salon picture. And I had the chance of going to St. Petersburg to get married! No, I will remain here, to work; I will not go before the winter of 1881-82. Confound it! There'll still be time. Yes, I remain, and I work; Oh! yes, yes, you shall see. I am better again, nearly well, and to-morrow I return to the studio again for good.

Friday, June 18th.—I have been working all day. My model is so graceful and so pretty that I have been post-

poning the painting from day to day. The preparation was good, and I was afraid of spoiling it. A real emotion to begin with, but it seems to be getting on very well.

In the evening, S——. His melancholy look I attribute to love. However, there is something else; he is leaving for Bucharest or for Lille, in the capacity of manager of his brother-in-law's bank. But also, and above all, the marriage! Ah! he holds to it. I only smile and call him a presumptuous and daring fellow, and explain to him that I am without dowry, as my dowry will be spent on trifling feminine things; that he will have to lodge me, feed me, and take me out.

Poor fellow, I felt a little sorry for him all the same.

I think he is not best pleased at going away. . . . Mont Dore, Biarritz, all fade away. . . .

He has kissed my hands a hundred times, begging me to think of him.

"You will sometimes think of me? Oh, say, I implore you, that you will think of me!"

"When I have time."

But he begged so much that I was obliged to say a very faint "yes."

Ah! farewells are always tragic; at least, on his side. We were both near the drawing-room door, and to give him a noble remembrance of me, I gravely held out my hand for him to kiss, and then we gravely shook hands. I remained in a dreamy state for a good while. I shall miss this child, but he will write to me.

You know that for the last few days Paris has gone crazy about little pigs. They are called *porte-veine*, and are made in gold, in enamel, in precious stones, and in everything else. I have been wearing a copper one for two days. They say at the studio that, thanks to the pig, I have done a good piece of painting. Well, poor Casimir has taken away a little pig in remembrance of me.

I have a good mind to give him the Gospel of Saint Matthew, with this dedication:—"The most beautiful book in the world, and one which responds to every feeling of the soul. There is no need to be sentimental or bigoted in order to find calm and consolation in it. Keep it as you would a talisman, and read a page of it every evening in remembrance of me, who have perhaps given you pain, and you will understand why it is the best book in the world."

But does he deserve it? And is it not better to confine

myself to the little pig. In the first place, he will not understand Saint Matthew.

Sunday, June 20th.—I spent the morning at the Salon, which closes to-night. The *Good Samaritan* has gained the medal of honour. But however extraordinary M. Morot's painting may be, the medal of honour ought not to be so easily won. And it is not given to merit, but to the *best picture in the Salon.*

Bastien-Lepage's landscape is not perfect, it spoils the figure. But what an admirable figure! This head is quite an extraordinary piece of work. Morot's picture almost bored me to-day, while that of Bastien-Lepage! I went from one to the other, and then to a sleeping head by Henner, and a little nymph by the same artist. Henner is beauty itself. It is not altogether nature, but . . . . but it ought to be nature, it's adorable. His nymphs in the twilight are incomparable and inimitable. He never varies, but is always charming. His nude figures at the Luxembourg do not come up to what he does now. His last year's picture I consider his best. I wished intensely to buy it, I should look at it every day. Oh, if I were rich! . . . .

S—— shall not have his Saint Matthew.

It is singular what an effect Morot's picture has had on me. It is dull after Bastien-Lepage and Henner. Henner's is inexpressibly charming.

Sunday, June 27th.—I did some modelling this morning. I feel as depressed as possible, but I must appear to be gay, and this suppressed misery makes me stupid. I have not a word to say. I force myself to laugh, listening to commonplace talk, and feel inclined to cry. Misery of miseries!

Outside of my art, which I commenced from caprice and ambition, which I continued out of vanity, and which I now worship; outside of this passion—for it is a passion—there is nothing, or only the most atrocious existence. Ah! misery of miseries. And still there are some happy people in the world. Happy! that is too much to ask; a bearable existence would satisfy me; with what I possess it would be happiness.

Wednesday, June 30th.—Instead of painting, I take Miss Graham with me and we go to the Rue de Sèvres, and remain for about an hour opposite the houses of the

Jesuits. But it was nine o'clock, and we only saw the end of the agitation.

I consider this expulsion absurd, and can only account for it as a mean revenge of M. Jules Ferry for his article No. 7. The influence of the Jesuits has just been considerably strengthened; if people hate their doctrines, they ought not to go to work in this way . . . and it is so difficult to know how to act, that it is better to let it alone.

There is only a fanciful way that would be applicable —to give all sorts of guarantees, to make all possible advances to every living Jesuit, to give them an estate, to build them houses, to create a city for them, and when they are all in it, to blow it up. I do not dislike the Jesuits so much as I fear them, in my ignorance of what they really are. Does any person know *for certain* what they are?

No! But it would be difficult to do anything more stupid and less useful than this *dispersion*. Why does Gambetta allow it? I thought for a moment that he permitted it in order to intervene triumphantly.

Wednesday, July 14th.—Anniversary of the taking of the Bastile. Review, distribution of flags, illuminations, and balls in every public square. Paris has a look of charming newness. At six o'clock we take the circular train at the Porte Maillot. I put on a pink dress which cost me twenty-five francs at the Magasin du Printemps.

Observe that we are on our way to see the illuminations, and riots at Belleville. We talk and laugh so much that we miss our station, and have to change trains three times. The worst of all was that the places looked quite deserted. At last we alight in the open desert; it is eight o'clock, and we begin to feel hungry. Gaillard suggests dining at the Lac Saint-Fargeau; delicious shade, a lake, good cookery, &c. &c. Agreed. We then go on a voyage of discovery, and enter a park, the Buttes Chaumont. We are desperately hungry; but console ourselves by finding the scenery superb, especially a certain pavilion that looks like a temple. Julian stops nearly every one who passes, and asks for information respecting the restaurant; all give different directions. At last, after having walked and admired the paving-stones as a consolation, we catch sight of a lake and an illuminated restaurant. This is splendid! We rush there, but, after ten minutes' walk, we find our passage barred. We must retrace our steps and go round by another way. It was vexing; the future Mme. Gaillard was dying with hunger. And

each time that we jokingly foretold some misadventure, it was sure to happen. The lake was not Saint-Fargeau, and the restaurant was a simple café, where we found nothing to eat.

"Go down to La Villette," said one.

"If you would like to eat something standing," said a groggy citizen, "you had better go in there," and he pointed to a wine shop.

Oh! joy! A cab comes our way—but refuses to take us, and it is only after urgent entreaties and supplications that he consents. We all five cram in and start for the Lac Saint-Fargeau. I will not describe to you this whole hour's drive through a number of little streets, almost deserted. We arrive; the Lac Saint-Fargeau is not a lake at all, but a hideous pool. It is half-past nine; and we are scarcely seated when it begins to rain. We have to move to an immense assembly room. I jump on to a chair.

"Gentlemen, I am an opportunist before everything; now, as at this moment it is opportune to eat, I propose that we take our seats once more."

At about ten o'clock we begin to think of the fireworks which we meant to have witnessed from the top of the Buttes Chaumont. We meet our angelic coachman again at the door of the restaurant; he is tipsy, but shows proof of an ambassador's talents in difficult passages. And, indeed, cries of—

"Down with the carriages!" are to be heard: but we reply by "Vive la République!"

Friday, July 16th.—Julian considers my painting very, very good, and A—— is obliged to admit that it is not bad, for Julian is more severe than Tony.

I am crazy about Julian's praises.

We go away to-morrow, and I am enduring the boredom of being on the eve of a journey—parcels, &c., &c. It is fortunate that I am going away, for otherwise the studio would not continue to get on so well. I am at present its undisputed chief. I give advice, I entertain, my work excites great enthusiasm: I have a kind of coquetry in being kind, gracious, and obliging, and making myself loved—loving my companions, consoling them with fruits or ices.

The other day I went out, and they at once commenced praising me. Mlle. Marie D—— was quite overpowered when relating it, and Madeleine, who draws, as

you know, wishes to begin painting, and places herself under my wing for advice. It is true I teach to perfection, and if I painted as well as I teach I should be very well satisfied.

"In fact, that is what always comes of being an astounding professor."

Julian regrets that I cannot go on with that head, which would do for the Exhibition. "It shows character and looks natural—it is bold and life-like."

My little model has an uncommon head—very large eyes, enormous eyelids, an enormous superciliary arch, with a slight expression of astonishment, a turned-up nose, a pretty mouth, a charming complexion. She is young, but there is about her a sort of blemished look, not, however, displeasing; golden hair, which I believe to be dyed, but, nevertheless, beautifully arranged like a lion's mane, on a dark green background.

Saturday, July 17th.—I wanted to go to the country—real country, where there would be no one; but even that is not enough. Real happiness would consist in retiring now and then to uninhabited countries—to islands amongst great foreign trees, with Paul and Virginia. To see the sunrise, and enjoy the night all alone in the most absolute calm! A savage country, tall trees, a pure sky, mountains gilded by the sun . . . an atmosphere which one cannot imagine, and which in itself is a felicity, instead of the horrors we breathe here. . . But for such an existence one must have money. And I should not even care to have a man I loved to share my solitude.

Mont Dore.—Tuesday, July 20th.—I went to Julian's with Villevielle to fetch my keys, which I forgot yesterday. He encourages me very much—I leave with a good impression. It is a relief that I have no longer the fear of Breslau. In speaking of me Julian says: "In her case it is not simply painting, it is the life itself; and when she is unsuccessful you can still see that her effort is in that direction."

Afterwards we go again to look at the *Prix de Rome*. At four o'clock Villevielle comes back to say "Good-bye" again, and we start. On Monday, at six o'clock in the morning, we arrive at Clermont, and at three o'clock at Mont Dore. It takes six hours to drive from Clermont to that frightful Mont Dore, but I like that better than the train.

We get bad lodgings, as every place is full. The cookery is atrocious. I am only to-day getting resigned to it, chiefly because I have discovered some interesting things to paint.

Wednesday, July 21st.—I have commenced my treatment. You are fetched in a closed Sedan chair. A costume of white flannel—drawers and stockings in one—and a hood and cloak! Then follow a bath, a douche, drinking the waters, and inhaling in succession. I accept everything. This is the last time that I mean to take care of myself, and I shouldn't do it now but for the fear of becoming deaf. My deafness is much better—nearly gone.

Thursday, July 22nd.—I admit the elevation of a man to supreme power when that man is a hero like Napoleon I. I also admit that a sort of dictatorship may be conferred on a superior and capable being; but his children are of no account. I do not approve even of power for life. That looks as though one were afraid of failing in one's engagements on both sides. If the man who is elected conducts himself properly, he needs no oaths of fidelity to maintain him in power.

I am wearing a hat like those of the peasant women here; it suits me very well, and makes me look like a Greuze. I telegraphed for some lawn dresses to wear here in the heat, and now it is cold. I am beginning to look at the scenery. Until this evening, I have been depressed by the filthiness of the food, and because eating becomes here an ignoble preoccupation, from which one can get no exemption.

Friday, July 23rd.—Who will give me back my wasted, spoiled, and lost youth? I am not yet twenty, and the other day I found three grey hairs. I boast of it, it is a fearful proof that I exaggerate nothing. Were it not for my childish face I should look old. Is it natural at my age?

Oh! but there arises at the bottom of my heart such a storm, that it is better to cut all this short by telling myself that I shall always have the resource of blowing my brains out before they begin to pity me.

I had an extraordinary voice; it was a gift of God, and I lost it. Singing is to a woman what eloquence is to a man, a power without limits.

From my window which looks on to the park I saw

Mme. de Rothschild in the Promenade; she has arrived here with grooms, horses, &c. &c. The sight of this fortunate being vexed me, but I must be brave. Besides, when a pain becomes intense, it means deliverance. When it reaches a certain point we know that it can only diminish. It is while waiting for this crisis of the heart and soul that we suffer, but when once that crisis has come, we feel relieved. And then we call Epictetus to our aid, or we pray; but prayer softens. . . .

Now I am better for a few days, during which bitterness will keep rising, rising, rising; then will come a fresh outburst, then I shall collapse, and so on!

Tuesday, July 27th.—I try to paint landscape, but it ends by my kicking a hole through the canvas, and then there was a little girl of four beside me, watching me do it; so instead of looking at my landscape, I was looking at the child, who is to be my model from to-morrow. How can one prefer anything else to the human face?

I have such a pain between my neck and my left ear, right inside, that it is enough to drive me mad. I do not say anything about it, for my aunt would worry me, and I know it has something to do with my sore throat.

For more than twenty-four hours I have been suffering terribly; I cannot sleep, or do anything else. Even my reading is interrupted every second. I think it is this pain which makes me see the dark side of life. Misery of miseries!

Thursday, July 29th.—I find no end of models; all these people of Auvergne are wonderfully good-natured, and the women are most flattering.

I commence a picture of a little girl of ten lying asleep in the grass. But to-morrow I leave her to paint a little fellow with his goat (life size), which I will finish, and then I will go on with my little girl. The little boy with the goat is the son of a wood-carver and carpenter, who has drawn in the studios at Paris. His wife is a dressmaker, and the three children are beautiful. Besides this, their shop faces the north, and on rainy days I will make a very dark study of the shop, in which I will place the little girl, who is not more than seven, and charming.

Saturday, July 31st.—Yesterday I commenced my picture on a 25 canvas. The arrangement is very simple. The two children are sitting under beautiful trees, the

trunks of which are covered with moss; there is an open space at the top of the picture through which the country is seen in pale green. The boy, who is about ten, is sitting full face, with a school-book under his left arm, and his eyes looking at nothing. The little girl, who is six, is pulling him by the shoulder with one hand, and in the other she is holding a pear. Her face is in profile, and she seems to be calling him. The two children are seen only down to the knees, for the scale is life-size.

Before leaving Paris I read *Indiana*, by Georges Sand, and I assure you that it is not entertaining! But as I have only read *La Petite Fadette*, two or three other novels, and *Indiana*, perhaps I ought not to give an opinion. . . . . So far I am not at all captivated by her talent; but still, for all the world to have admired so loudly. . . . . However, I do not like it. It is the same with Raphael's Virgins; what I see at the Louvre does not please me. I saw Italy before I was able to judge, and what I saw then equally displeased me. It is neither divine nor earthly, to me it seems conventional and cardboardy.

I wanted to ride on horseback . . . . but I care for nothing, and, when I spend a day without working, I feel a dreadful remorse: and some days I can do nothing, and then I tell myself that I could if I would, so I quarrel with myself, and it ends up with a *Let it all go! Life is not worth living!* during which I smoke and read novels.

Tuesday, August 17th.—My open-air picture is abandoned, because of the bad weather. I have painted another from it on canvas, No. 15. The scene is in the carpenter's house on the left side, the woman is trying a choir dress on a boy of ten; the little girl is seated on an old box, looking at her brother with open mouth; the grandmother is near the stove in the background, her hands joined, and smiling as she looks at the child. The father, sitting near the bench, is reading *La Lanterne* and looking askance at the red cassock and white surplice. The background is very complicated; a stove, some old bottles, tools, and a heap of things rather unfinished, naturally. I have not time to finish it, but I painted this picture to familiarise myself with these things. Standing figures, floors, and other details frightened me, and I should have felt desperate at risking a picture of an interior; now I know how to do it, not that I can do it well, but I am no longer afraid of it, that is all.

The heads in my first sketch are about three fingers in height.

There were the dresses and all to be done, and I had never before done anything but the nude, excepting in my contemptible Salon picture. And there were hands! six hands and a half.

I have never had the perseverance to complete any writing satisfactorily. The event happens, I get the idea, I write out a rough copy, and the next day I see in the papers an article which is like mine, and therefore makes mine of no use, which, to begin with, I had never completed, nor written out properly. Perseverance in art shows me that a certain effort is necessary in order to vanquish the first difficulty. The first step is all the difficulty.

This proverb has never struck me so forcibly.

Then, furthermore, and above all these, is the consideration of one's surroundings. In spite of the best will in the world, mine must be called brutalising. The members of my family are, for the most part, ignorant and commonplace. Then there is Mme. G——, a thoroughly worldly woman. Then there are the people who call on us; we rarely talk, and you know our *habitués*, La M——, &c., some insipid young men. I assure you, too, that if I did not shut myself up so often by myself with my books, I should really be less intelligent than I am as it is. I seem to speak my mind freely, and occasionally no one has more difficulty in showing off. I often become quite imbecile, the words crowd my mouth and I cannot speak. I listen and smile vaguely, that is all.

Wednesday, August 18th.—We have been riding too long; five hours on horseback, with this weakening treatment, have completely knocked me up.

I am afraid the treatment will justify that brute of a doctor at the baths, who asserted that I was weak. . . . . It is true that when I had finished, he assured me that to have stood twenty-one baths so well I must be very strong. Medicine is a wretched science.

We climbed to the top of the Sancy; the mountains which encircle that horrible Mont Dore look flat from this eminence. The view from the top of the Sancy is really grand; I should like to see the sun rise from that height. The distances have a bluish tinge, which reminded me of the Mediterranean, and this is all that is beautiful in it. The ascent on foot is very difficult; but when you have reached the top you seem to overlook the whole world.

There was a crowd of people, come like ourselves, and they spoiled nature.

Thursday, August 19th.—I am good for nothing this morning; my eyes and head are tired. And to think I am not going before Saturday!

To-day I have no time; to-morrow will be Friday, and if I started on a Friday I should be thinking that all the annoyances which happen to me were due to that fact.

Paris, Sunday, August 22nd.—Eight o'clock. How pretty and comfortable my study looks!

I have read the weekly illustrated papers and other pamphlets . . . . I am quite settled now, and I feel as though I had not been away at all.

Two o'clock in the afternoon. I comfort myself (?) with the thought that my worries are only equivalent to those of all kinds which artists have to endure; for I have not to contend with poverty and the tyranny of parents . . . . For that is what artists complain of, is it not? Talent alone will not make me succeed, unless it be . . . . a stroke of genius; but such strokes have never been effected even by a great genius after three years' study, especially now when there is so much talent about. I have very good intentions, and then suddenly I do foolish things just as in a dream . . . . I despise and hate myself, as I despise and hate every one else, including my own people. . . . . Oh! my family . . . For example, in the railway carriage my aunt tried all manner of little dodges to make me sit on the side with the window closed. Tired of struggling, I gave in, but on condition that the other should remain open; but as soon as I fell asleep she shut that one too. I woke up declaring that I would kick my heels through the panes, but we were at our destination. And here, at breakfast, I saw looks of agony, and eyebrows contracted in dramatic fashion because I did not eat. Evidently these people love me . . . . but yet it seems to me that when people love they ought to understand you better! . . . .

Sincere indignation produces eloquence. A man who is indignant, or who believes himself to be indignant against a Government, mounts the platform and makes himself a reputation. But a woman has no platform at her disposal; besides which she is beset by fathers, fathers-in-law, mothers, mothers-in-law, everybody, &c. &c., who fidget her all day

long. She grows indignant, but can only be eloquent before her dressing-table; result, zero.

And then mamma is always talking of God: if God is willing; by God's help. They call upon God so often only to escape all sorts of little duties. It is neither faith nor even devotion, it is a mania, a weakness; the cowardice of lazy, incapable, and indolent people! What can be more indelicate than to cover all one's failings with the word of God? It is indelicate; it is more, it is criminal, if one believes in God. If it is decreed that a thing is to happen, it will happen, she says, to avoid the trouble of action . . . . and the fear of remorse. If everything had been decreed beforehand, God would be only a constitutional president, and our wills, vices, and virtues but sinecures.

Thursday, September 2nd.—"Besides that, he read a great deal, acquiring that profound and serious instruction which one owes to oneself alone, and which every person of talent has sought for between the ages of twenty and thirty." This remark *from Balzac* flatters me.

But see now! I have hired a garden at Passy, Rue du Ranelagh, No. 45, for making studies in the open air, and I begin with Irma, a nude figure, life size, under a tree.

It is still pretty warm, and I must make haste. Such is life! After all, it is just as well. I do not know how it is that I feel, as it were, apprehensions of I know not what. I feel as if some annoyances were about to happen to me Shut up alone, and at work, I should think myself safe. . . . But people are so stupid and spiteful, that they come and seek you out in your corner to worry you.

But what can happen? I don't know; maybe something will be invented or misrepresented; it will be repeated to me and pain me. . . .

Or else some nasty thing will occur . . . . not important, but petty and humiliating; like my luck, in fact. All this keeps me from Biarritz.

"Why do you not go?" said Mme. G——. "You must go. I will tell your mother or your aunt about you. . . . In fact, you shall go to Biarritz; it is very elegant; you will meet plenty of people there."

Bosh! as they say in the fashionable world. If they would only let me alone, I should like to remain in my garden at Passy.

Tuesday, September 7th.—It is raining. . . . All the most disagreeable incidents of my life crowd through my brain, and there are some things already long past, which make me start and contract my hands just as though I felt a sudden twinge of physical pain.

It would be necessary for my recovery that everything about me should be changed. . . . I dislike my own family. I know beforehand what my mother or my aunt will say, or what they will do in every circumstance; how they look at the Salon, on the promenade, at the seaside, and it all sets my teeth on edge. . . . . it is like hearing glass being scraped.

All around me would have to be changed, and when I felt calmer I should, no doubt, love them all as they ought to be loved. But they let me die of *ennui*, and when I refuse a certain dish they look scared. . . . Or else they practise tricks without number to excuse there being no ice at table, in case it might hurt me. Or else they come like thieves to shut windows that I have opened. A thousand small exasperating nothings; but home is altogether oppressive.

My anxiety is that I am getting rusty in this solitude. All these black moods darken the intellect, and make me retire into myself. I fear that these dark clouds may leave a veil over my character for ever, and make me bitter, soured, and gloomy. I have no wish to be so, but am afraid of it, by dint of eating my heart out in silence.

It is said that my manners are perfect; the old Bonapartists said so to Adeliñe. . . . No, look you; it seems to me that there will always be a sort of uneasiness weighing upon me. I am always in fear of being slandered, humiliated, and put on the black list. . . . . and some of it must stick, whatever people may say. . . . No, look you, my family can have no idea what they have made of me. My sadness frightens me only because I am afraid of losing for ever the brilliant qualities indispensable to a woman. . . .

Why do I live? Of what use am I here? What have I obtained? Neither glory nor happiness, nor even peace! . . .

Friday, September 10th.—Great perturbation for my aunt. Doctor Fauvel, who sounded me a week ago and found nothing the matter, has sounded me to-day and found that my bronchial tubes are attacked; his look became . . . grave, affected, and a little confused at not having foreseen

the seriousness of the evil; then followed some of the prescriptions for consumptive persons, cod-liver oil, painting with iodine, hot milk, flannel, &c. &c., and at last he advises going to see Dr. Sée or Dr. Potain, or else to bring them to his house for a consultation. You may imagine what my aunt's face was like! I am simply amused! I have suspected something for a long time; I have been coughing all the winter, and I cough and choke still.

Besides, the wonder would be if I had nothing the matter; I should be satisfied to have something serious and be done with it.

My aunt is dismayed, and I am triumphant. Death does not frighten me; I should not dare to kill myself, but I should like to be done with it. . . . If you only knew! . . . . I will not wear flannel nor stain myself with iodine; I am not anxious to get better. I shall have, without that, quite enough health and life for all I shall be able to do in it.

Friday, September 17th.—Yesterday I went again to the doctor to whom I went about my ears, and he admitted that he did not expect to see matters so serious, and that I should never hear so well as formerly. I felt as if struck dead. It is horrible! I am not deaf certainly, but I hear as one sees through a thin veil. For instance, I cannot hear the tick of my alarm-clock, and I may perhaps never hear it again without going close up to it. It is indeed a misfortune. Sometimes in conversation many things escape my hearing. . . . Well, let us thank heaven for not being blind or dumb as yet.

I am quite bent as I write, and if I try to sit up, it hurts me terribly; it is in this case the effect of tears. At the death of the Prince Imperial I felt just the same. I have been crying very much since this morning.

Tuesday, September 28th.—A good day commenced in the night. I dreamt of *him*. He was ugly and ill, but that does not matter. I understand now that it is not for beauty one loves. We were talking like two friends, as of yore; and as we should talk again if we were to meet. I only wished one thing, that our friendship might remain within limits that would permit it to last.

It was also my dream when waking. In short, I have never felt so happy as I did this night.

Saint-Amand comes to luncheon. An avalanche of compliments: I am this and that; and this winter they mean to form a circle of the élite around me; he means to bring the celebrities, all the *somebodies*, &c. &c.; I did not even wish for this, and I woke up laughing.

Dumas fils says that young girls do not love, but simply have a *preference*, for they do not know what *love* is. Then where the devil *does* M. Dumas place love?

And then one pretty nearly always knows enough to have some notion . . . . And what M. Dumas calls *love* is merely the consequence and natural complement of love, and not at all a thing by itself separate and complete—at least, for people who are somewhat decent.

"Often the inevitable consequence, and without which no love is possible," says the same Dumas, and he also calls it "the last expression of love." That I admit; but to say that a young girl cannot love is nonsense.

I know nothing about it, myself, but yet I feel that there is something repulsive in it, with a being one dislikes, and that it contains "the last expression of love" is when one loves.

There are also wild fancies which sometimes cross the mind, you know what I mean. . . . . when the man is not repulsive; but they have nothing to do with love. What would horrify me most would be to kiss on the lips one to whom I felt indifferent; I think I could never do it.

But when one loves, oh! . . . that is so different. For instance, last night I loved in my dream; sometimes it has happened to me when awake. Well, it is so pure, so tender, and so beautiful. Love is so grand and pure a sentiment that everything in it is chaste.

M. Dumas' *love* is not objective, but is only a consequence of what is felt, and a means of loving more and better what one loves already.

Wednesday, September 29th.—Since yesterday I have looked so fair and fresh and pretty that I am surprised, with animated and brilliant eyes; even the outline of my face looks more delicate and beautiful. Only it is a pity it should happen just when there is no one to see me. It is absurd to say, but I looked at myself in the glass with pleasure for half an hour; it is a long time since this has happened to me . . . .

Friday, October 1st.—The Russian people who have come

to see us tell me the news of Russia. Their eldest daughter is under the strict supervision of the police for having said, on an examination day when the Grand Duke was expected, that she would much rather pass her examination than receive the visit of the Grand Duke. On another occasion, being very short-sighted, she wore a pince-nez, thanks to which she has been denounced to the police! spectacles or eye-glasses being considered signs of advanced ideas amongst women. They transport, poison, or exile for a word. They pay domiciliary visits at night, and if you are not very dangerous they send you to Viatka or Perm; if you are, to Siberia or the gallows. It is said that there is not a family without one member in exile, hanged, or at least under supervision. The spy system is so thoroughly organised that it is impossible to talk in one's own home, in one's family circle, without everything being reported to someone in authority. Poor country! and the other day I was accusing myself of cowardice because I would not go there! but is it possible? The Socialists are atrocious villains, who murder and rob you; the government is arbitrary and stupid. These two fearful elements are at war with each other, and the wise people are crushed between the two. The girl informed me, after two hours' talking, that for the tenth part of what I said I should be sent to penal servitude or hanged, and that if I go to Russia I am done for.

I will go to Russia when there is some respect for people's rights in that beautiful country, when it has become possible to be useful there, and when one will not risk exile by remarking that "the censorship is very severe."

All this makes one's heart jump. Would it not be possible to form an honest Liberal party, for I hate the crimes of Socialism as much as those of the Government? Ah! if it were not for my painting, how I. . .

Oh! Frenchmen, who say that you are neither happy nor free! . . . There is that going on in Russia which happened in France in the Reign of Terror; for a movement or a word you are lost. Oh! what a great deal there is to be done before men will be comparatively happy!

"We are now trying to liberate woman," says the younger Dumas; "when that is done, we must try to liberate God; and then when there will be perfect understanding between the three—God, man, and woman—we shall see clearer and advance faster."

The woman question is one of the most odious, and when one thinks that everything has made progress excepting this one feels stupefied. Read Dumas' pamphlet, *Les Femmes qui Votent et les Femmes qui Tuent.* Dumas' overpowering talents no longer shock me in these pages, though men are still rather too high and mighty towards women. But, on the whole, there is some good in it.

Saturday, October 2nd.—A lady whose portrait I am painting pays me for it by sitting for the study of a hand. Tony has been adorable; he was just going to correct the Jewess, when he caught sight of my hands. "Who did this?"

"I, Monsieur."

"It is very true, very true, very true;" and after having again looked at my study, he repeated, "It is very true, very true;" and again, after another pose, "It is very true." He looked agreeably surprised, and imagine my joy!

And he sat himself down in my seat, and gave me a lesson. "It is a good study, you must do some more like that. There is *charming tone in it;*" I underline because of my fellow-students, who, not knowing what to object to, said I was no colourist.

"Unfortunately, the drawing is not quite right, but that will not happen again in the next study, I am sure; it must be too long—that is a fault one does not repeat. On the whole, it is good, there is good work in it." Really! I turned red and pale over it. But you should see the importance they attach to me at the studio. I am the most advanced, and I am made so much of that I speak almost with unction, like Cassagnac. But do not fear that this triumph will turn my head.

I am happy about my painting, and I am feeling better generally.

The hands are painted on a 6 canvas; the left one resting flat on the table, the right hand holding a pen, as if she had just stopped to read over what was written. I express myself badly, but you understand.

Sunday, October 3rd.—I am miserable. No, I am afraid there is nothing to be done. For four years I have been doctoring a laryngitis under the most celebrated physicians, and it goes from bad to worse.

For four days my ears were better, I could hear well; now it is beginning again.

Very well then, I am going to make a prophecy—

I am going to die, but not immediately. That would be too good, that would put an end to everything. But I am to drag out my existence with colds, coughs, fevers, and all sorts of things. . . .

Monday, October 4th.—I sent to my Naples professor for some mandoline music, and his reply has just come. I am keeping his letter because, though written by a simple man, its Italian phrasing is so charming. I must admit that, in spite of my *naturalistic* tendencies (an expression little understood), and my Republican sentiments, I am very sensitive to these elegances of language.

Moreover, why can't these things harmonise? But there, we must leave this style to the Italians, in others it is ridiculous. Oh, heavens! when shall I be able to go to Italy?

How dull everything else is after Italy! No person or thing has ever caused me such delights as the remembrance of that country. Why cannot I go there at once? But my painting; am I advanced enough to go right without guidance? I don't know.

No, I will stay in Paris for this winter; I will go to Italy for the carnival, and I will spend the winter of 1881-82 at St. Petersburg; I will come back to Paris or to Italy from 1882 to 1883. And then I will marry a man of title, possessing a yearly income of fifteen or twenty thousand francs, who will be delighted to take me with my own income. Am I not truly wise to wait three years before capitulating?

Tuesday, October 5th.—You may be resigned—or, more correctly, pull yourself together—and, fathoming your inmost soul, ask if it matters so much to have lived in one way or in another. You may have conquered your feelings and say, with Epictetus, that you are free to accept evil for good—or, rather, to remain indifferent to what may happen.

You must have suffered horribly to consent to quit life by this species of death, and it is only after unheard of sufferings and complete despair that you begin to understand the possibility of such a living death. But, if you could only settle down to it, you would at least be at peace . . . . It would not be a vain dream; *it is a possibility.* But you'll say, Why live at all? Since you have

come into the world of men, it is evident that it becomes useless to live on these terms. Indeed, it is only after thoroughly realising that real life is a cause of endless evils, that you accept the other, or that you hide yourself from the first in the second.

At a certain pitch of physical pain we lose consciousness, or fall into ecstasies; the same happens with moral sufferings which have reached a certain point. We soar, we are astonished at having suffered, we despise everything, and we walk with head erect like martyrs.

What matter, after all, whether the fifty years I have to live are spent in a prison or in a palace, amid society or in solitude? The end is the same. The sensations contained between the beginning and the end, which leave no trace, that's what occupies us. Of what importance is a thing which does not last, and which leaves no trace? I can utilise my life by working; I shall have talent; perhaps that may leave some traces . . . after death.

Saturday, October 9th.—I have not done any work this week, and inaction makes me stupid. I have read over my journey to Russia, and it interested me much. In Russia I had partly read *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, and as it did not please me, I have just been reading it again; for, after all, Théophile Gautier is considered a man of enormous talent, and *Mademoiselle de Maupin* as a masterpiece, especially the preface. Well, I have read it over again to-day. The preface is very good, certainly; but the book? . . . . In spite of all its. . . . nudities, the book is not amusing, some pages of it are simply boring. I hear people exclaiming, "What about the language and the style?" &c. Ah! heavens! yes, it is in good French; it is the work of a man of ability in his trade, but it is not a sympathetic talent . . . By-and-by perhaps I may understand why it is a masterpiece. I do not mind admitting now that it is very good, but it is antipathetic, and that bores me. It is the same with George Sand . . . . another writer with whom I feel no sympathy; and George Sand possesses in less degree than Gautier, that vigour and boldness which make you respect, if not like, him. George Sand . . . . is all very well. Amongst modern writers I prefer Daudet; he writes novels, but they are sprinkled with just observations, with things that are *true*, and which have been. One lives in them.

As for Zola, we are estranged. He has taken to attacking Ranc and other Republicans in the *Figaro* with a persistency

of bad taste which suits neither his great talents nor his high literary position.

But what can we see in George Sand? A novel, elegantly written? Yes; but what more? Well, her novels bore me; while Balzac, the two Dumas, Zola, Daudet, and Musset, never do. Victor Hugo, in his most romantically crazy prose in *Han d'Islande*, is never fatiguing, you feel the genius of it; but George Sand! How can people read three hundred pages full of the doings and gestures of Valentine and Benedict, with an uncle, a gardener, and I know not what?

Always the levelling of society by the means of love, which is ignoble. That equality should be established would be admirable, but it must not be due to sexual caprices. The countess in love with her valet, and dissertations thereupon! That is George Sand's talent. Certainly, they are very beautiful novels, with beautiful descriptions of scenery. . . But I should like something more. . . I don't quite know how to put it. . . . One can't believe in that sort of thing. I always imagine that I am addressing superior beings, before whom I am afraid of talking pretentiously, whereas in general there are only ordinary and inferior people, who never appreciate modesty or an avowal of weakness. Well, I am reading *Valentine* at the present moment, and it sets my nerves on edge, for the book interests me just enough to make me finish it; and at the same time I feel that I gain nothing from it—only perhaps a vaguely disagreeable impression. This reading seems to lower me. I revolt against it, but I go on, for it would have to be as wearying as the *Dernier Amour*, by the same author, to keep me from reading it to the end. However, *Valentine* is the best work I have read of George Sand's. *Le Marquis de Villemer* is good, too. I do not think there is any groom in love with the countess.

Sunday, October 10th. — Several visitors and Saint-Amand! We have some music, and he cries over *Paul and Virginia*. I can understand this irresistible emotion. I cried when I read that book, and the music at the opera makes me weep at the same places. The most sensational novels do not cause such a profound sadness. Ah! really I feel something like a wrench within me, and I burst into tears.

If these lines be read people will think I am joking, or

that I have gone mad, for I am apparently so philosophical and critical.

I spent the morning at the Louvre, and I am amazed. Until now I never understood as this morning. I looked without seeing. It is like a revelation. I used to look and to admire politely, like the great majority of the universe. Ah! when one sees and feels art as I do, one has not an ordinary soul. To feel that it is beautiful, and to understand why it is beautiful—this is genuine happiness.

Monday, October 11th. — I begin to paint under the influence of yesterday's excitement. It is impossible not to acquire talent when you have such revelations as I had yesterday.

Tuesday, October 12th.—Yesterday I received the following telegram from Poltava:—"All the nobility present to you, through us, their congratulations on the occasion of your father's unanimous election. We drink your health.—ABAZA—MANDERSTERN."

Abaza is the one I knew in Russia—the greatest bigwig in Poltava, after having been so at St. Petersburg and at Odessa.

Manderstern is the *Maréchal de la Noblesse* of the province, as my father that of the district of Poltava.

Here is my telegraphic reply. I must be polite, for family affairs are nobody's business: and further, it is a sort of . . . How shall I express it? It sounds official, nay, pompous:—

"Flattered by the gracious attention, I cordially thank the worthy representatives of the nobility of Poltava, to whom I wish a thousand prosperities.—MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF."

This is dignified and noble, it is like the telegram of a great man, and then it is not in a telegraphic style, with all the adverbs, &c., left out. Poor child, I pity you!

I read *Paul and Virginia* again very attentively, and I willingly excuse the somewhat strained *naïvetés* of style in the descriptions of the virtues of these good people. But I have just been having a good cry.

You remember when Paul comes back from the neighbours and calls from a distance to Marie, the negress, "Where

is Virginia?" Marie turns her head towards him and begins to cry; and I do so too.

Yes, it's atrocious really for this poor young fellow to come back and not to find her. Then he runs to the rock and sees the ship, which is now only a black speck. . . . Here you feel mad for him.

And I cry, and cry again. And when Paul says to the dog running before him, "There, you will never find her again!" it is more than I can endure. And Virginia's letter, in which she sends Paul some violet seeds. Ah! but the awful moment is when she has gone, and he is looking at the black speck on the horizon from the top of the rock.

Bernardin de Saint-Pierre did not himself understand what he wrote. It is a passage sublime in its simplicity, and of incomparable emotion.

Friday, October 15*th.*—I have taken up again a portrait of one of Julian's pupils, which I painted before this summer. Not the one with the yellow hair, but another—an exquisite creature. Brown hair shot with red, a freshness, and a life! A lovely complexion, but disposed to become pimply; adorable brown eyes, a divine mouth; with something common, however, when seen full face—I am taking her in profile. Her neck and arms are magnificent in colour and form. She is twenty-five, and a widow, with a little boy of five and a half. If that woman were a model I should take her by the year.

And she has lovely hands, too, and also a lovely skin. It is impossible to render the extraordinary brilliancy of her face. I have already an idea for the Salon with her. I am giving her her portrait, and she has well earned it, for she sits like an angel. I dressed her Greuze fashion, in a bodice of cream damask, and a handkerchief of Indian muslin.

I shall never dare to ask her to sit for the Salon, it would be a matter of a month. If I could think of a way to pay her, but it is impossible. . . . I have already asked her in joke to sit for me, but seriously . . . . Ah! what a model. . . . Something splendid could be made of her.

In the same way as I made white fashionable three years ago, my crossed draperies and my sashes forming a point are being copied now. It is very aggravating.

Saturday, October 16*th.*—Amidst all sorts of nice things

Tony said, "On the whole, I am very well satisfied; you are getting on well."

The lesson follows. I am very pleased every Saturday. I have fears, and then joys! . . .

That is because it is the only thing I care about seriously. My dazzling model, whose name is Mme. G——, is quite willing to sit for a picture, on condition that it is not too nude. I do not know what her position is, but I presume that she is not obliged to work for her living, for she comes to the studio to sit for me as much as I like for her portrait. But it does not matter, she is really very nice.

She promised me her hands and arms in exchange for her son's head, but to sit for a whole picture! Just think, it is the work of six weeks perhaps. She is fresh, young, and brilliant, with an indescribably touching and maternal look in her face. I shall make her a handsome present.

Tuesday, October 19th.—Alas! it must all end in dying miserably and slowly in a few years.

Well, I suspected that it would end so. Impossible to live with a brain like mine, for I am like those children who are too forward.

I wanted too many things to be happy, and circumstances have so arranged themselves as to deprive me of everything excepting physical comforts.

Two or three years ago, and even six months ago, whenever I went to a new doctor to get back my voice, he used to ask me if I did not feel such and such a symptom, and as I answered "No," he said, as nearly as possible, "There is nothing the matter with the bronchial tubes, nor with the lungs; it is only the larynx." Now, I am beginning to feel all those symptoms that the doctor commenced by supposing. Therefore the bronchial tubes and the lungs must be affected. Oh! but this is nothing or almost nothing. Fauvel has ordered iodine and a blister; I naturally screamed with horror, I would rather have my arm broken than endure a mustard plaster. Three years ago in Germany, a doctor at the baths found out something the matter with my right lung under the shoulder-blade. I laughed at it very much. Then again at Nice, five years ago, I sometimes felt a sort of pain in that place; but then I felt certain that I was getting a hump, as I had two humpbacked aunts, my father's sisters. And again, a few months back, I was asked if I did not feel

anything there, and, without thinking, I answered "No." But now when I cough, or even take a long breath, I feel the pain there on the right side in my back. All these things together make me think that there is perhaps something really the matter . . . . I take a sort of pride in pointing out that I am ill, but I do not like it at all. It is a horrible death, very slow, four, five, ten years perhaps. And one gets so thin, so ugly.

I have not got much thinner, I am just as I ought to be; but I have a tired look, and I cough a great deal; my breathing, too, is difficult. Just think of it! For four years I have been under the care of the most celebrated doctors; have been taken to the baths, and not only have I not recovered my beautiful voice—so beautiful that I cry when I think of it—but I become worse and worse, and, out with the horrid word, slightly deaf!

If death would but come quickly I should not complain.

Has it ever happened to you to be about to express in words or in writing, that you no longer believe in something that you have hitherto believed in; and at the very moment you were saying, "And to think that I believed it!"—to be re-captivated by your first idea and to believe in it again, or at least to entertain grave doubts about the new one? This is my mood in making a sketch for my new picture. . . . . While waiting for the artist, the model, a little fair woman, is sitting astride on a chair smoking a cigarette, and looking at the skeleton, between the teeth of which she has stuffed a pipe. The clothes are scattered about on the floor on the left; on the right, the boots, a cigar-case open on the floor, and a little bunch of violets. One leg is thrown over the cross bar of the back of the chair, the woman is leaning on her elbows with one hand under her chin. One stocking on the floor and the other still hanging from her foot. That is a very good arrangement as regards colour. By-the-bye I am getting to be a good colourist. Ah! I say that for fun; but, joking apart, I feel colour, and there is no comparison between my painting of two months ago, before Mont Dore and those of the present time.

You will see there will be no end of things to make me cling to life when I am good for nothing, when I am ill and disgusting.

Thursday, October 21*st.*—I showed Julian the picture I painted at Mont Dore. Of course, he bullied me, saying, nevertheless, that certain modern artists would consider it

very good; that it is a mixture of Bastien-Lepage and of Bouvin; that a touch more of work would make it almost a good picture; that there are some entertaining points about it; that in spite of all it is an entertaining picture, but that I paint "like a hangman." About the sketch of the young woman suckling her child, he simply remarked that a *mother* does not suckle with her bust quite bare. I had composed this in a subdued key of colour. The woman is sitting in a low chair of yellow plush, with her legs stretched out and her feet bare; one foot rests on a stool, the face is in profile, the bust three-quarters. The child is sucking and at the same time pushing the breast with its little hand. The background is formed by the bed-curtain; and further back, in the shade, is seen a palm in a blue china vase. It is very subdued, but one shoulder at least ought to be covered.

As to the sketch of the model opposite the skeleton, that touched him to the heart. He said that it was "just the thing," that "it was vulgar, disgusting," and I added, "Yes, disgusting, and that is why it is the thing; it is nature."

"But you cannot sign this. It would cause a scandal. But, sapristi, how natural! I do not mean to say that you will become this instant a celebrated painter, but you will certainly gain notoriety for this . . . . drollery of invention. . . . . It is a picture to make people scream, especially if it is known that it is by a woman—a young girl. It is the same with me; when I paint a picture people cover their faces."

Friday, October 22nd.—It is raining; it is cold, a sharp biting cold; it is dark. What is more, I feel like the weather, and cough incessantly.

Ah! what misery and what an atrocious existence! At half-past three it is no longer light enough to paint, and if I read at night my eyes are tired for painting in the morning. The few people whom I might see I avoid for fear of not hearing what they say. On some days I can hear very well, and not on others, and then it is a torment I cannot describe. . . But God will put an end to me. Besides, I am prepared to face all sorts of miseries on condition of seeing nobody. Every ring at the bell makes me shudder. This new and horrible misfortune makes me afraid of all that I wished for. Nevertheless, I am always very gay and very amusing to others. I laugh as much as Mlle. Samary, of the Théâtre-Français, but it is more

a habit than a mask; I shall always laugh. It is ended; not only do I think it is ended, but I wish it may be so. I can find no word to describe my dejection.

Sunday, October 24th.—I went to the Louvre. I always go there alone, knowing that I shall not meet any acquaintances there on Sunday morning. One only sees properly when alone. I am fascinated by the pictures of the last century, their grace is inimitable and exquisite. What a charming period! Do you think I was born for a laborious, studious, or heroic life? I should like to give myself up to the most luxurious idleness wrapped in Watteau and Greuze gauzes, and in Rigaud brocades. It is an exquisite century, combining all the old witcheries with the comforts of English dressing-rooms, whereas before this time people hardly washed at all, or but very little; and that spoils for me all the fine adventures of olden times.

Monday, October 25th.—I am reading *Les Châtiments*. It is true, Hugo is a genius. Shall I say that some of his lyrical transports astonished, not to say, wearied me? No, I don't think so. It is beautiful, it is sublime, and in spite of the grand gesticulations, the perspirations, and the frights, &c., it is human, natural, and beautiful. But I like him above all in his touching simplicity. The last act of *Hernani*, when Doña Sol beseeches the old man . . . and the language of the grandmother whose child had received two bullets in its head!

Friday, October 29th.—Having read a passage in the Gospel extraordinarily in accordance with the thought that guided me, I have a return to my old fervour and faith in miracles, to Jesus Christ, and my impassioned prayers of old days. For some time I had been satisfied with one God, and my belief was very pure, very severe, and very simple; but here I am returning to a religion more familiar and more . . . consoling, more in touch with the fears, the miseries, and the meannesses of my nature.

The God-Man and the Virgin Mary seem to listen to you more than the real God. . .

Monday, November 1st.—Our studio is getting like the men's studio, that is to say we have the nude all day long, the same model in the same attitude, therefore you

can thoroughly study a large piece. I have been wanting this for two or three months, before that it would have been of no use, but now I am just ready for that sort of work. There are only eight of us; the other pupils, twenty-two in number, have moved into the new studio which Julian has arranged at 51, Rue Vivienne, and which is organised in the style of our old one.

Tuesday, November 2nd.—For about a week I have had my breakfast brought from the house to the studio. This is managed in a straw or cane apparatus such as soldiers have. It is much more sensible than running from the Rue Vivienne to the Champs-Elysées and losing the hours when the light is finest. So I work from eight till twelve and from one to four o'clock.

Wednesday, November 10th.—It is horrible to have worked incessantly for three years only to find out that one knows nothing.

Thursday, November 11th.—Tony came, and as I explained to him my discouragement, he tells me that this proves that I am not blind, and he advised me to take up my studies, and to go on working.

Well, it proves, any way, that I know more about it than I used to, for I now see clearly. But how sad! How much encouragement I shall need! I have made myself a brown cloak, with a monk's hood, for the studio, when I happen to be placed near the window, from which there is a very devil of a draught. So I have a monk's hood, which has always brought me ill luck. I cried so much under this ill-omened hood, that our good-natured Zilhardt, who had come to see if it was not for fun, was quite aghast at it. I want to paint a picture representing an expulsion of monks, so I went to the Capuchins of the Rue de la Santé, and the three remaining fathers told me about the disaster, and showed me the scene of it. I offered hospitality to two fathers at Nice. I trust they will not avail themselves of my offer.

Sunday, November 14th.—I was to have gone to Versailles to see if the convent of the Capuchins would suit me, for it was there they showed the most resistance.

In the courtyard of the convent devotional chairs are placed, where, in spite of the rain, the faithful come to kneel before the sealed door of the chapel. Excited women crying

out that there is neither property nor law. . . . Heavens! how mismanaged all this has been, and how the monks have profited by it!

Will not Gambetta prove to be the strong man? . . . . For some man must come forward. . . . The Bonapartist system, then? And what of principles, and the Republic? Oh! do not fear, I shall not change; indeed, this subject, and the equality of man and woman, are the only things to which I am sincerely attached. There are some things which overawe my common sense; they are rare, but, after all, when I am thoroughly convinced *myself*, nothing in the world makes me alter, and I even find it very difficult not to *proclaim* my convictions from the house-tops, so pleased and proud am I to have found it out *by myself*, and to believe in it *sincerely*.

Because for many things, for nearly everything, alas! I only care . . . . very superficially . . . . for the sake of talking, or so as not to be quite out of it, or for what it may bring me. So then, a man is wanted, or rather, men; those who are directing us here are ridiculous and stupid; it is humiliating to the Republic. Don't think that the devotional chairs in the rain have made too great an impression on me. . . . Even if it were sincere it would not overcome me.

The Church has lowered God, disfigured religion, or, rather, has created, instead of the worship we owe to God, a complicated religion, full of charlatanism, which must be destroyed. The Capuchin father received us very ungraciously through his wicket, telling us that for any information we wanted, all we had to do was to inquire of the faithful. I made a slight sketch of the courtyard, but it does not please me better than the Rue de la Santé, and I will arrange it a little. But . . . . good heavens! that is all.

Tuesday, November 16th.—I fear I exaggerated the other day respecting the Church. I had pious remorse and was within an ace of getting out of bed to come and make the *amende honorable* here, for the Church is a means of making God known; the Church has done a great deal for morals; the Church has carried to the savages the name of God and civilisation. Without offence to God, I think they could have been civilised without Catholicism; but after all . . . the Church has been useful in the same way as the feudal system, and like it, it has had, or nearly had, its day. There are in Catholicism too many inadmissible and

revolting things, without being, however, absolutely odious. The divine has been mixed with puerile legends. There are too many enlightened people nowadays for pious falsehoods to be respected. But it is a period of transition we are going through, and unfortunately the masses are not yet educated enough to avoid passing from vain superstitions to the contempt and denial of God.

There are some sincerely religious men, but are there any sincere Royalists? . . . unless . . . that . . . for there are some people who think that a monarchy is necessary for the prosperity of certain countries. Fancy! I never thought of it the other day when I was saying that one must have the soul of a valet to like monarchy.

Let us suppose that the monarchy, a constitutional one of course, makes the happiness of the people; well, the most proud and noble man can adhere to it sincerely, and can even have a certain sincere attachment for the family which has represented his country for centuries. But between this and the servile attachment to a particular race there is a great difference!

But, as I said above, I hardly approve of a Monarchy, although I am prepared to admit that one may be *sincerely* attached to it, and believe in it from the *bottom of one's heart*, on the aforesaid conditions.

This is certainly not possible in France, nor is it possible to have a monarchy there which one could conscientiously prefer to the Republic. Is there even a single candidate who is not disgraced or dishonoured? M. de Chambord? The d'Orléans who inevitably followed him? But after all, the d'Orléans, who were patiently borne with for centuries, might become "that family which represents the country," of which I was speaking just now, and the meannesses which a court compels would be the sacrifice of one's personal pride that one would make to one's country. . . . Doubtless. But of what use is all this when there is a Republic which possesses all the good points of the constitutional monarchy, and none of its bad ones, which is the finest and noblest of governments?

There is really something revolting in the sovereign honours given to a dummy monarch, by a minister, or a statesman of genius, who, no matter what he may do, will always be the servant of a monarch who is a nothing, a fool, and possibly an imbecile.

Friday, November 19th.—I made my negress come to

the studio, where she sang for an hour instead of giving me my lesson at home.

The gas is lighted, and fifteen women, with Julian at their head, take their places at the end of the studio, while Madame Ponce and her guitar mount on to the model's table amid a salvo of applause. Do you think I am gay? Nonsense! . . .

Julian has abused my picture to the last degree. The drawing is bad, cold in feeling, not true in tone, and the effect badly conceived. After that, if I am not satisfied! But I comfort myself a little by thinking that I knew it was not good, and then it gives me less annoyance. Ah! if I had thought it good and he had said that to me. . . . But enough! I see what painting is, and what it means to paint from the nude life-size.

Ah! I had reckoned on painting to make my mark! Wait a bit, old lady!

I am afraid every minute of bursting into tears.

Saturday, November 27th.—The competition is over. I wished to be able to give my opinion in advance about it here, but I really can't. I do not like what I have done: I have got sand in my eyes, and it was dark on the days when I painted my largest portions. I have been in full swing only to-day, so I have re-painted the head entirely, which looks the better for it. However, I don't like it;. . . but I must admit that it is the best.

I am not at all sure that my drawing is as good as I could make it, for though I judge myself always with impartiality, one is taken by surprise sometimes. When I received the medal I thought I had made a fright. . . . But one must not trust to that. . . . On the whole, I should like to have it—it would raise my spirits. And then it would prove that I had painted a head approved by Tony, Bouguereau, Lefebvre, and Boulanger. You know the medal is given only when it is deserved. If there is nothing to deserve it, the drawings are numbered, and that is all.

Wednesday, December 1st.—When I leave the studio, I call for Mme. de D——, and we go to 12, Rue Cail, to Mlle. Hubertine Auclerc. It is a Wednesday! We had rung three times in vain, and had gone down again, and were conferring with the concierge, when a young woman came to the lodge. We had paused undecided. I *recognised* her at once.

The concierge calls us back, and Mlle. Auclerc invites us to go up. "*Droits des Femmes: siège social.*" These words, written on the door, had already given me—before the arrival of the young lady—a fit of enthusiasm as of old, and I pretended to hug Mme. de D——.

Very poor, simple, and bare is the office. She lights a fire, sits down in front of the fireplace, Mme. de D—— on her right hand, and myself on her left. My companion begins: then I said that I could not help feeling great emotion in the presence of the woman who has so courageously taken up the defence of our rights. Mme. de D—— is French, and the widow of an Englishman—Norskott. I am of foreign origin, but brought up in France, and am called Pauline Orelle. My secret aim is to paint Hubertine's portrait for the Salon. I adopt the pseudonym of Daria for my painting. Very pretty, very simple!—it is a Russian baptismal name. In fact, she will do well for a painting—dark, rather a blotched complexion, but the weather is cold, and has been so for some days. Small hands, rather red; small feet. Very nice appearance and language. She is sympathetic and amiable, her accent not very distinguished. She gives us a programme and a little pamphlet: we shake hands: we join them, promising to come again, and to pay our subscription of twenty-five francs per month, and attend the meetings.

"Next Wednesday at eight o'clock!"

I was friendly, and said to her that the principal argument of the Reactionists—the ugliness, age, and grotesque appearance of the ladies who attended the lectures—do not apply in her case, as she was so young and pretty.

I am satisfied; no not yet, for it may turn out badly. Does not everything turn out badly? We shall see.

Sunday, December 5th.—Doctor Potain comes this morning and insists on my going to the South until March, or else I shall soon be unable to breathe, or to leave my bed. A nice thing; for five years I have been doing all that the celebrities have ordered, and I get worse and worse. I went so far as to lay hands on my beauty. I painted my right collar bone with iodine, and I feel no better. Is it possible that my continual worries can have injured my health? But still the larynx and the bronchiæ are not usually subject to moral affections. I can't tell. I do what they order me; I avoid running risks, washing only in warm water, and still I

am ill. Villevielle told me yesterday that Tony, who came on Saturday to correct, had asked to see our competitive pictures, and thought my eyes were strangely drawn, but that there was something good in it, and some very beautiful points and charming tones. He is not pleased with the competition generally. If I do not get the medal, I shall have nevertheless done a fair study.

* * *

Wednesday, December 8th.—This evening the citizenesses Alexandrine Norskott and Pauline Orelle were present at the weekly meeting of the "Women's Rights" society which takes place in Hubertine's little drawing-room.

A lamp on the desk, at the left; on the right is the mantelpiece surmounted by a bust of the Republic; and in the centre with its back to the window, which itself is opposite the door, is a table covered with bundles of papers and boasting a candle, a bell, and a president, who looks very dirty and very stupid. At the president's left sits Hubertine, who looks down every time she speaks and rubs her hands all the time. At his right, a violent and withered old female Socialist is screaming: "That if there is any fighting to be done, she will be the first to do it." There were about twenty queer old types, a sort of female concierges, just dismissed from their lodges, and a few men—what riff-raff you may imagine; some of those young fellows with long hair, worn in outrageous style, who cannot get a hearing in the cafés. I am wearing a very dark wig, and my eyebrows are blackened. The men ranted on socialism, collectivism, and the treacheries of the most advanced deputies. The red lady in the corner declared war against religion; whereupon Mme. de D—— (Norskott) protested, and made several remarks which went off like shots and did good. However, Hubertine is very wise, and understands that it is not a question of proletaires or of millionaires, but of woman in general, who is claiming her rights. These are the grounds on which they ought to take their stand; instead of which they discuss shades of political opinion.

Our names have been entered, we have voted, paid our subscriptions, &c. There!

Monday, December 13th.—I despise scandal-mongering, but I can't prevent it and by this appearance of indifference I put my mind at rest . . . . and so many people speak evil that I have at last become accustomed to it. You know my life, you can judge me. I do not say this for you to praise

my virtues, for my imprudences and my follies are enough to blacken me considerably. Well, it is done, let it pass. I accept the responsibility of it all the same, but allow me the extenuating circumstances.

Tuesday, December 21st.—I have no buzzing in my ears now, and hear very well.

Wednesday, December 22nd.—The medal is given to a drawing from the Rue Vivienne, by a new pupil, an American girl. And I am first mentioned.

Thursday, December 23rd.—As it was getting late I left the portrait, and commenced to make a sketch, always with a view to the Salon. Julian comes in, and he thinks it very pretty, so I go with him into the ante-room, and ask him if that might do. Oh yes, very well; but it is a young lady's subject, and tame, and he thought I might find something more striking. And then he reproaches me, for the tenth time at least, for not having painted the portrait of Mme. N—— on a larger scale, and with more drapery, for the Exhibition in fact. I must tell you that he worries in this way every time I mention the Salon. But to make you understand what effect this has upon me, I must tell you that this portrait does not please or amuse me; that I am doing it out of good nature; that the model has nothing captivating; that I am doing it because I promised to in an expansive moment. This idiotic good nature would lead me to give away everything, and makes me rack my brain to think what I might suitably offer, and how I could best give pleasure to everybody. And do you think that this rarely happens? It is nearly always so, excepting when I am feeling too bored . . . . and even then . . . .

It is not even a quality; it is my nature to try to make everybody happy, and to burden myself with silly emotions! You did not know this, and I pass for a selfish person. Well, make it all fit in together.

So this portrait that I should like to finish soon is thrust under my nose every minute for this Exhibition, which has engrossed me for a year, about which I dream, and on which I base such fine hopes. It really seems that I am to be prevented from exhibiting anything; I say *it seems*, because it would be too cruel for me if you thought it might be true. And again, always this tiresome portrait, which he

says I should be wise to do at the studio, as I should do it better so.

Well, there goes my Salon picture.

This said, you will not be surprised that I reached home with my teeth clenched, and fearing to make a movement lest I might burst into tears and weep as I do now. Besides, I must have been mad to think that there was anything possible for me!

Oh void!

Now all is embittered, and the Salon question would make me shriek. Is this then what I have come to after three years' work?

"You must have a phenomenal success," said Julian.

But I have not been able. It is three years, and what have I done? What am I? Nothing. That is to say, I am a good pupil, and that is all; but the phenomenon, the thunder-clap, the flash? . . .

It comes upon me like a great unexpected disaster . . . . and the truth is so cruel, that I am already trying to think that I exaggerate. Painting has kept me back; as far as the drawing was concerned I "astonished" the masters; but I have been painting for two years. I am above the average, I know, I even show extraordinary aptitude, as Tony says; but I wanted something else. However, it isn't there; but I am broken down by it as by a great blow on the head, and I cannot think of it for a moment without feeling horribly bad. And oh! my tears!

Here is a way to improve one's eyes! I am lost, I am done for, dead, and what a fearful rage! I am heart-broken at myself. Oh, *mon Dieu!* . . .

I feel mad when I think that I may die in obscurity. I am too despairing for it not to happen.

Friday, December 24th.—Having had bad dreams, I go to the studio, where Julian makes me the following offer: "Promise me that the picture shall be mine, and I will give you a subject which will bring you fame, or at least notoriety for six days after the opening of the Salon."

I naturally promise.

He makes the same proposal to A——, and after making us write and sign the agreement, with Magnan and Madeleine as witnesses, half laughing, half seriously, he takes us to his private room, and suggests to me that I should paint one corner of our studio, with three persons in the foreground, life-size, with others as accessories. And for A—— he

suggests the whole of the studio at 53, Rue Vivienne, on a small scale.

He goes on pointing out to us the advantages of this subject for a good half-hour, after which I go back to my portrait agitated and with a headache, and I can do nothing all day. The results of yesterday.

As for the subject, it does not fascinate me, but it may be very amusing; and then Julian is so taken with it, and so convinced. He quoted so many examples which had been successful. A woman's studio had never been painted. Besides, as it would be an advertisement for him, he would do all in the world to give me the wonderful notoriety he speaks about. A great thing like that is not easy. . . . But we shall see.

At half past three we go down with Villevielle, intending to go and look at the stalls on the boulevards, but having wished to glance at the master's new studio, we go in there. Villevielle, who plays like a virtuoso, sits down at the piano, and I compose doggerel verses for the master. At this moment he comes in, and we spend two hours with him and my aunt, who had come to fetch me. The studio is very pretty, quite close to the men's studio, on the *entresol*. A speaking-tube communicates with the ladies' third floor.

It was not bad fun; there was much talk about the picture. Julian would like it for several reasons: first of all, because he has not time to do it himself; secondly, to be civil to me; and thirdly, to tease Breslau, and to give a proof of my power to all those who will not believe in me. All this is very well, but I am beginning to suspect that he is offering me this thing so that I may get muddled with it, and not get anything done. It is stipulated that this picture is to belong to him, in whatever condition I leave it. I very amiably tell him my suspicions, and he answers that I do not believe a word of what I am saying.

Well, after all, our studio is small; there are only twelve of us, but that is enough to make it difficult for me, considering the size of my canvas; for really one cannot ask the pupils to remain motionless, and to sit to me for two months. I cannot see how I am to do it. I should like to paint something else, but what?

Sunday, December 26th.—Potain wants me to leave. I positively refuse, and then, half in fun, half in earnest, I complain of my family. I ask him whether crying and fuming every day can injure the throat. Without doubt

. . . . I will not go away. Travelling is delightful, but not with my own family, with their little depressing worries. I know I should be in command, but they weary me and then—no, no, no!

Besides, I cough very little, but all this makes me miserable. I cannot see any way out of it! out of what? I do not know at all, and my tears choke me. Do not think they are the tears of a girl because she is unmarried; no, these are not like the others. After all . . . . it may be, though I think not.

And then, such sad things all round me, and no possibility of crying out. My poor aunt leads such a solitary life, we see so little of each other; I spend my evenings reading or playing.

I can neither speak nor write about myself lately without bursting into tears. I must be ill . . . . Ah! vain lamentations! Does not everything lead to death?

What is there in us, that in spite of plausible arguments, in spite of the consciousness that all leads to *nothing*, we should still grumble. I know that, like everyone else, I am going on towards death, and nothingness. I weigh the circumstances of life, and, whatever they may be, they appear to me miserably vain, and for all that I cannot resign myself! Then it must be a force, it must be a *something*, not merely "a passage," a certain period of time which matters little whether it is spent in a palace or in a cellar; there is then something stronger, truer than our foolish phrases about it all! It is life, in short, not merely a passage, an unprofitable misery; but life, all that we hold most dear, all that we can call ours, in short.

People say it is nothing, because we do not possess eternity. Ah, the fools! Life is ourselves, it is ours, it is all that we possess; how then is it possible to say that it is *nothing?* If this is *nothing*, show me *something!*

Thursday, December 30th.—I went to Tony's, and have come back slightly comforted. He very much wants me to paint this picture (*l'atelier*). I am quite capable of doing it life-size; he says it would be very amusing. A good study and picture at the same time. I must not be received by favour, but by merit; if it turns out badly he will tell me so; but he thinks I shall succeed fairly well, and prevails upon me to do it. Then we talked about myself generally: we both agree on this point, that my

qualities for *painting* are slow to reveal themselves, but he says that it often has that effect, and then it comes, and that after all, nothing has ever been exacted after three years' work; that I want to get on too quickly, that he is convinced I shall succeed; and I know not what. In fact I have told him so often not to spare me, I have insisted so much on being told the truth, that I believe he has been sincere. Besides, he has no interest in not telling the truth; and, after all, what he has said is not anything so tremendous. So here I am wound up again, and ready to paint the picture.

What a kind and amiable fellow this Tony is! He says that the most talented have only attained a small beginning of something after about ten years' work. That Bonnat after seven years' study was nothing; that he himself exhibited only at the eighth year. . . In short, I know that, but as I reckoned on being successful at twenty, you understand my reflections. At midnight I grow suspicious again. Tony seems too confident in my powers; I am looking for some awful trap.

CHAPTER IX.

PARIS, BERLIN, RUSSIA, BIARRITZ, SPAIN, 1881.

Saturday, January 1st.—I gave a bouquet to A—— to wear. She kissed me twice, and as we were alone I questioned her on the progress of her love, about its commencement, and she told me about it. It has lasted for six years now, without any change at all. She knows his step on the stairs, and the way in which he opens the door, and each time it affects her as it did in the first days. I understand it; if it were otherwise it would no longer be the same love. They say you get used to one another, that the sensations lessen; you see it's an error, and the love which changes or *becomes tame* is not the true love.

I should have a horror of changing. Very few persons are fortunate enough to feel real love, which is eternal even when it is not returned. People in general are incapable of experiencing so complete a feeling, or else they are drawn away from it, or prevented, and they are satisfied with fragments which do change; that is what makes a great many people shrug their shoulders when you speak of *eternal* or *unique* love, which is a very rare thing.

Real love may not be eternal, but it is always unique.

Sunday, January 2nd.—I open *Flamarande*, by George Sand, and it is a flunkey who tells the whole story; it is disgusting. The first twenty lines are sufficient for me. I am a Republican, and that is just the reason why I cannot consider flunkeys as equals. A servant loses certain rights when he consents to serve. . . It is odious to be always pottering about with servants as George Sand does. In spite of my indignation I read *Flamarande*, which is the author's best work. The servants are in their proper places and the book is exquisite.

As I read very fast I finish the book, which is charming. I am going to read *Les Deux Frères*, which ends the volume.

Monday, January 3rd.—I finished *Les Deux Frères* at half-past twelve in the morning; it is pretty, but I have gained nothing by it. O Balzac!

Julian will not allow the partition to be opened until Sunday; during the week it would disturb the pupils. Therefore I lose a week; I have in all only ten weeks left, which is not long. And again I think that Tony and Julian are encouraging me to commence the picture, knowing that I shall not get through it. But what is their object? *Nescio.*

Wednesday, January 5th.—Tony arrives at the studio at the same time as myself this morning. I show him a little sketch and we talk of the picture. The room I am to work in is quite small, even with the partition down, it won't be a joke considering the dimensions of the canvas. Well! . . .

And then the notion of having it done by two people, it creates a sort of competition, which is very depressing. With all my brave airs, I am very nervous, and when A—— is there, I am half paralysed, and can't place a person in position, nor . . . . it is very embarrassing; and then it irritates me that two should be working at the same subject.

Ah! this picture bores me. Ah! I should like to do something else. Ah! these ups and downs are unbearable! A word elates or crushes me, and in order to save me from despair, Tony and Julian must pass their lives in singing my praises. When they only give advice, without either praise or blame, I am prostrate.

Friday, January 7th.—I relate all these rascalities I suffer from to the ladies at home, and as every one agrees with me, it's another proof that I am right. Some of them say that they had thought me firmer than to allow myself to be imposed upon. I admit it, but it is so lovely to *leave* duplicity and intrigues to others. I said "leave;" it is not exactly that I leave it to them, because I know myself to be utterly incapable of intrigues and mischief-making. It is so wearying, so tiresome, in fact, I don't know what to do. And then it is also a satisfaction to know oneself to be better than others. To be imposed upon, and to know it—why, it's a delicious feeling, it's almost a patent of honesty and candour. . . . And then there's conscience. . . . To have a clear conscience, and to see the meanness of others, to see oneself clean, and others soiled, even to the prejudice of one's own interests! But prejudice almost disappears under these conditions; the more one feels victimised, the more enjoyable

it is. Evidently, at the first inkling, I ought to have said "If that is the case, I will not paint your picture." . . . But that would fill A—— with joy, she would see her efforts crowned with success. If I do not withdraw, it is solely for that reason.

I say all this aloud, and add that I will let things go as they like, feeling convinced that A—— will not do anything to hamper me so horribly. I pretend to believe that it is impossible, and so I put a good face on the matter.

Saturday, January 8th.—I have a real passion for books. I arrange them, count them, and look at them; even this heap of old books makes my heart rejoice; I go to a distance to look at them as if they were a picture. I have about seven hundred volumes, but as they are nearly all of large size, they would make much more in the ordinary size.

Sunday, January 9th.—Potain refuses to keep me under his treatment, as I do not follow his directions.

Ah! I should love to go away—to Italy, to Palermo! Ah! the pure sky! Ah! the blue sea! Ah! the beautiful calm nights! The very thought of Italy drives me mad! It is like something very beautiful, for which you are not prepared. No, that isn't it. . . . I don't know how to express myself. . . . It seems to me like a great final happiness, towards which I should like to go, only when free of all preoccupation, of all trouble. When I say to myself, "Let us go!" I immediately think, "No, not yet; I have still to fight, to work, and, after that, I know not when, final rest—Italy." . . . I ask myself what there is there?. . . . but the effect on me is enchanting, magical, and inconceivable.

Oh yes; to go away! Since Charcot, Potain, and all the others, tell me to go, I must be very ill. I feel that the warm air yonder would cure me at once; but it is their fault.

Why does not mamma come back? They say that it is only a caprice on my part. Be it so; but it is always so. However . . . all is over. Still one more year perhaps; 1882 is the great date of my childish dreams. It was 1882 that I marked out as a culminating point, without knowing wherefore. Perhaps it will be death. This evening at the studio the skeleton was dressed up as Louise Michel, with a red scarf, a cigarette, and a palette knife for a dagger. There is a skeleton in me also; we *all* end *by that!* Horrible emptiness!

This morning I had already made a sketch—the Madeleine Flower Market. A beautiful Parisian lady, with a little boy,

buying from an old market woman just coming out of her shop, which is full of flowers. The only thing to do is to paint what one sees; it is very natural; quite Parisian; very entertaining to paint and to look at, and perfectly easy to do in my studio. And then all these flowers, it is delightful; and it is easier than a set task, and more quickly done, and I can do it quietly at home . . . Well, I must see what Tony says, for Julian is bent on his shop.

Wednesday, January 12th.—All is settled. I begin my plans, sketches, &c., and as I think A—— will give up her picture, I will do mine, half life-size, and with many people in it.

Thursday, January 13th.—(*January 1st*, the Russian New Year's Day.) I still cough a little, and breathe with difficulty, but without any perceptible change, neither emaciation nor paleness. Potain does not come any more. It seems that my illness needs only air and sunshine; Potain is honest, and does not wish to cram me with useless medicines; but I am taking asses' milk and elatine. I know that one winter in the sunshine would have cured me, but . . . . I know better than anybody what is the matter with me. My larynx has always been subject to disease, and continual agitations have contributed very much to it; in short, I have nothing the matter but this cough and my ears. That is nothing, as you can see.

Saturday, January 15th.—I have begun work with M. Cot, who is going to take alternate days with Tony. I did not show him anything, though Julian had pointed me out as the person of whom he had spoken.

"Is it Mademoiselle," he said, "who is to do this?" pointing to the large canvas which they had so much difficulty in bringing in yesterday.

"Yes, Monsieur, most certainly; I am to paint this picture, under lock and key."

Julian then came to tell me that he had mentioned me to Cot as a very interesting pupil, &c. &c., and that if I had not shown him anything, it was out of shyness. All this, and more too, for the purpose of overcoming my dislike to receive advice.

As for Tony, he is an eminent man, a real artist, an academician, a high-art painter, and lessons from such people are always excellent. In painting, as well as in literature, learn the grammar first, then your instinct will tell you

whether you had better compose dramas or little ballads. So if Tony were to be murdered, I should choose Lefebvre, Bonnat, or even Cabanel . . . which would be distressing to me. Painters with temperaments like Carolus, Bastien-Lepage, Henner, force you against your will to imitate them; at that game you only learn the faults of those you copy . . . it is said. And then I should not like as a master a painter of single figures; I like to see a painter surrounded by a heap of historical pictures; it makes him an environment, *peoples* it, and makes me listen to his advice, though I often prefer a single figure to five or six pictures with thirty persons in each.

On the whole, this Cot looks good-natured—his *début* touches me. He is quite forty-seven, but neither stout nor bald, and he chatted gaily enough in the studio at No. 51. He was quite new when he came to us: over there he unbent.

The most uninteresting face in the world can be made interesting by certain arrangements. I have seen heads of the most ordinary models become superb—thanks to a hat, a Tam O'Shanter, or a drapery. All this is modestly to inform you that every evening, when I come in from the studio, dirty and tired, I wash myself, put on a white garment, and drape my head with a fichu of Indian muslin and lace, like Chardin's old women and Greuze's little girls. It makes my head more charming than you could think possible. . . . This evening the rather large fichu is arranged as the Egyptians wear them, and I don't know how it is, but my face has become magnificent. As a general rule, this epithet seems to clash with my face, but the drapery has worked the miracle. This makes me cheerful.

This has now become a habit. To be without anything on my head in the evening makes me uneasy, and "my sad thoughts" like to be under cover. I feel more at home, more at rest.

Thursday, January 20th. — Let us talk of pleasant things. I went to Tony's, to show him my sketch, which he thinks very well arranged: he gives me some good advice, a great deal of encouragement, and his blessing on beginning to-morrow.

"You have never painted a large picture," he says.

"Never!"

"And you do not know a word of perspective?"

"M. Ingres did not, either."

He lied."

"Was he jesting, then?"

"Absolutely! You are about to encounter enormous difficulties. Look well about you, and have good courage. Good courage!"

Good courage! I am made up of courage—upon my word! I am quite cheerful and pleased.

Friday, January 21st.—Without hurrying myself, I go in the morning to breakfast with the G——s, whom I have very much neglected; after which, at half-past eleven, I arrive at the studio, and commence my picture with very great pleasure. From the first stroke you feel whether it will go smoothly, or whether it will go "against the grain." Thank God! I think it is coming of itself. Mlle. de Villevielle posed, and then a little Turkish girl. I will first draw all my figures in crayon, then, when looking at the whole, we shall see what alterations are to be made. It amuses me! I am well in health, and gay! The heads in the foreground measure from twelve to fourteen centimètres.

I have not yet understood how one can give one's life for a being whom one loves—a perishable being—for whom you sacrifice yourself, because you love him. . . . But on the other hand, I do understand enduring tortures, and even dying for a principle—for liberty, for something which will better the condition of mankind in general.

I should myself defend all these fine things as much in France as in Russia. One's country must be considered after humanity; the distinctions between nations only consist in shades of difference after all, and I am always for simplifying and widening such questions.

If I don't go and make them transport me, it is because it is useless—and I hate what is useless. It is not cowardly to choose one's part, and it is quite natural to prefer to be martyred, like Saint Paul, than to be amongst the eleven thousand virgins. I admit in all candour that I should be distressed to be an unknown heroine, but I swear to you . . . .

Here I stop short. I was about to swear before God, and I am not quite sure that He exists. I think this without fear. If God exists, He could not be offended with my doubts, which are only an avowal of my ignorance.

I should take good care not to deny the existence of God, and I cannot sincerely affirm it when in cold blood. Oh! in

moments of anguish I am not so argumentative; I fall on my knees and invoke this God, of whom I am sure, then!

It seems to me nevertheless that there must be a supreme intelligence! . . . but not the God to whom I am accustomed . . . But then of what use is this supreme intelligence? . . . But I was about to . . . yes, to swear before God that I would give everything, even to the last drop of my blood, to help in saving some great principle dear to me.

I am calm; not a Louise Michel, not a Nihilist at all; but if I thought liberty in danger I should be the most furious of them all.

Saturday, January 22nd.—It is cold, there is snow everywhere; I go out before eight o'clock every morning.

The picture entertains me. Cot has seen it, but he only says insignificant things, such as "It looks well at first sight, not bad," and then encouragements.

It is true that this is the first time I have been corrected. Cot has gone, Tony has come. I had asked him by letter to do so; it is very kind of him. Tony finds nothing to change and no hitch, and says that I am not getting on at all badly; that it can be made very interesting, and that I can but continue.

Julian comes next, and he is also kind. I can see that my work interests him, for he comes back often to look at it, encouraging and advising me. It is all going on so well that I can't believe in it. Now for two months of forgetfulness, of amusement and happiness.

After which I will go for a tour in Italy, until the opening of the Salon; three months and a half of pleasant life, it seems to me impossible; everything would be good.

Wednesday, January 26th.—Tuesday, after returning from the studio I felt in a fever, and remained until seven o'clock without light, shivering in a chair, half asleep, and with the picture always before my eyes as I have had it every night for the last week.

You must know that A—— has settled herself at the other end of the studio and is drawing my picture reversed, and each time she wishes to surpass me, she thinks she will manage it by taking measurements all the time; and that outstretched arm, that hand with the piece of charcoal, and her black perspective lines, dance in my eyes before my own picture.

Having taken a little milk only, the night was still

more extraordinary; I was not asleep, for I rang the alarm clock several times, but the picture was always there and I was working at it; only I was doing the very opposite of what I ought to do, compelled by a supernatural power to obliterate what was good. Oh! it was dreadful! and I could not keep still. I was as restless as a fiend trying to believe that it was a dream, but no! But can it be delirium? . . . I asked myself. I thought it was, and now I know what it was and should not mind, if it were not for the fatigue in my legs and all over me.

But the best of it is that, weak as I was, I waited for Julian to ask his opinion on a figure I had changed.

Yesterday he came and said that I had done very wrong. I had obliterated what was good prior to the dream. And yesterday evening, by a curious phenomenon, I could hear very, very well indeed.

I feel shattered.

Monday, January 31st.—Julian and Tony, especially Julian, for he has seen it more often, are satisfied with the picture. They told me so several times, and I was satisfied with it myself, and very much excited. Now it all falls to the ground; I am no longer satisfied with my composition, and in spite of repeating to myself that Tony has seen it twice and has told me that it is very well grouped and interesting, and that I must not change anything, I have lost confidence. Julian also tells me not to alter anything. In fact, everybody thinks it good, especially a group in the middle distance, which is considered very pretty; but I am not satisfied. I see it differently; alterations are not to be thought of, it is too late . . . . besides. . . .

It is curious all the same that so many things in this picture shock me and do not shock either Julian or Tony. . . . It is because they think I can do no better, and do not wish to let me run further in a wild-goose chase.

Thursday, February 3rd.—There before my eyes I have the portraits of my mother and my father when they were engaged. I have hung them on the wall as a document. According to Zola and other more renowned philosophers, you must know the cause to understand the effect. I was born of a young, healthy, and exceedingly beautiful mother, with brown hair and eyes, and a dazzling skin; and a father who was fair, pale, and delicate in health, himself the son of a very vigorous father and a delicate mother, who died young;

the brother of four sisters all more or less deformed from birth. . . . Grandpapa and grandmamma had good constitutions, and had nine children, all healthy and tall, and some of them handsome, for example, inamma and Étienne.

The delicate father of the illustrious offspring who occupies our thoughts has become strong and well, and the mother, brilliant with health and youth, has grown weak and nervous, thanks to the horrible existence which she has had to endure.

I finished *L'Assommoir* the day before yesterday; it nearly made me feel ill. So much was I struck by the truth of the book, that I seemed to live and converse with those people.

I was indignant at living and eating while all these horrors were going on around me, lower down. . . . Everybody ought to read this book, it would make people better. . . . But I am grown calmer, especially as it would be impossible for me to do anything alone. Who dare ignore the social problem?

Yes! yes, everybody must take it up. Ah, yes, it must be so! But Socialists are treated as rabble and as fools, and the Socialists often turn to Utopia. O chaos! and I am not even capable of writing a newspaper article.

Monday, February 7th.—My picture, which was out of order for an instant, owing to a figure which would not come right, is progressing again. I feel as light as a feather.

At one o'clock, Villevielle and Brisbane, my principal models, who are infinitely obliging, come with me to the Mirlitons.

I do not know if I looked carelessly, or if my eyes are opened, or if Carolus is making progress; but I am astounded by his portrait—the woman with the little girl in red—I, who did not like Carolus (his red child at the last Salon and his blue woman disgusted me). But the two portraits this time are the most beautiful that can be seen. I still prefer the woman with the child, to the woman alone, who is old and made up. It is a great surprise. The woman is not beautiful, but she is a fine woman, sympathetic, and motherly, with a plum-coloured Louis XIII. dress, her breast bare and luminous. The light is carried on to the fair head of the child and is lost in the right hand of the woman, which rests on the child's shoulder. The left hand holds a fan and droops carelessly. Pearls are in her hair and on her arms; the hands are slightly done, and towards the bottom the painting is very scamped, in order to bring out the faces and the breast. It is a piece of superb light on a moss-green

background. And how splendidly treated! It has breadth! And such a look of nature!

I like that better than the smoky and dead things in the museums. My favourite, Bastien-Lepage, is exhibiting the face of the Prince of Wales in the costume of Henry IV., with the Thames and the English fleet as a background. The tone of the background reminds you of La Joconde. The head is coarse, it looks just like a Holbein. You might take it for one; I don't admire this. Why imitate? If it were a copy, but it is not a copy; well it is extremely well done for an imitation. . . . . I don't like it.

Oh! if I could paint like Carolus Duran! . . . This is the first time that I find anything worth wishing for, something that I like for myself in painting. After having looked at that, everything else seems mean, dry, and dirty.

Saturday, February 12th.—I had just had my picture put into perspective, and then I saw that it changed everything. I ought not to have seen what I saw; but I ought to have supposed myself six yards off, so that my eyes saw the ladder behind the head of Mlle. de Villevielle, and perspective showed me that it ought to be seen much more to the left. I do not understand how one can do what one does not see. And besides, when you draw correctly you ought not to make any faults of perspective. Perspective is necessary when drawing a temple, a pillar, and things of that kind; but a simple studio with women! I have lost four or five days with all this; at last Tony comes and says I am right. Use perspective when it agrees with your arrangement, but if it spoils the composition! Gammon! You can come to terms with it. Besides, how can you do a thing wrong, if you do exactly what you see?

Tony persists in being satisfied, and tells me to go on painting.

I am delighted.

At twelve o'clock the maid comes running in with her face flushed with excitement. M. Julian has been decorated. General rejoicing; this puts a stop to all that is going on in the house; we are jubilant; and A——, Neuvéglise, and I, hurry off to order a splendid basket of flowers with a large red bow from Vaillant-Roseau. Vaillant-Roseau is not an ordinary florist, he is a clever artist; one hundred and fifty francs—that is not too much. We attach to it a card bearing these words: "To M. Julian, from the ladies of the studio of Panorama Passage."

Villevielle comes back purposely at three o'clock to congratulate the master; he comes up with his ribbon, and I have the pleasure of seeing, for the first time in my life, a perfectly happy man. He admits it himself.—"There are, perhaps, some people who wish for something, but I, just at present, do not wish for anything else in the world!"

Then we go down, Villevielle and myself, to the studio of our decorated master to see the basket; joy, congratulations, and even a little emotion. He speaks to us of his old mother, whom he is afraid of startling by telling her the news too suddenly; and of an old uncle, who would cry over it like a child.

Only think. It is a village yonder. You see the effect.... A poor little peasant, who left without anything ... Chevalier of the Legion of Honour!

He was very nice when speaking of his family. Under the influence of emotion, the least good-natured amongst the pupils were speaking of offering a bronze, a souvenir, and I don't know what.

Then came some more pupils, my aunt, Neuvéglise, &c. He is delighted with our flowers, and with the bow. In fact, this goes on until half-past five.

Joking aside, it gives our atelier quite a different stamp, and as father Rodolphe is so happy as all that, it will make him indulgent.

Sunday, February 13*th.*—Here is a letter from mamma, very affectionate—

"January 27, Kharkov, Grand Hotel.

"My adored angel, my darling child Moussia, if you knew how unhappy I am without you, especially as I am anxious about your health; and how I should like to leave as soon as possible!

"You, my pride, my glory, my happiness, and my joy! Could you but imagine the sufferings that I endure without you! Your letter written to Mme. Anitskoff is in my hands, and, like a lover, I am always reading it over and over, and I moisten it with my tears. I kiss your little hands and your little feet, and I beg of God that I may be able to do it in reality as soon as possible.

"I fondly embrace our dear aunt.

"M. B."

Monday, February 14*th.*—The head in Brisbane's (Alice's) portrait was painted in two hours, and Julian tells me to

leave it as it is. And at other times it takes a week to do some trumpery thing. A part of the bodice and of the apron are also done. The professor of perspective comes and preaches to me for twenty-five minutes upon the necessity of submitting myself to his infallible rules. But what of Tony? . . . . and myself!

This man cannot be mistaken, as they are fixed rules; but Tony and myself? I don't know. Let us not go too deep, so as not to fatigue ourselves just when we want our minds to be very free, so as to paint the masterpiece quietly.

But I vote for the mathematician.

Friday, February 18th.—Worries! The drawings having been all jumbled up together, half of them remained unjudged. Great emotion! Julian gets up and begins explaining I don't know what. I was thinking of something else, and, leaning against the door, yawned formidably, which clearly meant, "Ah! how all that bores me!" . . . . Julian, already exasperated, turns round and tells me that if it does not amuse me, I have only to go home. I found no reply, not having done it purposely, and not having had the least wish to be impolite.

The illustrious artist has passed me by without correcting my work for the last two days, and it puts me in a very awkward position at the studio . . . . which worries me!

Saturday, February 19th.—Tony says I am getting on very well; after having given me a good lesson, he goes to correct A——, to whom he says hardly anything, he is very embarrassed; he begs her to change some figures which are not correct, I think.

She gets quite red about it, and instead of talking with him as usual, she sits in her place and works feverishly, while that angel of a Tony comes back to my picture; he examines it, gives me some hints, encourages me, and repeats several times that I am doing very well.

I am so delighted that I forget Julian's coldness, which, however, bothers me . . . .

For about ten days I have been dreaming always of grandpapa, of grandmamma, and of my family . . . . And then I nearly always dream either of the people I am to see on the morrow, or else I continue the day's work in my dreams, and I never sleep without dreaming.

Tuesday, February 22nd.—I have made peace with Julian; I said to him:—"Monsieur Julian, what! do you still bear

me malice for a thing which I did not do on purpose? Won't you come and correct me?" And he came with a dignified air, saying that as I admitted my fault, it was all right! I did not reply, for I was not in the wrong; but I hate quarrels, and it put my picture into disorder.

Thursday, March 3rd.—I am very ill, I cough very much, I breathe with difficulty, and there is an ominous rattling in my throat . . . . I think it is called *laryngeal phthisis.*

I have opened the New Testament, which has been forgotten for some time, and twice, in the space of a few days, I have been struck by the appropriateness with which the line, picked out at random, answered to my thoughts. I have come back to praying to Christ and the Virgin, and to belief in miracles, after having been a Deist, with days of absolute atheism. But the religion of Christ, *according to his own words*, is very little like your Catholicism or our orthodoxy, which I abstain from following, limiting myself to following the precepts of Christ, and not embarrassing myself with the allegories taken in earnest, with the superstitions, and the different absurdities introduced into religion later on by mere men, for political or other motives.

Wednesday, March 16th.—Tony has come; he finds several things very good, others good; on the whole *it is not bad.* After all, I am not very well satisfied.

Bojidar, who has returned from Nice, will go with the pictures and the porters.

Friday, March 18th.—I have completed the picture all but a few finishing touches.

Julian thinks it has gained enormously this last week, and that it is good now.

Tony has not seen the alteration in the centre; the three principal figures, although in the middle distance, have been repainted and changed, and others too, and some hands.

I feel myself that it is better now; we shall see what Tony says to-morrow. There are in all sixteen persons, and the skeleton, which makes seventeen.

Saturday, March 19th.—Well, I am not pleased. Tony thinks, as he did before, that there are several good bits, but that the whole does not deserve compliments;

he explains to me at full length what I must do to it, and gives a few strokes with the brush, which I afterwards remove.

At half-past four Julian comes; we stop work and talk. I had commenced at a quarter to eight. I was tired, especially so at not having obtained any expressions of "very good," from Tony.

Mon Dieu! I am well aware it is bright and spirited, but there is an enormous lack of knowledge!

Julian cries out that he is furious at having given me such an extraordinary subject for my first large picture.

Ah! "if it were only your second!"

Ah yes! "Well then, Monsieur, let us reserve it for next year."

He looked at me, his eyes glistening with hope at finding me worthy and capable of giving up the vain satisfaction of exhibiting an incomplete and mediocre thing. He would be delighted if I would give it up, so should I; but what about *the others*, my friends? It would be said that what I have done has been judged by the professors to be too bad, that I was not equal to a large picture, in fact, that I have been refused at the Salon.

Query: Have I done all that I could excepting a few little things? Yes, certainly! but I have found myself face to face with things entirely unknown, of which I had no suspicion; in any case I have learnt a great deal. Julian thinks that I have made a great effort, that it is not bad, that it is amusing; but that it is enough to make one tear one's hair to think what it might have been. Ah! I wish the canvas might be torn, so as not to be forced to exhibit it. For I am compelled to do so by a silly vanity punished beforehand, because I am afraid of the indifference of the public and the chaff of the men down-stairs. It is not precisely chaff, but they will say:—"Well, the strongest of your ladies is not strong!"

Oh dear! it might have been foreseen, Julian ought to have foreseen it. But he says that it is because I have worked too much upon my canvas; that if I had painted as I commenced, it would have been good! And there is the study of the model, a little fellow ten years old. No, if I had done that as the week's study, I should have scratched it all out; it is bad, and, above all, the design is commonplace, without character, and absolutely unworthy of me; it is the worst of pictures.

Ah! it's vexing; but what is to be done?

Sunday, March 20th.—At the Palais de l'Industrie. It was very amusing, the crowd were shouting and making remarks on the unfortunate pictures as they arrived. Bojidar had gone in, and I had some difficulty in making myself known as the author; at last I run through, elegant and admired by my dear colleagues; we find ourselves again with the everlasting Bojidar, and I manage to see a few pictures.

Mine seems small enough, though it is four feet six inches high by six feet wide. A group of men stood before it. I fled, so as not to hear their remarks, for it seemed to me that people knew it was mine.

I have spoken seriously to Julian, I have explained my feelings to him. I do not wish him to think me capable of silly vanity; no, I do not say that out of bravado, and I shall have no heart-breaking; do not mistake me for one of the nervous women, please don't! In fact he understands very well, and so do I. He says I shall be honourably received and that I shall even have some success, but not the success I had dreamed of. The men from down-stairs will not come and stand rooted in front of the picture: What, is it a woman who has done this? At last I suggested having an accident with it to save my vanity, but he will not consent. He had expected a success; he admits that his pride is not quite satisfied, but that it can go. And under these conditions I exhibit!

Alas, yes! I know he encourages me, because he does not believe in my sensible resolutions. In spite of my declarations, he thinks me a woman, and thinks that he would hurt me if he told me the simple truth.

Nevertheless, I have told him all! . . . That is that I am a serious pupil, and need not exhibit to get lessons. I exhibit out of vanity. So if it is bad, it does not matter. But it is over! I am rid of the picture—but the anxiety till the 1st of May, inclusive? . . . If I only have a good number!

Oh! I am going to paint torsos, and make sketches! You shall see.

Thursday, March 24th.—I discover a pot of tar under my bed. This is an attention on Rosalie's part for my health, from the advice of a fortune-teller!

My family considers this mark of devotion admirable on the part of a servant. Mamma was quite touched. I

pour a pail of water on the carpet, under the bed: I break a pane of glass, and sleep in my work-room—all out of anger. It is the same as that bore about airing my clothes!

My family imagine that I have some deep design in getting myself frozen. It vexes me to such a pitch that often I do not wrap up, so as to give them a proof that their persistence is useless. Oh, these people make me burst with rage! . . .

Tuesday, March 29th.—I hear at the studio that Breslau is already accepted, and I have no news of my picture. I worked until twelve, and then we did some shopping, which seemed to me atrociously long.

I have exhausted all the tacit arguments in the world, and I have only gained a fever and a headache — though I appear calm, it is true.

But that stupid Rosalie having been to ask the ladies for some money to send off the telegram in which I express my anxieties to Tony, they read the message. This is dreadful. I can neither appear at the school nor stay here. Oh, my family! . . . I do not wish you my sufferings, no matter who you may be.

Wednesday, March 30th.—I pretended to sleep until ten o'clock, so as not to go to the studio, and I am very miserable.

Here is Julian's reply. It calms me a little. . . Only think. No, you cannot imagine what it would be to me if the picture were refused. It would no longer be . . . In fact, *I could only grumble at myself!* And I don't know which is worse—to be the cause of one's own misfortunes, or to suffer because of others. . . . Ah! it would be like a shot right in your chest. I don't know what I should do. . . . But I must hope. . . .

Friday, April 1st.—April fools apart, I am queen. Julian came himself to tell me so yesterday after midnight, after leaving Lefebvre's. We had some punch at the studio. Bojidar, without my asking him, went to get information from Tidière (a young man from down-stairs), and assures me that I have No. 2. This seems too good to be true.

Sunday, April 3rd.—Never did Patti sing with more

spirit than she did yesterday; her voice had such fulness, such freshness, and such brilliancy! The bolero from the *Vêpres Siciliennes* was encored.

Ah! what a lovely voice I had once. It was powerful, dramatic, fascinating; it sent a shiver down your back. And now, nothing left, not enough to speak of.

Shall I not get better? I am young, I might perhaps. . . .

Patti does not move you, but she can make you weep with astonishment; it is really like fireworks. Yesterday I was positively startled when she poured forth a flood of notes, they were so pure, so high, and so delicate! . . .

Tuesday, April 5th.—A surprise! My father has arrived. I was sent for at the studio, and I find him in the dining-room with mamma, who is lavishing a thousand loving attentions upon him, also Dina and Saint-Amand, who are delighted with the sight of this conjugal happiness.

We go out together, Monsieur, Madame, and bébé. We go to the shops for Monsieur, then to the Bois, and then for an instant to see the Karageorgevitches.

He has no doubt come to take mamma away, but I don't know anything yet, we are too excited.

Wednesday, April 6th.—I am kept back until nine o'clock by the *pater*, who insists that I shall not go to my work; but my torso interests me too much, and I only see the august family again at dinner, after which they go to the theatre, and I remain alone.

My father *does not understand at all* how one can be an artist, or how it can bring you fame. I sometimes think that he only affects to have such notions.

Saturday, April 23rd.—I took the portrait of B—— to Tony; he at first thinks it very well arranged, and then after a few hints he says that it is astonishingly good for one who has studied so little as I have.

"Yes, it is wonderfully good, and if you go on working like . . ." But I interrupt him by saying that I mean to work more; as much as I am able to, and more.

I am enchanted, *it is wonderfully good!* Capital! I am not then making merely estimable progress. Ah! I breathe again! I had already classed myself amongst the distinguished pupils. Ah! *nom d'un chien*, what luck!

The portrait is handsome. B—— is dressed in a white cambric dress, open and gathered, with short puff sleeves, a

pink ribbon round her waist, under the breast, a straw-coloured shawl round her, and covering her arms; in her left hand she is listlessly holding a rose. . . . The head is full face, quite straight, half faint shadow, and half light. Background neutral, greyish green, warm, and transparent. Do not imagine that I attribute any talent to myself; not yet; but the arrangement is pretty, the woman is beautiful, and it is wonderfully good for a person who has not been working long.

Sunday, May 1st.—Alexis comes early; he has a ticket for two, so that, together with mine, four of us can go—Monsieur, Madame, Alexis, and myself. I am not very well satisfied with my appearance: a costume of grey woollen stuff, very dark, with a black hat, elegant, but rather commonplace. We immediately find my work, which is in the first room on the left of the room of honour, on the second row. I am delighted with the place, and very much astonished that the picture looks so well as it does. It is not good, but I expected it to look horrible, and it looks pretty.

But, by mistake, my name has been omitted from the catalogue (I spoke of it, and it is to be rectified). One cannot see properly on the first day, as one hurries to see everything at once. Alexis and myself fall away a little from my parents to make our way to the right and to the left, and finally we quite lose them, and I take his arm for a little while; in short, I free myself from them, and come and go fearlessly. A number of acquaintances, heaps of compliments, which do not seem forced. It's quite natural; these people who do not know much about it, only see a good-sized picture with many figures in it, which makes a very respectable appearance.

A week ago I gave a thousand francs to the poor. Nobody knows of it, I went to the large office and escaped again rapidly without waiting for thanks; the administrator must have thought that I had stolen it to give it away. Heaven is rewarding me for my money.

Abbema, who is walking with Bojidar, sends me a message to say that my picture pleases him, that it looks like a man's work, is interesting, &c. A few minutes afterwards we meet, and make the acquaintance of the celebrated friend of Sarah Bernhardt.

She is a very nice girl, and I appreciate her praise, especially as Bojidar informs me that she has just fallen out with B——, whom she told that he was going back,

and that she did not like the pictures he had sent this year. We breakfasted there; and stayed altogether for six hours amidst the arts. I will not tell you anything about the pictures; I only want to say that I think very highly of Breslau's picture; great qualities, but indifferent drawing and stupid loading of colour. Fingers like birds' claws, noses with clefts in them, nails, and harshnesses, and then extravagant daubing on of the paint; in fact, it savours of impressionism, and is an imitation of Bastien-Lepage.

Where did you ever see such smudgings and such loadings in nature?

But never mind, there is good in it, and people are looking at these three heads placed between the portrait of Wolff and the beggar, by Bastien-Lepage.

Friday, May 6th.—I spent this morning at the Salon, where I met Julian; he introduced Lefebvre to me, who told me that there were many qualities in my picture. I am a very little girl.

At home nothing but conversations about the changes which are to take place. They all bother me! My father has ideas which are sometimes absurd; he does not believe in them, but he sticks to them, as he does to saying that all depends on my consenting to spend the summer in Russia.

"It will be seen that you are not outside your family circle," he said.

Have I ever been so! This trick of making me responsible is repulsive. And now my cup is filled up; I cannot speak a word about it without bursting into tears. They will do nothing, or cannot! Well, I will wait and see! But at least I will not travel; I will remain quietly (?) at home and I can fret in my chair, where I am physically comfortable.

Oh, lassitude! Oh, misery! Ought I to feel this at my age? Is it not enough to cripple a character? And this is what saddens me; if ever I get any joy, or a happier existence, shall I be able to enjoy it? shall I be able to take advantage of what may present itself? I think I no longer see as others do, and that . . . but that is enough of it. . . . And at night, quite tired and half asleep, divine harmonies pass through my head—the music comes and goes, you follow it like an orchestra, the melody of which develops in you and in spite of you.

Saturday, May 7th.—My father wants to leave to-morrow, and mamma must go. That upsets everything. And I, shall

I go? Why remain? I can work there in the open air, and we will return for Biarritz.

Some say that Ems would be good for me. . . . . Ah! everything is a matter of indifference. There is nothing for me.

Sunday, May 8th.—Now I am almost glad to see my health giving way for want of the joys which Heaven denies me.

And when I am totally done up, perhaps everything will change, and then it will be too late.

Each one for himself, certainly; but yet my family pretend to love me so much, and they do nothing. . . . . I am no longer anything myself, there is a veil between me and the rest of the world. If we knew what is to come hereafter! but we do not! This curiosity will render death less frightful to me.

I exclaim ten times a day that I want to die, but this is a form of despair. We think, "I want to die," but it is not true, it is but a way of saying that life is horrible; we still want to live all the same, especially at my age. But do not be distressed, I shall last for some time yet. No one can be blamed. It is God who wishes it.

Sunday, May 15th.—However, in a word, I am going to Russia, if they will wait a week for me. It would be dreadful to me to have to be present at the distribution of prizes. That is a very great sorrow which none know about excepting Julian. So I am going. I went *incognito* to consult a great doctor, C——. My ears will get better; the coating of the right lung is diseased, and has been so for a long time, there's pleurisy, the throat is all wrong. I asked him all this in terms which forced him to tell me the truth, after having well examined the case.

I must go to Allevard, and follow a course of treatment. All right, I will go on my way back from Russia, and from there to Biarritz. I will work in the country, in the open air —that does one good. I write all this with rage in my heart.

But here at home the situation is heartrending. On the one hand, mamma is distressed at going, and I am overwhelmed by the thought of staying with my aunt—a stupid superstition.

And on the other hand my aunt who has but us, but myself in the world, and who says nothing, but who is cut to the heart to see that I am suffering at the thought of remaining with her.

My strength is all gone. I sit all day with my teeth set, to keep me from crying, a choking sensation in my throat, and a buzzing in my ears, and a strange sensation as if my bones were coming through the flesh, which is leaving me. And that poor aunt who would like to see me pleased and hear me speak, and to have me with her! I tell you that I have no strength left, that I believe in nothing and I think anything possible. I don't care whether we go or stay, but I think they will not stay so long with me. But I don't know. It is Breslau's honourable mention or medal which drives me away. Ah! I am unlucky in everything! I shall have to die miserable, I who believed and prayed so much. . . . At last, after the most trying uncertainties possible in the world, the departure is fixed for Saturday.

Monday, May 16th.—I went to see Julian, and we talked long and seriously. He says I am very foolish to go to Russia. "The doctors are advising you to go South, and you are going North." He said such wise and sensible things to me that I am more than shaken. And in order that I should not think that he is speaking from self-interest he advises me to leave Paris and go into the country, and work in a warm place where I shall be wrapped in air and sunshine all day long. So I must paint a large landscape with figures, in the summer, and during the winter I will do a studio picture; that will give me two very different works to send in.

And I am not to follow in anybody's footsteps, neither in Bastien's, nor anybody else's (that's one for you, Breslau). I am one of those who must remain true to themselves. In short, he thinks well of me, and always gives excellent advice, good and encouraging words. And he is very severe, notwithstanding; and I am obedient. I speak to him almost without reserve, and I think he is flattered by it.

But in order to do good painting it is necessary to take care of one's self! I know that! This man openly advises me not to go to Russia though it is the wish of my family. "Your family will regret it later on." He said this to mamma at the risk of offending her, when she called for me. And indeed, if it were to hurt me! Ah! I am not happy . . . but I will take care of myself; I will go away to Allevard, and stay there five weeks, that will bring me to July. Then I will spend a month in the forest of Fontainebleau . . . No! stay in Paris in June, until the 15th; start on the 15th

for Allevard until the 20th of July, then a month at Fontainebleau with frequent visits to Paris to show my studies; about the 20th of August I must come back and get my clothes ready for Biarritz, the 1st of September; after a month at Biarritz come back here and work, taking due care of myself. And let Russia go to the devil!

Friday, May 20th.—In a word, I have begun to hesitate again! Oh dear! Potain comes, and I reckoned on him for not going to Russia and for not vexing my father too much. It is all right, I am not to go.

But Bojidar is the one who gives me the mortal blow: "The jury went round the Salon to-day, and looked long at Breslau's picture!" Oh dear! the tears which had already flowed, begin again in torrents. My father and mother think that it is what Potain said that causes my grief, and I cannot admit the truth, but I am weeping in earnest; no grimaces or sobs, but real big silent tears in profusion, which fall like summer rain without much disfiguring the face.

Potain did not say anything particularly new, and he enabled me to remain here; but it is Breslau's picture! It is dreadful. What shall I tell you? One day! . . . I begged of Potain to exaggerate my state of health, and simply to tell my family that the right lung is diseased, so that my father will not be too vexed at my remaining behind.

And here they are both quite distressed, walking on tip-toe. . . . Ah! misery; their consideration wounds me, their concessions exasperate me . . . . and no support anywhere! What shall I hold on to? Ah! painting is a fine farce! You know how, in times of trouble, we are never quite miserable when we have a bright spot of any sort on our horizon. I used to answer myself, saying, "Wait a while, painting will save us." Now I doubt everything, I believe neither in Tony nor in Julian. Is it by dint of crying that I expect to paint!!!

Monday, May 23rd.—At last everything is packed, and here we are at the station. Then, at the moment of starting, my hesitation affects the others; I begin to cry, and mamma follows suit with Dina and my aunt; and my father comes and asks what's to be done? I reply by my tears. The bell rings, we run to the carriage, where they had not taken a ticket for me, and they get into an ordinary compartment (which I would not do). I want to get in too, but the door is closed; I have no ticket, and we part without even saying adieu.

Ah! we grumble, and hate each other, but when the parting comes, we forget all that. On the one side mamma, on the other my aunt, and my father in the middle. He must be furious, for, on the whole, he has been very kind. But this useless journey, this loss of time; and then, I don't know anything more. I cried at the idea of going, and I am crying at remaining behind. I scarcely care about Breslau now, but altogether . . . . I don't know anything more about it. I really think that I can nurse myself better here, and that I shall not lose time.

Tuesday, May 24th.—I am much distressed at not having gone.

I have gratuitously offended my father by remaining here. My summer will be, nevertheless, cut up in pieces, as I must go to the baths at the end of June. Instead of spending three weeks here to see Breslau get the medal, and remaining shut up, sad and languid, in this Paris, where it is suffocating, I should have been in the country. I really must escape from this unbearable position. Indeed, I am an idiot. O—— cries, and begs of me to stay, thinking that this journey would be fatal to me, and that the terrible M. Bashkirtseff would keep me over there. What nonsense! And I am softened enough, am sufficiently anything you like to allow myself to be influenced!

I am going to telegraph to Berlin for them to wait for me and I will start.

Berlin, Wednesday, May 25th.—So I started yesterday; my aunt, seeing me miserable at remaining in Paris, does not cry, fearing that I will reproach her with influencing me by her emotion. But she is sad unto death, and thinks she will never see me any more. The poor woman, who adores mamma, adores me doubly for her sake, and I am as disagreeable as possible to her. I even wonder how it is possible to make such a bad return for such noble devotion. She has been accustomed by grandmamma since I was born, to consider me as the ideal of the whole world. Now, it matters not what I do, she lavishes nothing but care and kindness upon me. I need not even ask for anything, she watches my fancies all the more because she knows that I am very unhappy and ill. She can do nothing . . . . except not to allow my material life to be uncomfortable.

My health is undermined, and my poor family, exaggerating everything, think me as good as lost.

But I have always had the consolation of seeing the most beautiful fruit, the first vegetables of the season on the table, with my favourite dishes, each time that I have any visible grief. These attentions may seem foolish, but there is something touching in them. Yet I cannot appear gentle; poor aunt has noticed, without my whispering a word about it, that I avoid as much as possible every human face; so having seen that the supper was prepared she ran away leaving me alone with a book. When there are three or four members of my family I can stand them, and talk with them; but one alone is an intimacy which embarrasses me, and I sit sulking, while I reproach myself with my want of affection to a woman so devoted and so virtuous! For we are very virtuous people, my poor aunt is an angel in that respect.

So I am off.

I went to see Tony, who is very ill, and for whom I left a letter of thanks, and to see Julian, who was out. He might, perhaps, have made me change my mind, and remain here, and I wanted a change . . . . For a week none of the family liked to look at each other for fear of bursting into tears; and, left alone, I cried all the time, while I also felt all the time how cruel it was to my aunt . . . . But still she must have seen also that I cried at the thought of leaving her. She fancies I do not like her at all, and when I think of this heroic creature's entire life of sacrifice, I burst into tears: she has not even the consolation of being loved like a good aunt . . . . ! and yet I don't love any one more . . . .

At last I am at Berlin, my family and Gabriel are at the station; we dine together. But the crowning horror of all is the state of my ears . . . . I have been struck there in a frightful manner. . . . With a nature like mine, it is the most cruel thing which could have happened. . . . So that I dread all that I wished for, and it is an awful state of things. Now that I have more experience, that I am beginning perhaps to have talent, and that I am better able to do things . . . . I feel that the world would be mine if I could hear as I used to. And with my ailment this scarcely happens once in a thousand cases, so say all the doctors whom I have consulted. "Be reassured, you will not become deaf through your larynx, that very rarely happens!" And it is just my case . . . . You cannot imagine all the dissimulation and continual tension which is necessary to endeavour to

hide this odious infirmity. I manage it with those who have known me before, and who see me seldom, but at the studio, for instance, it is known!

And the amount of intelligence which it robs you of! how can one be bright or witty!

Ah! All is over.

Faskorr (*after Kieff*), *Thursday, May 26th.*—I was in need of this long journey; plains, plains, plains everywhere. It is very beautiful, I am fond of the steppes . . . . as a novelty . . . . it looks almost infinite . . . . when there are forests or villages it is no longer the same. Most charming is the obliging, amiable look of all the employés, even to the loafers, as soon as you get into Russia; the Custom House people talk as if they knew you. But I have had already eighty-six hours in the train, and I have thirty more to spend in it. These distances are stupefying.

Gavronzy, Sunday, May 29th.—Yesterday, in the night, we arrived at Poltava. I was counting very much on the joys of our welcome, a good hot supper, &c.

Paul and Alexander came alone to meet us, and had not even taken rooms for us at the hotel, thinking that we would go straight to the country. Horrible!

Paul has become awfully fat. This morning came Kapitanenko, Wolkovisky, &c., also a stranger, Lihopay—fairly good-looking and gentlemanly. My father is very happy, but rather confused at seeing what a depressing effect this country has upon me after five years' absence. I do not try to hide it, and knowing my father I do not flatter him.

It is cold, there is abominable mud, and Jews . . . and it is all in a state of siege—sinister rumours are afloat. Poor country!

We have reached the country house. . . The fields are still flooded by the river—pools of water everywhere, mud, fresh verdure, lilacs in bloom; but it is in a valley—I have an idea that it will be damp. A nice way of nursing oneself! It is mortally dull. I open the piano and improvise something funereal. Coco howls plaintively. I feel ready to cry, and form the project of leaving again to-morrow. . .

Soup, smelling of onion, is served—I leave the dining-room. This astonishes the Princess and Paul's wife a little.

Paul's wife is fairly good-looking; superb black hair, a beautiful complexion, not a bad figure, and a good little wife. I try to be like everybody else, but I can't manage it. The unpacking of the boxes is more exciting. But I do not follow what is being said—and for a reason. I must nurse myself! How can I in this damp place? Ah, how right Julian was!

Mamma has brought all the papers which mention me: and with my . . . Paris vexations they make me a halo here.

Wednesday, June 1st.—Mme. Gorpintchenko has arrived. Michel has gone again.

The weather is fine, the lilacs are in bloom, the spring is exquisite, but too cold for my unfortunate carcase. I have not brought any canvases — there are none of the sort I want.

Saturday, June 4th.—Julian writes that Tony R. F. has an attack of inflammation, through coming from his mother's in an open carriage, and finds himself all of a sudden between life and death. He weeps, knowing that it is all up with him. Is it not horrible? without mentioning the father, who is eighty-five years, and the mother whom poor Tony was so afraid of losing.

Sunday, June 5th.—I telegraphed yesterday to Julian for news of Tony, for I am anxious.

I am out of doors all the day doing some studies. The weather is very fine. I cannot believe that this man, still so young, may die . . . but he has changed very much during the last six months.

Monday, June 6th (May 25th).—Tony is saved! I am delighted at it. Rosalie bursts into tears, saying that if he had died, it would have made me ill. That is a little exaggerated—but she is a good girl. With the telegram arrives a letter from Julian bringing the good news.

This is what Zola says of Jules Vallès . . . . "Imagine a sensitiveness hidden like something ridiculous, a brutality often intentional, and, above all, a passion for life, for the busy hum of men, and you have his whole nature . . . lively too, 'chaffing' readily, rather in a hurry perhaps for fear of being himself chaffed, hiding his tears under a bitter irony." I think this is like

me. But we look so stupid when we appraise ourselves like that.

Monday, June 13*th* (1*st*).—I have commenced a peasant girl, life-size, standing, leaning on a palisade formed of dry branches like basket work. . . .

Some planks and straw have been put on the floor to protect me from the damp, and a little movable pavilion has been placed there; it has two rooms, so that I am very comfortable. Mamma, Paul, Nini, Papa, Michel, Dina, and Spérandio, spend a portion of the day there.

Monday, June 27*th* (15*th*).—I have been working since . . ; to-day is the thirteenth day, for the rain has made me lose many days. It is nearly finished. I mean to paint the head a third time if I have time. Paul and his wife have gone to visit an estate of mamma's, and Monsieur and Madame are at Poltava. There are four of us at home—the Princess, Dina, Spérandio, and myself. The rain has forced us at least ten times to take shelter in the pavilion (a real gipsy's cart), and now that we have come in-doors it is fine; I lose an hour. The day before yesterday I wanted to cut my canvas in pieces; since yesterday I have had a working fit.

I have made the sketch for one of my Salon pictures. The subject fascinates me, and I burn with impatience to do it.

Wednesday, July 6*th* (*June* 24*th*).—I have finished my picture, and it is better than anything I have yet done, especially the head, which I painted three times. But not having drawn it with enough care I find that the arm is a little too short, and that there is some awkwardness in the attitude. And these faults are not permissible in my case, as I possess the qualities required for avoiding them. I should have left it several times, for after all it would have been as well to do several studies as to finish this with the arm too short. I was all the time in hopes that my father would buy it, as he had not given me any present, and I having come here. . . .; but it does not seem to take.

There is a fair in the village, we go to it, and amuse ourselves by throwing all the sweets we can find to the crowd; it is like the confetti at the Carnival. All those

hands stretched out simultaneously produce an excellent effect, all those people casting themselves on the ground at once have the look of a human wave.

A crowd is a fine sight!

Thursday, July 7th.—Nini, her sister, and Dina, came with me to my room, and we talked of unlucky things, *à propos* of broken mirrors. As to three candles, I have had them two or three times here. Am I going to die? There are moments when this idea turns me cold. But when I believe in God I feel less afraid, though. . . I wish to live. Or perhaps I shall become blind, that would be the same thing for I should kill myself. . . But what is to be found hereafter? What matter? But still we escape the pains we know. Or perhaps I shall become quite deaf? I force myself to write this word, which scorches my pen. . . My God, but I can't even pray as formerly. If it is the death of a relation. . . of my father!. . . But if it is mamma? I shall never forgive myself for having said one disagreeable word to her.

What injures me with God is no doubt that I keep account of the slightest movements of my soul, and cannot keep myself from thinking that such and such a thought may be imputed to me as wrong, and such and such another as good; moreover, as soon as I know that it is *good*, there is no more merit in it, it is all lost. If I have any generous, or kind, or Christian impulse, I notice it directly; consequently, in spite of myself, I feel satisfaction in thinking what this ought, in my opinion, to bring me in return. . . . And under those considerations all merit vanishes.

For instance, just now I had an impulse to go down and throw myself into mamma's arms and humiliate myself; and of course the thought which followed this was about the advantage to myself, and all was lost. Then I felt that it would not cost me much to act in this way, and that in spite of myself I should do it a little cavalierly, or in a childish way; for a genuine, serious, and impulsive movement is impossible between us. I have never been known as anything except a joker, and it would not seem natural, they would think I was acting a comedy.

Saturday, July 9th.—We are all off on the pilgrimage, and then we go to Krementchoug, where we shall go boating on the Dnieper. I am playing at being an infidel, or nearly one, and drive them to this excursion.

After a thousand indecisions, we make up our minds. You cannot imagine what a business it is—and why do it? Perhaps we had better not go, for after all, how shall we get on? Shall we find anything to eat, or a place to sleep in? Well, there is a village, we must take Vassil to cook. It is terrible; there is a mountain near Gavronzy which one cannot avoid scaling, so they ought to be used to it; but no, each time it is as though a new and terrible obstacle had just arisen. At last, after each person in turn had said that he will stop behind, or that such and such another has said he will not go on, we start in three carriages: Monsieur and Madame, Dina, Catherine the Swiss, Nini's sister, and Spérandio; Nini, myself, Paul, and Micha. About half way there, Paul and Micha sing heartily, to the astonishment of the peaasnts on the road. We find the three brothers Babanine—Étienne, Alexander, and Wladimir—together at the hotel, drinking champagne.

Alexander talks of love matters, of relations, of remembrances of youth; in short, he is as open as a carriage entrance when it is open. . . . So I at once guess that there is something, and indeed he has just bought his part of the inheritance from Étienne, who has run through it as well as the others. So there is only Nicholas left; but he will do the same, in spite of what he says. And *then* Alexander will have *all* his father's *lands*. This man has such a power of will that he goes straight to his aim and attains it. He is a power. I bow; I almost respect him. He has quarrelled with Paul, and will gobble him up, but I mean to reconcile them.

As we have no business in common, our intercourse is quite friendly, and I took his arm this evening in the public gardens. But it seems that we have the most *chic* and uproarious day that could be dreamt of in Poltava, and that it will be talked about. So I will relate it to you. We dine at the above-mentioned garden, a table set for fifteen people occupying the whole of the right side on the terrace, and where the public is not allowed to annoy us. They are crowding together at the least respectful distance possible to see us eat, and to listen to the band which is playing for us, and the choir of women which we had sent for. Gipsy songs, badly sung by Russians and Swedes. I should have liked to ring the alarm bell, for the people did not arrive quickly enough. It was full at about eight o'clock.

Monday, July 11th.—It is Saint Paul's day. The military

band from Gavronzy has been sent for to play during dinner, and in the evening on the balcony. In bringing over the soldiers and instruments one of the drivers got his leg broken, and we at once gave him the day's winnings, which amounted to fifty roubles. The idea was mine. Not many people: Lihopay, Étienne, and the proprietor of the hotel at which we alight at Poltava. The gentlemen play cards with him and admit him into their society. He married a young lady of noble birth; but the society of this innkeeper! . . . . well! With the family we number fourteen. I am dressed exquisitely. Dina also looks charming. For a while I talk and laugh with Lihopay and Micha, as though it amused me. Others were listening to hear what amusing things we were saying. We dance. Papa and mamma opposite Paul and his wife, Micha and myself opposite the Swiss girl and Étienne, Spérandio, and Catherine. The room is vast, and with the help of the music our feet become lively. Dina is like a mad girl, dancing all sorts of fancy steps quite alone, and really very gracefully. I also, notwithstanding my wretched trouble (my ears), which is turning my hair white, danced for an instant without gaiety but without pretension either.

Wednesday, July 13th.—Always sad—perhaps about going; we arrive at Poltava at about seven o'clock. I travel with Dina and we talk a little of this visit as a whole. . . . . However incredible it may seem, there is here neither delicacy nor morals nor modesty in the true sense of the word.

In the small towns of France there is the fear of the confessor, of a grandmother, or of an old aunt whom one respects very much. . . . . Here, nothing. People often marry for love, and think nothing of elopement—and all this in cold blood. I think we leave to-morrow. I will stop at Kieff to have some masses said. I am tormented by the darkest presentiments, and I am so frightened at all these omens! On Paul's birthday I found a taper at my place forgotten there, it seems, by the man who lighted the lustres. And all those broken looking-glasses! So I ask myself if some evil is about to happen.

Friday, July 15th.—We are at Kharkoff. On the platform we find Micha and Lihopay; they started from Poltava before we did.

I cough and choke. I have just been looking at myself in the glass, expecting to see an appearance of disease; but no,

nothing as yet. I am slim, but far from thin; and my bare shoulders have a fulness which does not agree with the cough and the noises I hear in my throat, nor with those in my ears that I no longer hear so loudly. . . . . The fact is that I have a cold, that is why I cough more. . . . . After all . . . . We went with mamma into a convent, and mamma knelt down with fervour before the painted image of the Virgin. How can one pray before an image? I firmly intended to do so, but I could not. But when I am at home, when the impulse comes, then I feel better afterwards, I swear to you, and I believe that God can cure me; and He alone. But before doing that He would have so many little things to forgive!

Saturday, July 16th.—This morning the fat Pacha arrived—my old lover; some wish to stay for a day, the others that we should all go on as far as Soumy, where we are at present The Pacha has got stouter, but he is still the same untamed creature, but not in the least terrifying. A prosaic dreamer with a rough exterior, and all this with a cold and very Philistine manner all the while. We only see one another at the station, where we meet Alexander just coming from Poltava, he has promised to go to Soumy on business; in fact, here we are—papa, mamma, Dina, Alexander, and myself, the others remained behind; we parted, of course, with regrets, good wishes, and kisses.

Thursday, July 21st.—Here we are at Kieff, the holy town, "the mother of all the Russian towns," according to Saint Wladimir, who, having been baptised, afterwards baptised his people with or against their will, by making them get into the Dnieper; some of them must have been drowned, I think. But the idiots mourned for their idols, which were drowned when the men were baptised. There is still so much ignorance about Russia, where so much beauty and so much wealth remain unknown, that I may be telling you something new when I say that the Dnieper is one of the beautiful rivers of the world, and that its banks are exquisitely picturesque. Kieff is built irregularly, pell-mell, anyhow; there is the lower town and the upper town, with very steep streets. It is not comfortable, for the distances are enormous; but it is interesting. Nothing is left of the old town, for our civilisation at that period was satisfied with sorry churches, built without art or solidity; in consequence of which there are few or no monuments. If I were inclined to

exaggerate, I might say that there are as many churches as houses. The cathedrals and convents are in considerable numbers, and, indeed, there are as many as three or four in a row, all with many gilt cupolas; the walls and pillars whitewashed or painted white, with cornices and green roofs. Often the whole front is painted with scenes from the lives of saints and images, but all perfectly simple.

We go first to the Laura, a convent to which the pilgrims come in thousands every day from all parts of Russia. The iconostasis or partition which separates the altar from the church, is covered with images, painted and covered with silver. The shrines and the doors, completely overlaid with silver, must represent pretty large sums, as well as the coffins of the saints, also covered with chased silver, with the candlesticks, the lustres, and all the rest of it, all silver. It is asserted that these monks possess bags full of precious stones.

Anyhow, they are known to be as rich as the Rothschilds.

Peter the Great and Nicholas borrowed from them ten millions of roubles, which they never returned; and it serves them right. Your monks at least give to the poor, but ours here never give anything to anybody. And you cannot imagine what a quantity of money the pilgrims bring, even supposing that each pilgrim only gives a sou a day. And the masses which are ordered to be said, and the candles, of which a prodigious quantity is consumed.

And the images and the consecrated medals which are sold!

The great curiosities are the catacombs, very narrow and low subterranean places, damp and dark, of course. Each person goes in with a lighted taper. A monk leads the way, and quickly shows you the open coffins containing the bodies of the saints, bodies which have not decayed, but that are desiccated, and this they call the miracle.

Mamma prayed with unequalled fervour; I am quite sure that papa and Dina both prayed for me. But the miracle has not been accomplished. You laugh! Well, would you believe it, I almost trusted to it. I attach no importance to the churches, to the relics, to the masses; no, but I counted on the prayers, on my own prayer. I still hope to-day; I am not heard, but perhaps some day I may be. I believe only in God; but does God exist, the God who listens and thinks of things like these?

God will not cure me all of a sudden, in a church. No, I have not deserved such a thing as this, but he will have pity on me, and inspire some doctor, who will do me good. . . .

Or, perhaps, in time . . . . but I will not cease to pray to Him.

Mamma believes in consecrated images, in relics. . . . In fact, she has a pagan religion . . . . like most pious and . . . . not very superior people. . . .

Perhaps the miracle might have been wrought if I had believed in the power of the images and relics! But there, really, kneeling and praying, it was no good; I can much better understand kneeling down anywhere, and praying to God simply. God is everywhere!

But, how believe?. . . . It even seems to me that this fetishism lowers God, and is a wrong towards Him. And to many people, to the majority of the pilgrims, God is quite effaced; it is nothing but a piece of dried flesh which possesses the power of working a miracle, or a wooden image which is to be invoked, and which hears you. . . . Am I wrong? Are they right? The most enlightened must be in the right. . . . My own God must at least be opposed to . . . . all these masses which are said to be necessary to real faith. . . .

Paris, Tuesday, July 26th.—Here I am at last! It is life to be here. Amidst other calls, I looked in at the studio; I was received with acclamations and kisses. As I am very fond of the atelier, and particularly anxious to have Julian's friendship and help, I was afraid that he might receive me coldly, as I had broken a looking-glass, &c. Well, no; it's not from this side the trouble will come. Tony is well.

Wednesday, July 27th.—I went to Julian's with the subject for a picture, which does not fascinate him; beyond this, he did nothing but talk of my health for two hours, without keeping back anything.

It seems that it is serious; it must be true, for two months of treatment have made no improvement. I know myself that it is serious, that I am ill, and that I am growing thin, while not believing such dreadful things. Breslau has received her honourable mention. She has some orders. Mme. ——, who protects her, and at whose house she made the acquaintance of the principal artists, has ordered her portrait for the next Salon. She has already sold three or four things; in fact, she is launched. And I? I am in a consumption. Julian tries to frighten me in order to make me take care of myself. I should take care of myself if I had any hope. It is dismal at my age! Julian is quite right; in a year from this time I

shall see how changed I am—that is to say, I shall be no more. I went to see Colignon to-day. She will die soon; how changed she is! Rosalie had warned me, but I was startled—death itself. And in the room a smell of very strong beef-tea which is given to sick people. It is horrible!

I have still got that smell in my nostrils. Poor Colignon! I took her some soft white silk for a dress and a kerchief. I was so fond of it that I hesitated for five months, and decided on making this immense sacrifice by meanly thinking that Heaven would repay it. These calculations take away all merit.

Can you think of me as weak, thin, pale, dying, dead?

Is it not too horrible that it should be thus? But, at least, by dying young you inspire pity in all the world. I am touched myself when I think of my end. No, it seems impossible. Nice, fifteen years, the three Graces, Rome, the follies of Naples, painting, ambition, unheard of hopes, and to end in a coffin, without having had anything, not even love!

Well, I said so; one cannot live when one is like me, and when circumstances are as . . . those which have formed my life. To live would mean too much. And nevertheless, stranger and more fabulous fortunes are to be seen than the one I dreamed of.

Ah! whatever sorrow is felt, it contains a joy. I was right; the only horrible wounds are those of self-love, they contain nothing and are worse than death . . . But as for all the rest—God, death, hopeless love, separation!—they are life, for all that. I am on the point of crying; I even think I am going to die, I am almost sure that I am weaker. Ah! I do not complain of that, but of my ears! And then there is Breslau, now she is another load. Everywhere repulsed with loss, beaten.

Well then, let it be death!

Tuesday, August 9th.—I went to the doctor's this morning; this is the third time in a fortnight. He makes me return so as to get a louis each time, for the treatment is always the same.

Really it is enough to drive one mad. They say that in a thousand such cases, only one will be followed by deafness, and that case must be mine! Every day are to be seen people suffering from the throat, and consumptive patients either suffering or dying, but they don't become deaf. Ah, it is such an unexpected and horrible blow!

What! was it not bad enough to lose my voice, to be ill, that this nameless torture should be added? It must be to punish me for having grumbled at trifles! Is it God who punishes? The God of pardon, of goodness, of mercy? Why the most spiteful of men would not be more inexorable! And I am tortured every instant. Blushing before my own people; feeling their kindness in speaking louder!

In the shops I tremble every minute, but that is not the worst; what tricks am I not obliged to use with my friends to hide my infirmity; oh, it is too cruel, too terrible, too awful!

Painting and the models! I do not always hear what they say to me, and I tremble lest they should speak. Do you think it does not affect my work? When Rosalie is there she helps me; when alone I am seized with giddiness and my tongue refuses to say, "Speak a little louder, I do not hear very well!" God have pity on me! and if I do not believe in God, it means dying at once in despair. The lung was attacked after the throat, and the throat has affected my hearing. Now, nurse it! But I have always taken care of myself!

It was Dr. Krishaber who did the mischief, it was after his treatment that I . . . .

O God, must I be so cruelly separated from the rest of the world? and it is I, I, I! Oh! there are people to whom it would not be so painful, but . . . .

Oh! what a horrible thing!

Wednesday, August 10th.—I go to Passy every day, but as soon as I am settled, I become horrified at what I have commenced. First of all, there's Fortunata whom I dismissed, paying him for six sittings for nothing; next it is the picture I was wild about. Julian had said I was to modify and improve the composition, and that was enough to make me feel that I did not know what to do. At first, in spite of everything, I did commence it, but after beginning I got disgusted and frightened at it. The truth is that I have only twenty days left—and if it rains?

My picture is an election bill, before which there is a grocer's boy with his basket; a workman laughing at a man with a napkin under his arm; a stupid-looking masher with an enormous Bonapartist hat, of whom nothing is seen but . . . . the hat. In the background is a little woman. It is life-size, half length. In short, this and the

rest drives me mad, my hand trembles as I write. No sooner have I an idea than I am disgusted with it. There was only this picture, and I have lost so many days, and here I am still undecided. Wretched character! when I am free to do as I like, I can do nothing. It is my disease making an idiot of me, and Breslau's honourable mention clips my wings. Heaven is just. I ask myself .... What of this picture, of which Julian and the others say that it is neither new nor original; agreed, but I don't know.

It is *real*, however, and then if it is well done it is sure to be good. I have still to learn if Alexis will be here in the course of the month of August; he sits for the masher, and without him, no picture, and I have not yet found the old man with the napkin. All this would be nothing if I were decided and in full swing. I am losing my time, and I spoil my eyes by reading to calm myself.

No means now of taking my hesitations to anybody on earth; Tony is in Switzerland, Julian at Marseilles, and I am desperate! As soon as I decide anything, a voice says to me .... After all, whatever I may do, it will always be to my own disadvantage. If I give up the picture some one else will do it, and I shall be mortally disgusted; if I do it, I shall go to work badly, it will rain, and I have already lost twenty days. All that I may do will certainly be the opposite of what ought to have been done, therefore I ought to give up caring for anything. And you see me. Ah how dreadful it is to have come to this!

I have some white hairs; one day I found two in front, that is since I seem to be growing deaf .... Is not this horrible enough?

Oh, now .... at least it cuts my recriminations short; I have nothing the matter with me; granted, but I am no longer good for anything. Salon life, politics, intellectual pleasures, all these through a mist; and if I risk it, I also run the risk of covering myself with ridicule or of being thought either dull or commonplace. What an abrupt, eccentric, and absent manner I am obliged to affect to hide from Saint-Amand alone that I cannot hear well! It is enough to discourage forty horses. Is it possible to admit that you are deaf when you are young, elegant, and aspiring to everything? Is it possible to solicit indulgence and pity under these conditions?

Besides, what is the good of anything? My head splits, I no longer know where I am! Oh no, there is no God

such as I had imagined. There is a Supreme Being, there is Nature, there is, there is . . . . but not the God whom I have been in the habit of praying to every day. That he should grant me nothing, well and good, but to kill me in this manner! To make me more unhappy, more dependent on everybody than any beggar; and what have I done? I am not a saint, I do not pass my life in church, I do not fast; but you know my life. Except for my constant disrespect towards my family who do not deserve it, I have nothing to reproach myself with. What is the use of praying every night and asking pardon for being forced by circumstances to say hard things to my people? For if I am in the wrong towards mamma, you know very well that it is to force her to act.

However, I am now horribly stricken down — and stricken down with the most refined cruelty.

As to God—the God I used to believe I knew—does not exist. It is not possible! But then? Oh no! we must have a God, so as to be able to lay the good and the evil to somebody's account.

Friday, August 12th.—Perhaps you think I have decided upon something! I can do nothing! I feel the awful conviction of my own incapacity! It is over a month, counting the time lost in travelling, since I have done anything! I cannot even imagine that I am working. I am horrified beforehand with the untalented, dry and cold things that I may produce. It is odious! I can do nothing! And everything conspires against me! I give up the picture, and decide to paint Elstnitz, but she goes away in two days. Then I go to seek a model, whom I do not find. Then I run to Julia's, she can only begin to sit on Monday. I turn round to the little girl of the concierge, but she has three more days to be at school. So! . . .

Then I go to see Amanda, who is working in the courtyard of her house at Issy. It does me good, though she is not artist enough to put me into real spirits. Never mind, it is refreshing. . . I come in resolved to paint that damned picture.

Saturday, August 13th.—Well, I work at it for two hours, or hardly that, and then I wish you may get it! Who can tell? It might have been very good. Then I decide, but say to myself directly, "It is pretentious, and expresses nothing." Indeed, I do not like my models. Then

I see the picture exposed on the Boulevard, just after the elections. And then it is so unfeminine a subject. But who can tell? Perhaps if I stick to it?—there is the perhaps, which drives me wild. Julian's opinion!—but Julian was wrong about Zilhardt this year; he had prophesied good, and it turned out to be a horror. I shall rely on fate, but if fate does not say the same as I do . . . and what do I say?

It is a misfortune, upon my word. I absolutely need Alexis for the picture, and I don't know when he will come back!—and I have only eighteen days!

Then you are mad!—Oh no, I have time enough!

Yes, fate! . . . Well, I open this book at random: I place my finger on it at random, and if the number of letters in the line on which my finger rests is even, I give up the picture. . . Good, *it is even!* But . . . You do not forget that my right lung is diseased. Well, you will be pleased, no doubt, to learn that the left lung is equally attacked. Not one of those idiots of doctors has told me so as yet; besides I only felt it for the first time in the catacomb of relics at Kieff. I thought it was a momentary pain, caused by the damp. Since then it comes back every day, and to-night so badly that I find it difficult to breathe, and I feel a real pain between the collar-bone and the breast, just where the doctors make their little tapping.

And the picture?

Sunday, August 14th.—I got to sleep with difficulty, and this morning I am still in pain, but in the back also; and each time I breathe it is the very devil, and each time I cough it is two devils. Oh! how well I am! Yes, how well I am! Now it is decided I give up the picture. But how much time lost! More than a month.

As for Breslau, encouraged by her honourable mention, all must go smoothly; as for me, my wings are clipped, and I have lost confidence.

Thursday, August 18th.—To-day. . . do not read on if you want to be amused. I spent the day working, and telling myself *in petto* the most cruel truths the while.

I looked at my portfolios, and my progress can be followed step by step. Now and then I tell myself that Breslau painted before I could draw, . . but you will say that this girl is my whole world? I don't know, but

it is no slight feeling which makes me fear this rivalry. From the very first day, and in spite of what the men and my fellow-students said, I discovered her talent; you see that I am right. The very thought of that girl makes me uncomfortable; a single stroke of hers on one of my drawings gave me a blow to the heart; I feel her to be a force against which I am breaking. She always compared herself with me. Only imagine, the nobodies of the studio always said she would never paint; "her colour is bad, she can't paint, she only knows how to draw." Just what is said of me. It ought to be a consolation, it is in fact the only one I have.

In 1876 (February) she already had the medal for a drawing. She had commenced in the month of June, 1875, having already worked for two years in Switzerland. For two years I witnessed her struggle against the most signal failures in painting; but it came little by little, and in 1879 she exhibited by Tony's advice. I had been painting for six months at that time, in a month's time I shall have been painting for three years. Now the question is to know whether I am capable of doing anything like her exhibition picture of 1879? Julian said that the one she exhibited in 1879 was better than that of 1881; but, as they were not friendly, he did not press her forward towards success, but remained neutral.

Her picture of last year was placed, the same as mine in the *morgue*, *i.e.*, the outer gallery. Now this year she is making it up with Julian, and is patronised besides by the new school, and placed on the line. The reward follows.

When I leave the studio my aunt and I go out in a fly to drive on the banks of the Seine, on the Trocadéro side, through the avenues of Tourville. . . . What a delightful quarter, not well enough known! I feel tired as Breslau used to feel. I think myself almost shrivelled as she is, and I admire the sky and the beauties of tone of the distance, as she did. But I howl, not from plagiarism, it comes of itself, and I flatter myself that it may bring me a little good painting. Breslau is constantly in my mind, and I do not make a stroke without wondering how she would do it, and how she would set to work on it. It means that the subject is nothing! nothing! nothing! the quality of the painting is everything, excepting where historical pictures are concerned. But now! and certainly they are quite right; a head, a hand, is enough if the painting is good; my work

is dry! cold! and hard!. . . "I will take to sculpture," I said one day; and Julian added, "Rather dry in the modelling." This turns me cold.

But in sculpture it is impossible. You model as you see things, there is no trickery, no colour, no optical illusion. . . . But why do these people—for instance, Tony—why do they persist in advising me to go on? Tony has no profit, nor, for the matter of that, Julian, for the time has come when I shall work much more at home than I do with him.

Occupied with my painting, I said nothing of the departure of Elstnitz. She has been wishing to go for a long time, but has always been kept on; but the poor child is done up, and bored to death. Only think, I say "Good-morning!" and "Good-night!" and every night I reproach myself for not having talked more, and every day it is the same again. I have had a hundred and fifty generous impulses to be more friendly to her, but there I stopped, and I find my excuse in the sorrows which crush me.

She has gone, the poor little thing, really an angelic nature. And this departure wrung my heart very much; but she will be happier over there. What I am particularly sorry for, is that I can no longer make any reparation for my coldness and indifference; I treated her as I do mamma, my aunt, Dina, but it is less painful to my own people: while this child—a stranger, alone, so gentle, and so calm! She left yesterday at nine o'clock. I could not speak for fear of crying, and I affected a careless look, but I hope she may have seen.

Saturday, August 20th.—I have been alone to see Falguière, the sculptor. I told him that I was an American, and showed him some drawings, also expressing my wish to work. He thought one of them very good indeed, all the others good. He sent me to a studio in which he gives advice, and further, if it was not satisfactory, he placed himself at my disposal, either for me to take him my work, or for him to come to me. That is kind; but for that purpose I have Saint-Marceaux, whom I adore, and I shall be satisfied with the studio.

Biarritz, Friday, September 16th.—Having said "Good-bye," we started on Thursday morning; we were to have spent the night at Bayonne, but we preferred to go to Bordeaux, where Sarah was playing; so we had two balcony stalls for

fifty francs, and I saw *La Dame aux Camélias*. Unfortunately, I was very tired. This woman has been so much talked of, that I cannot quite realise what were my impressions. I imagined beforehand that she would not do anything like anybody else, so I was surprised to see her walk and talk and sit down. I have only seen her four times—once, when I was little, in the *Sphinx;* then lately, again in the *Sphinx;* and in *L'Étrangère*. Extraordinary attention is paid to her slightest movements. In fact, I don't know, I think she is ravishing.

It is quite certain that Biarritz is beautiful! beautiful!...

The sea has been of a lovely colour all day.

Such fine greys!....

Saturday, September 17*th*.—So far, none of those supreme elegances which I dreamed of seeing at Biarritz. As to the beach, from the artistic point of view, it is disagreeable and ugly.

Oh bay of Nice! Oh gulf of Naples! and even the little beaches around Nice, Eses, Beaulieu, &c. Here you are teased by a lot of little rocks, thrown about anyhow; they look like cardboard decorations, placed there on purpose. The beach is small; on the right is a lighthouse, on the left a rock; and, beyond these, are two ramparts and enormous deserted beaches.

The view is wild, without being picturesque; there is not a house really on the edge of the sea; you have to go up and down and up again, all the time . . . I have been exploring the neighbourhood for two hours in a carriage, and I have not found the shadow of a subject, not a fisherman, not a boat, only fir-trees and villas and high-roads. It would be better to go to Spain; I should see the museums, I could take some copies, and perhaps I might find a picture to paint—in any case, some studies. Yes, to spend a month or six weeks with hardly any luggage, quiet and unknown.

Sunday, September 18*th*.—I have some short cambric and white woollen gowns without any trimming, but charmingly fresh and smart; some very pretty cloth shoes which I bought here, and white hats—young-looking hats appropriate to happy women. They form a very noticeable whole.

And in my state of mind this is perfectly maddening.

Mamma and my aunt are neither lively nor gay. In fact, it is quite the reverse of a pleasure trip to an elegant seaside place.

I cannot, however, resign myself to remaining shut up in Paris, for I shall never go into any society but the highest, and the silence and solitude of the studio is, after all, the greatest happiness.

Tuesday, September 27th.—Yesterday, at Bayonne, a family party; to-day, at Fontarabia, with the family, too; I never go out without them. I wanted to go on horseback, but the bodice of my habit fits so badly, and it would be tiresome to ride with a Russian whom I do not know well, and who is dull. Fontarabia is charming; whereas Biarritz is so common, so clumsy in its very commonplace beauty, that you are glad to get away from it. And just opposite, near the little harbour, are some beggar children, who would do very nicely for a picture; but I want to see Spain first, and if I do not meet with anything better there, I shall return by Fontarabia.

There was a roulette, so I played; but having lost forty francs, made sketches instead. It's a little corner at the world's end, so I hope nobody saw me gambling. Fancy a three hours' drive listening to Mme. R——! This lady talked commonplaces, which had not even the charm of ordinary society chatter. Heavens, what have I done to be like this?

Why can't I eat the bad cookery at the hotel, which even royal princesses eat? Why can't I endure the intellectual penury by which I am surrounded? I have doubtless only what I deserve; and, in short, if I were really such a superior person, I should find a means .... Ah, deadly dulness!

Oh dreams of my childhood! Oh divine hopes!

If there is a God, He has forsaken me. I am only at peace in Paris; in travelling I am constantly thrown with my family, and it irritates me. Not that my mothers are vulgar, or wanting in manners; when there are no strangers, they are very nice, and then they are my mothers. But with strangers mamma poses and affects a certain kind of pronunciation, which exasperates me.

It is partly my fault. I have always reproached them with not having succeeded in making their way in society, and I sometimes say disagreeable things to spur them on to do something. But the only result is to give them this pitiful

attitude. I am always complaining of my people; but I love them; I am just.

Madrid, Sunday, October 2nd.—You seem to wake from a dream on leaving this infamous butchery. A bull fight! An abominable slaughter of old hacks and cows, where men appear to be running no risks and play an ignoble part. Indeed, the only times I felt interested was to see the men rolling in the dust. One of them was trampled on by the bull; his escape was quite miraculous, and he had an ovation in consequence.

People throw cigars and hats, which are thrown back with great dexterity; and they wave their handkerchiefs uttering most savage howls. A cruel game, but is it amusing? No, it is not! It can't be called exciting or interesting. A so-called raging beast, worried by many coloured cloaks, and further maddened by a species of sword which they stick in its body. The more the blood runs the more the animal shakes itself, bounds forward, and is wounded again. Wretched horses with bandaged eyes are placed before it and ripped up by it; the entrails protrude, but, nevertheless, the horse rises to its feet, obeying its rider to the last gasp—the man falls with it but is rarely hurt. Black blood on the sand, scarlet blood on the back of the bulls. I noticed a black bull, on our arrival, on which the blood looked like scarlet ribbons—at first I thought he had been decorated with them—the darts stuck in his skin were streaming. The fight continues after the horses have been killed. A dozen Spanish simpletons irritate the bull, covering him with wounds till he rushes after them; but he is always foiled by the cloak. And when at last he stops with averted head, wounded, bleeding, groaning with pain, they again wave the red cloak before him, kicking him the while. Then the public begin stamping, and the poor beast falls on its knees and lies down to die in the inoffensive attitude of a cow resting in a field. It is killed with a single blow on the back of the neck. A band begins playing, and three horses decorated with ribbons and harnessed to a sort of hook go off at a gallop with the dead bull. And then it begins all over again. Three men on horseback, some more disembowelled horses, and the toreadors with their ridiculous and bloody worryings.

And when about fifteen horses and five or six bulls have been killed, the fashionable world goes for its drive to Buen Retiro—one of the most beautiful promenades in existence—which I prefer to the Bois de Boulogne, not to mention

London, Vienna, and Rome. But no, Rome has a charm to which nothing is comparable.

The King, the Queen, and the Infantas, were present at the bull-fight. There were over 14,000 spectators; and it is the same every Sunday. And you must see the head of all those sinister fools to understand how it is possible that such horrors should excite them. If they were genuine horrors at least; but these inoffensive horses, these bulls that are only infuriated after being irritated, hurt, and martyrised! . . . .

The Queen, who is Austrian, can't enjoy it. The King has the look of an Englishman in Paris. The youngest of the Infantas is the only one who is charming. Queen Isabella told me I was like her. I feel flattered, for she really is charming.

We left Biarritz on Thursday morning and arrived in Burgos in the evening. I have been struck by the majestic beauty of the Pyrenees. Thank goodness, you leave the pasteboard rocks of Biarritz behind you!

We travelled with a stout gentleman who spoke no French, and none of us can talk Spanish; nevertheless he managed to explain an illustrated paper and to offer me some flowers at a station. Besides him there was a young man going to Lisbon, a sort of Englishman from Gibraltar, who tried to make himself useful. If you think that this journey with my mothers is an amusement, you make a nice mistake. Indeed, it's only natural, for they possess neither my youth nor my interest. As it is past, however, I won't speak of their harmless teasing ways, especially as they are so meddlesome that they will give me a thousand occasions on which to speak of them. They look miserable and ask absurd questions, pretending to think that we are in a country to which no one ever goes! And the guide said it was cold at Burgos; it is very aggravating, for we ought to have brought fur cloaks! What a country, and what is there to see? The Cathedral; but only Englishmen go there! The worst of it was that all these remarks were aimed at me in the third person, or else they would say nothing about it but look unutterable things while talking on other subjects; and if I protest they say that I am trying to pick a quarrel. And yet I had not insisted on coming; they themselves proposed our going to Spain.

Well then, Burgos. . . . . Oh! they are unbearable; when not sorrowfully resigned or giving vent to complaints in the third person, they show a complete indifference that is really astounding.

All the same I made a rough sketch in the Cathedral. . . . Is it possible to describe it? A mass of ornamentation; of tinted sculptures, of gilding, of fioritura and gew-gaw devices which produce an imposing whole.

Ah! those dim chapels, those tall gratings—really it is a marvel; especially this stamp of religious romanticism; these churches suggest rendezvous; while dipping their fingers in holy water people look round for some one to ogle. This applies also to the comparatively modest convent of La Cartuja. We go there in the evening, which emphasises still more the poetry of Spanish churches; at the Cathedral they show that famous Magdalen of Leonardo da Vinci (?) Horror! I must confess that I find it ugly, and it says nothing to me, which for that matter is also the case with the Raphaels.

We are in Madrid at last, since yesterday morning. At the Museum this morning. Ah! the Louvre fades by comparison; Rubens, Philippe de Champagne . . . with Vandyck and the Italians. Nothing can be compared to Velasquez; but I am still too dazzled to judge. And Ribera! Oh, heavens! They are the true naturalists!

Is it possible to see anything more true, more admirably true! Ah! how stirring it is, how unhappy it makes you to see such things! How one would like to have genius! And they dare compare the colourless Raphael and the painting of the French School.

Colour! To feel colour and not to be able to produce it, is surely impossible! Soria came before dinner with his friend, M. Pollack (a railway director), and his son, who is a painter; he has worked at Julian's.

I shall go to the Museum alone to-morrow. For nothing is more painful than to hear silly remarks while looking at masterpieces. It hurts one like being cut with a knife, yet to get angry looks foolish. And in fact I feel a certain delicacy which is not easily explained; I can't bear being seen admiring anything, or to be discovered under the impression of a genuine emotion; it is difficult to explain.

It seems to me that we can only speak seriously of something that has thrilled us with some one who completely shares our ideas. . . . One can talk well with . . . Yes, I can talk well with Julian, who is not a fool, but there is always a touch of exaggeration in order to give a ridiculous turn to your enthusiasm so as to protect you from sarcasm, however slight it may be. But to have had a deep impression made upon you, and express it simply and seriously as I have

felt it . . . I can't imagine myself doing so excepting to some one I loved completely . . . For supposing I could speak of it to an unsympathetic person, the link thus created would prove very awkward afterwards; it would be like having committed something wrong together.

Otherwise you must treat it in the Parisian style, and affect to talk shop, so as not to appear too poetical in speaking of the artistic side, using words which prove it to be something exquisite, but are slang of the Boulevard: *delicacies, subtleties,* and then you'd say "that is *strong,* that's simply the most *stunning* thing you can see. . . ."

Tuesday, October 4th.—But wait, let us have done with yesterday. From the Buen Retiro we go to a café to hear a species of gipsies sing, and to see them dance.

It is very strange indeed; a man twanging a guitar and a dozen women beating time with their hands; then all at once one of them begins to give utterance to certain notes, the chromatic scale all topsy-turvy: it is impossible to describe. In fact it's thoroughly Arabian; after an hour you have had quite enough of it. These women are in dressing-gowns with kerchiefs on their shoulders and flowers in their hair, and these muslin or even cotton gowns hide the movements of the hips, which are always so characteristic. All Spanish women are good to paint, if not pretty. Such complexions, such eyes! Ah! you understand Spanish painting after seeing them, they are . . . superb! What loaded lights, what unctuous touches, what breadth, what colouring!

Since nine o'clock this morning I have been at the Museum with Velasquez, beside whom everything looks dry and colourless, excepting Ribera, who doesn't come up to him, however. In the portrait of an unknown sculptor there is a hand! . . . It's the key to all the technique of Carolus Duran, who, as you know, wants to re-edit Velasquez.

We have bought a guitar and a Spanish mandoline . . . Impossible to imagine Spain . . . And I am told that Madrid is less characteristic than what I am going to see, Granada, Toledo, Seville . . . In short, I am enchanted to be here, I am in a fever till I have tried my hand at some sketch in the Museum, then to paint a picture after that, and I will stop here two months if necessary.

Thursday, October 6th.—I have copied the hand by Velasquez; I was modestly dressed in black with a mantilla like all the women here, but I have been much looked at,

especially by one man. It seems they are worse in Madrid than in Italy; they promenade under the windows with guitars; they follow you everywhere, talking all the time, and persistently. Notes are exchanged in the churches, and young girls have five or six admirers; they are extremely gallant to women, and their attentions have nothing insulting; for the demi-monde, in the French sense of the word, does not exist; this sort of women is thoroughly despised; but men tell you quite frankly in the street that you are pretty, and that they adore you; they ask permission to accompany you, quite respectfully, knowing you are a lady.

You may see men throwing down their cloaks for you to walk over. For my part, I think it enchanting. When I go out, very simply but tastefully dressed, they stop to look at me, and I revive—it's a new and romantic existence, tinged with the chivalry of the middle ages.

Sunday, October 9th. — Well, there's nothing new. Pollack and Escobar have come every day. Mamma was leaving for Russia, and their presence has spared us many tears. I have been very sad since the morning—and yet it must be; she must go, as my father wants to see her on business. Now she is gone.

We pass the evening talking art with Pollack, and now that I am alone I imagine all kinds of dreadful things. If mamma were to die without seeing us again!

Oh, if it were to happen it would be a punishment for my idiotic filial revolts.

I should pass my life in weeping at not being able to wipe out my harshness. . . Just think, to feel yourself guilty, and never, never to be able to repair your folly!

And she would die thinking I did not love her—that it is all the same to me, that I am comforting myself, nay, perhaps even that I am happy!

I expect all kinds of misfortunes, but I can't imagine how I should bear this one. . . Better anything in the world than this . . . become blind, paralysed. . . . It would be pitiable: but if I were to lose mamma under the present circumstances, it would seem to me that I had killed her.

Monday, October 10th. — While I was working at the Museum, two men, rather old, and not very good-looking, approached me, and asked "if I was not Mlle. Bashkirtseff." "Certainly." Then they were all excitement. M. Soldatenkoff

is a millionaire from Moscow—a great traveller, who adores art and artists. Then Pollack tells us that Madrazo, the son of the director of the Museum, and himself an artist, has liked my copy very much, and wished to make my acquaintance. Old Soldatenkoff asked me if I sold my things, and I foolishly said no.

As regards painting, I am on the way to learn a great deal—I see things I didn't see. My eyes are opened, and I stand on tiptoe, hardly daring to breathe, lest the enchantment should be dispelled, for it is genuine enchantment. I seem to touch my dreams at last — I seem to understand what requires to be done. All my faculties are straining towards the one awe-inspiring aim—a fine piece of painting —not house-painter's work . . . but real flesh—living tones . . . and when you have done that, and are an artist, you may do admirable things. For the execution is everything! Take *Vulcan's Forge*, by Velasquez, or his *Filandières!* Take away the prodigious painting from these pictures, and what but a commonplace sort of person remains—no matter who. Many people, I know, will protest—idiots, who pretend to adore sentiment. . . But the *sentiment*, don't you see, is in the workmanship, in the poetry of the execution, in the charm of the brush. You don't realise. to what an extent this is so! Do you like the early masters, with their thin and naïve forms, and their smooth painting? It's curious and interesting, but you can't care for that! Do you love the sublime pasteboard Madonnas of Raphael? You will think me coarse, but I must say, it doesn't touch me. . . . I own that they have a nobility of sentiment which I respect, but can't love. Now *The School of Athens*, also by Raphael, is truly admirable, and incomparable, like some other of his compositions, especially in engravings or photographs. And in these you really get the thought, the feeling, the inspiration of genius. Mark you, I am quite as much against the ignoble flesh painting of Rubens, and the magnificent, but stupid, flesh painting of Titian. You want mind and matter; you want, in short, to be a poet in your execution and a thinker in your composition, like Velasquez.

Tuesday, October 12th. — I dreamt that somebody explained to me what was the matter with my right lung. The air does not penetrate to certain parts . . . but it is too disgusting to relate. The disease has attacked me, that's enough. Ah, I know it! for during some time past I feel

a certain discomfort—an indefinable kind of weakness. But I am not as I used to be—I feel something different from others. I am enveloped by a weakening sort of vapour, figuratively speaking, of course. There's something queer the matter with my chest, and I have . . . But why write these absurdities? We shall see.

Wednesday, October 13th.—I have always hated Paris physically, always, always! Madrid is much more sympathetic, in spite of its irregular streets and poverty-stricken look, when compared with Paris. Look at Paris! its elegance is wearisome; its shops, its cocottes, its bran-new houses, are all dreadfully anti-artistic. Oh Rome! (and Madrid is a little like it). Oh the South! I come from the South; I was born in the Ukraine, and grew up in Nice. I adore the South.

I have finished my copy of *Vulcan*, by Velasquez, and it must be good, if I can judge by the public. Those poor devils who make reduced copies of famous pictures for sale come several times in the course of the day to see me paint; so do the lads from the Fine Arts School, as well as foreigners, several of whom, speaking in English, French, or Spanish, have said the most flattering things of me.

And when I leave, they go up the ladder to look at my big brushes, and to see what the painting is like. In a word, my dear children, it would be enough to turn a person's head if she were less ambitious.

Friday, October 14th.—Yesterday, at seven o'clock in the morning, we started for Toledo. I had heard so much in its praise that I hardly know what I expected; in spite of common sense, I kept imagining a marvel of mediæval and Renaissance art, wonderful specimens of architecture, sculptured gates blackened by time, balconies of divine workmanship, &c.

I knew that it was quite different in reality, but it had taken possession of my fancy, and spoilt Toledo when I found it to be a Moorish town with its invariably thin walls and notched, or apparently notched, gates. Toledo lies quite high, like a citadel, and when you look down from the summit on the landscape and the Tagus, it reminds one of some of those rural-looking backgrounds of Leonardo da Vinci, or even Velasquez—those mountains of a bluish-green, looking like a bird's eye view seen through a window, near to which

is a lady or a gentleman in plum-coloured velvet with beautifully shaped hands.

As for Toledo itself, it is a labyrinth of irregular little streets, so narrow that the sun cannot reach them, in which the inhabitants seem to be camping, owing to the queer look of the houses; it is a mummy; a Pompeii in complete preservation, but looking as if it were about to crumble into the dust of old age, with its scorched soil and high walls baked by the sun. There are courtyards of astonishing picturesqueness; mosques turned into churches, and daubed over with whitewash; which, however, is scraped off little by little, revealing very curious designs and arabesques still brilliant in colour, ceilings of blackened rafters, or beams curiously interlaced right at the top. The cathedral is, of course, admirable, with a profusion of ornament, like that of Burgos. Oh! the gates are marvels; and then there are the cloisters, with the courtyard filled with oleanders and rose-trees pushing through the galleries and climbing up the pillars with their thin, sad, grave-looking statues! And if a sunbeam penetrates this interior, the poetry of it is incomparable.

Indeed, the Spanish churches are something that can't be imagined. The tattered guides, the sextons dressed in velvet, the foreigners and dogs, who walk about, praying and barking, &c., possess a peculiar charm. On coming out of one of these chapels, you would suddenly like to meet the idol of your soul behind one of these pillars.

It seems incredible that a country so near the centre of European corruption should still be so fresh, so wild and untouched.

At Toledo one seems to be out of the world. . . . I don't know, there are too many things to be seen, and I only stayed a few hours. . . . But I mean to return and paint some of those very black little streets . . . . and those colonnades, pillars, antique gateways with their big Spanish and Moorish nails. What gems, what marvels! But it was very hot, I couldn't see much. It is intensely picturesque; everything turns to a picture; you need not even choose, for everything is strange and interesting. But it does not appeal to me. . . . Perhaps if I were to look at it better?. . . . It is this mixture of Goth, Arab, and Spaniard; well, that doesn't concern me. The *Coro* of the cathedral is really wonderful; the pews of the chancel, for example, are covered with historical bas-reliefs, and sculptured wood wrought with such detail and finish that you are filled

with admiration. But I told you that the elegance, wealth of ornamentation, and airy lightness of this cathedral are astonishing. It seems as if colonnades, carvings, and arches, could not withstand the wear and tear of time, you fear to see such treasures falling into ruin; it is so beautiful that it fills you with a personal kind of dread, but for the last four or five centuries this prodigy of patience has stood there unshaken and admirable. As I say, the thought that haunts you on coming away is, if it will only last! And you tremble at the idea of its being spoilt, destroyed, worn out. I wish no one were allowed to touch this creation with a finger; even the people who walk about in it are, to some extent, guilty, for they must be adding to the very gradual but inevitable destruction of this marvellous building. Doubtless for centuries to come, it will still remain, but . . . . And then, on coming out, there are the lofty battlemented walls with Arab windows, cracked and dried by the sun; the mosques, with their grandiose succession of pillars with arabesque ornaments. But go to Rome to see the sun setting behind the Cupola, and all these astonishing gew-gaws and wonders of sculptured stone, of Gothic and Arab gates, all these delicate and brittle marvels imparting a sense of pride and uneasiness, yes, they will all fall like scales before it, and look puerile in comparison.

I am looking at the photographs of Toledo, it seems to me that I am mistaken, and that I have not seen it properly.

Saturday, October 15th.—I have passed the day at the Escurial with my aunt, whom it bored, and who, looking quite unconcerned all the time, tried to cheat me. Had I not heard the guide, she would have tricked me out of the vaults . . . in order not to tire me, "and then the coffins, how dreadful." What a nuisance to travel in this way! As in a dream did I see this immense block of granite—so sombre, sad, and imposing. As for me, I think it magnificent; this majestic sadness has a charm of its own. The palace has been built in imitation of the grating of St. Lawrence (see the guide books), which imparts to it something of the look of barracks, if you will excuse the expression. But its granite walls, of the thickness of a Parisian house—its cloisters, colonnades, galleries, terraces, court-yards, and sheet of green water, produce a deep impression, seen rising above a parched and sombre plain, which is undulated like the sea.

It is cold, they say—cold and sad; may-be, but it is soothing after the perplexing visions of Toledo! We went to the royal suites of rooms, rather loud and ugly . . .; the king's own room, however, is a gem; such doors of inlaid wood with ornaments of polished iron and pure gold. . .; then a delicious oratory in embroidered silk! What a contrast to Philip the Second's room! This tyrant dwelt in a bare, miserable cell, leading into a kind of low chapel of marble, which in its turn led into the church. He could see the altar and hear mass from his bed. I cannot altogether remember all the rooms, cloisters, and staircases, we visited, it is so huge. Then those long galleries with immense windows, whose wooden shutters were fastened with locks, and massive doors with but little ornament on them.

The church is admirably simple, the bare grand arches producing a very imposing effect.

The royal vault and the staircases leading to it, all of variegated marble, are very sumptuous.

The coffins are of solid marble with ornaments in repoussé copper. It is splendid. There are only five places left. The touching figure of Mercedes is waiting in a little side chapel till the vault of the infantas and childless queens shall be rebuilt.

The Coro consists of uncarved wood, but in the centre stands a marvellous chorister's desk with books as big as myself.

Oh, and as for the library there are manuscripts which I stood admiring for a long time, although I don't understand much about them.

And would you have me prefer little delicate prettinesses to this gloomy majesty? What character, what sobriety, is here. How far removed from the indescribable load of profuse ornamentation and the tiresome affectations of Toledo!

After this you are shown into the park where the king goes rabbit shooting, and into the Pavilion, built in 1781, I believe—a gem. Stairs and porch are of coloured marble; there are a number of little salons hung all over with pictures, very fine pictures too, and with pale, deliciously faded silk, covered with exquisite embroidery, blue flowers and roses; the greens with their harmoniously faded tints stand out delicately on the white background of an incomparable ivory tone.

These little salons of dim white or pale blue and faint

gold satin, with exquisitely painted or inlaid ceilings, are enough to turn one's head.

There is a little room hung with pictures worked in tapestry; they look like paintings a few steps off. And what miracles of ivory work and porcelain!

Sunday, October 16th.—One of the chief curiosities here is the *Rastro*, a street lined with stalls of all kinds, as at fairs in Russian villages, where you find something of everything. And such a stir, excitement, and swarm of life beneath this burning sky. It is admirable. What a wealth of precious *bric-à-brac* is to be found in filthy dens, in back shops, and legendary staircases; heaps of stuffs, tapestries, and embroideries enough to drive you crazy!

And these wretches seem utterly unconscious of it; they pierce these splendid stuffs with nails in order to hang up some old frames; they walk over the embroideries lying pell-mell on the floor with old furniture, sculpture, picture-frames, relics, plate, and old rusty nails. . . . I bought a curtain of salmon-coloured silk, covered with embroideries, for which they asked seven hundred francs, and which I got for one hundred and fifty; and a linen skirt embroidered with pale flowers, very pretty in tone, which they let me have for five francs, after asking twenty.

How unfortunate not to have one hundred thousand francs to spend; I could furnish a studio with only one hundred thousand francs! What a lot one could buy.

Escobar came to escort us to the bull-fight. We are in box with his father, Mme. Martinez, two other persons, and Escobar. I wanted to go again to have a second impression. It had been announced that eight bulls would be there, and I believe it is to be the last Sunday. In short, a brilliant display. The King, Queen, and Infantas were in their places. We had sunshine, music, frantic shouting, stamping, hissing, waving of handkerchiefs, and hats flying about. It is a unique sight, like nothing else in the world, and the grandeur of which carries you away with it. I began to understand it, and became interested in the spectacle. I went there much against the grain, with a shudder of disgust. I kept my countenance, however, before this butchery, with its refinements of cruelty. . . . It is very fine, provided you see nothing. . . . But you end by getting interested, and in face of these ignominies, keep up your courage from sheer pride. I looked on all the time. On leaving the place you feel a

little drunk with blood, and feeling as if you would like to stick a dart into everybody you met.

I cut up the melon at table as if I were handling one of the little darts . . . . and it seemed as if my meat came freshly palpitating from the torn skin of the bull! Oh, it makes your flesh creep, and your head feel ironbound; it's a school for assassins. . . . At present these very men are no doubt behaving with perfect grace and elegance, and in spite of their exceeding suppleness, they are full of ease and dignity.

People say that this duel of a man with an enormous beast is magnificent; but is it really a duel, when you know beforehand which of the two will be beaten? I quite admit the impressiveness of the matador's first appearance in his brilliant costume, so advantageously showing off his form, when, having made his three peculiar bows, he twists his arms three times above and three times in front of him, as with the utmost coolness he stands with his cloak and sword calmly confronting the animal. . . . This, in fact, is almost the best part of the game; hardly any blood is spilt. Yes, I admit it produces a startling impression. The Spaniards themselves, indeed, don't care for the introduction of the horses. Am I, then, reconciled to this savage pleasure? I don't say so; but it has a fine—nay, almost a grand—side to it. This circus, these fourteen or fifteen thousand spectators; it seems to give you a vision of those ancients I love so much. But there is the sanguinary, horrible, ignoble side. . . . If the men were not so clever—moreover, if they were more often seriously wounded—I would not complain; but it's the cowardice of the thing which shocks me. Yet they say you must be as brave as a lion. . . . Oh no; they are too clever, and too sure of avoiding the terrific but simple attacks of the beast, provoked and foreseen by them. . . . The real danger is incurred by the banderillos, for the man runs forward to meet the bull, and just when it prepares to toss him, he foils it by sticking his darts between its shoulders; to do this, you must possess exceptional courage and dexterity.

Monday, October 17th—Tuesday, October 18th.—What happy people there are, and I, who have everything to make me so, am far from happy! I have enough money to come and go, to paint and travel; *they do whatever I like.* You know the rest. I would sooner be in want of money, and not do what I like, than be with people who drive me crazy with their obstinacy about what is *for my good.*

When people are convinced of doing right, there's nothing more to be done. My family are convinced. If they did not go in for killing me with kindness, may-be I should forgive them for their want of artistic taste and agreeableness. Ah, what happy people there are! No, but this journey with my aunt, you see! Well, we must go to Paris to-morrow. . . . .

Wednesday, October 19th.—I can't deny that I may be seriously injured by the cough I have. At the same time I am getting thin. That is to say . . . Yes, to judge by my arms, I am getting thin. When I stretch one out, it has a stricken look—not the insolent fulness it used to have. It's even pretty, and I won't complain yet. At present I have reached the interesting stage of growing slender without being too thin, and a certain languishing air that's becoming; but if it continues, I shall end, in a year, by being a skeleton. . . .

Thursday, October 20th. — This morning I passed two hours at Cordova, just time to have a look at the city, which is enchanting . . . . in its way; indeed, I adore cities like this; there are delightful Roman remains, and a truly marvellous mosque.

How I should love to remain a month at Cordova! But to do so I should not be travelling with my aunt, who, in the course of ten minutes, manages to put me in a rage as many times by being in a rage herself to begin with; sometimes it is: "There's nothing to see, and the guide is taking us here on purpose to gain money, and make us lose our train." Then you must have a carriage to go to the mosque! At Cordova at eight o'clock in the morning! Just think, one may catch cold, and I, who am dying, mustn't dream of walking; in short, she is furious. What sweet society, what delightful companionship for an artistic tour through Spain! As for me, I keep praying all the time that it may not hurt me; for it is too bad to see everything ruined in this fashion. But all the same I have no luck; it's enough to make you weep.

I take care of myself, and am fond of comfort, and like to eat well; but when I am bothered out of my life about it, I'd sooner be abandoned in the streets! . . . .

Good heavens, how these people bore me! . . . . As long as there was little Pollack, I escaped from these worries to some extent. . . . My poor aunt is always delighted, for

that matter, when there's some one else, for she knows, poor woman, that she puts me in a rage.

Saturday, October 22nd.—Here we are in Seville, of which we have heard so much. I am losing a lot of time, it seems. I have seen the museum—a unique room, full of Murillos. I would prefer something else, for there are only Madonnas and other sanctities. As for me, who am a barbarian, coarse, ignorant, and presumptuous, I have never yet seen a Virgin such as I fancy she should be. Raphael's Madonnas make beautiful photographs. . . . But I will tell you my valuable opinion when I have seen that one again. I confess Murillo has no message for me with his round and rosy-cheeked Madonnas. There's the one at the Louvre, which has so often been copied; the artist has really felt her, and she may even be called divine.

Then there's the cigar and cigarette factory! What a smell! And if it were only tobacco! A pell-mell of women, with bare arms and necks, and young girls and children. This swarm of human beings were for the most part pretty, and it's a curious sight. Spanish women have a grace you will find in no other women. You see café-singers, cigarette-makers, with the carriage of queens, and an incomparable suppleness and grace. And then the setting of the throat, and the rounded arms, so pure in form and magnificent in tone. What splendid and astonishing creatures!

There was one especially, who rose to get some tobacco-leaves, with the walk of a queen, the suppleness of a cat, and a divine grace; she had a splendid head, a dazzling complexion, with arms and eyes, and oh, a smile! . . . .

Not to mention those who are only *chic*. The little girls are all funny and delightful; there are some ugly ones, but very few. And even the ugly ones have a something.

I must try and give an account of my time; I am getting muddled.

I have seen the cathedral, which is one of the finest in the world to my mind, and one of the largest; then the Alcazar, with its delicious gardens and baths for Sultanas; afterwards we went for a walk through the streets. I am not exaggerating when I say that we were the only women with hats, and I attribute the amazement of the populace entirely to our hats.

I was not even elegantly dressed, for I wore a grey

woollen skirt, a tight-fitting black jacket, and a black hat, suitable for travelling. But strangers are stared at here like learned monkeys; people stop them, hoot them, or else make some amiable remark.

The children jeer at me, but the grown-up tell me I am pretty and piquante; as you know, it is quite the thing to be *salada*.

Seville is so white, oh, so white; the streets are narrow, no carriages can pass through most of them; and yet it isn't as picturesque as it might be. . . . Ah! Toledo, I see now what a barbarian I was!

Toledo is truly a wonder. Seville with its low, white-washed houses, is rather *bourgeois* in character. Of course there are the low quarters . . . but in all the countries in the world the low quarters are the interesting ones; there you find such harmony and depth of tone, that you would wish to paint everything you see.

I feel very irritated at not speaking Spanish; it's a dreadful hindrance, especially when you wish to work and make sketches. . . .

Those half savage women and children in their rags are tremendous in colour. It is enchanting, in spite of the crude, white look of the houses. But the rain continues, and I am with my family.

I quite see the happiness of living with one's family, and should be miserable alone. You can go shopping with your family, go to the Bois de Boulogne with them, and sometimes to the theatre; you can be ill with your family, you can try cures with them; in short, share with them all the ordinary and domestic things of life. Oh, but, to travel with your family! It's just like waltzing with one's aunt, for the pleasure of the thing! It is deadly dull, and even borders on the ridiculous.

I made a study of a beggar yesterday, in four or five hours—life-size head. It is necessary to try one's hand at these rapid sketches from time to time, to get facility.

I seem to be in exile; the days are so long under this grey sky; and as I sleep but little, owing to the mosquitoes, I feel depressed, and not fit for work.

I expected a lot of amusing adventures in Seville, but am so bored that I remain shut up in the hotel; and it rains.

No love, no poetry, not even youth. Nothing; really there's nothing in my life at Seville. I feel buried alive, as in Russia, this summer. What are all these journeys for?

And what of my painting? . . . I have not been to the studio now for five months; out of these five months I have lost three—I, who need study so much! . . . The mention of Breslau's name has called up a host of thoughts in me, or has, so to speak, brought nearer and rendered possible that dream of a medal at the Salon, which hitherto has seemed such a far-off thing, that I pictured it in my castles in the air, as I dream of getting the ribbon of the Legion of Honour, or of becoming Queen of Spain. When Villevielle spoke to me of Breslau getting an honourable mention, she appeared to think that it annoyed me, and the fact that the others considered I might hope for some reward gave me the courage to think of it, or at least to say to myself, that since the others thought I might aspire to it, there must be some cause for their doing so. . . . In short, I have dreamt of it for the last five months.

This may seem a digression, but it all hangs together. That sketch I made at Lorenzo's may be turned into a picture.

Thursday, October 27th.—Oh, what bliss! I have left that horrid Seville.

I say "horrid" with all the more gusto, because I am at Granada since last evening. We have been out ever since this morning, and have seen the inevitable cathedral, the Généralife, and a portion of the gipsy vaults. I am quite enthusiastic. At Biarritz and at Seville I felt good for nothing; everything seemed done with and dead. During the three hours I passed at Cordova I had the impression of an artistic city—I mean I could have worked there with great zest. There's only one objection to Granada, that is, that I can't remain six months or a year in it. There's so much to see, that I don't know which way to turn—such streets, such outlines, such views!

It turns you into a landscape painter; but, then, behold such strange and interesting types, so dazzling in colour and harmonious in tone.

But the most curious thing I saw is the prison of Granada, where the convicts are at work. I don't know how I came to think of going, but I certainly don't regret it, although, on leaving, I felt the same pressure of the temples that I did after the bull-fight. The commandant of the prison gratified the wish of the distinguished foreigners at once, and we were shown everything. A gaoler walked in front of us, and we had an escort of six corporals,

the pick of the criminals, armed with sticks, and charged with keeping order. It would be impossible to describe the impression made upon me by this band of men, placing themselves in a row, and saluting with a rapidity akin to fear before the epaulets and staves of the gaolers. They are flogged, so the guide tells me.

In seeing these men disarmed, imprisoned, forced to labour like children, I can only feel pity instead of thinking of the misdeeds and crimes which brought them there. I must go farther, and say that I even feel moved, strangely moved, confronted by this crowd of miserable wretches who salute so humbly, who seem to work so zealously, and show us the books from which they are taught to read in such a timid and childish manner.

Yes, you can see that they are flogged: they look like those poor dogs in the streets who crouch down submissively to be beaten.

But what heads one sees! I should like to paint a picture there. . . . They have given me the permission, and if I can find some corner with three or four of them. . . . Unfortunately it would lead to my painting too large a picture. . . .

I recommend you to pay this gloomy visit before going to see the Généralife, the gardens of which must surely be a branch of paradise. How shall I describe this tangle of oleanders, of orange-trees, and all kinds of the most luxuriant and exquisite plants; these cypress avenues and creviced Arabian walls crowned with roses, these little streams between beds of violets? . . . Go to the convicts and then to the Généralife.

The Alhambra is for to-morrow, as well as the head of a convict I mean to paint.

Friday, October 28th.—This day has been passed in the prisons of Granada. The prisoners enjoy a delightful amount of freedom; the yard is like a market-place, the doors don't seem to shut very tightly, and in short, this gaol does not resemble in the least the description of those kind of places in France.

My poor devil of a convict sat very well all day; but as I have done the head life-size, and sketched the hands in a day (oh! sublime genius), I have not been as successful as usual in rendering the surprisingly ambiguous character of the individual. And I am wrong to lay the blame to my want of time, for if I am not more satisfied it is because

the light changed several times, and also because those good convicts would stand just behind me, a dozen at a time; they took it in turns, but they were always there; their eyes, though I could not see them, irritated me. The excellent deputy-governor, in whose room I was at work, had placed chairs for his friends as at a show, and they came and sat behind me in succession all day long. And not an instant passed without some one knocking at the door; some of them were prisoners—the harmless ones—corporals who begged leave to come in, and who came in. The interpreter and Rosalie remained all the time, and thus I heard that a man who has assassinated his wife is to be publicly strangled next week, that one man is imprisoned because he refused to uncover himself during a procession, and some other equally astonishing things.

Have you noticed that when any one says, as I did just now: *other astonishing things*, or *and other even better ones;* or, again, *but what I've been saying is nothing compared to so-and-so*, it really means that so far from having left the worst unsaid, there is nothing more to say, but that you want to clinch the statement by something still more remarkable. For example, you may have heard people add, after having said the very worst they could think of, "Moreover, this is only his ordinary conduct; so you can judge of his big offences." But not to forget my convict. I had given him credit for the most dreadful crimes, and, it seems, he has done nothing worse than utter some forged bank-notes. But his head looks fit for any crime; so I mean to invent a nice little story about him to tell in Paris. The balcony of the window faced the court-yard, and all these poor devils looked at the model, the easel, and the painter, with Spanish eagerness. When I was leaving they ran towards me like famished dogs, and their expression, their clasped hands, their exclamations, were a study as they looked at the portrait of their comrade.

As I was crossing the threshold, the deputy-governor very kindly showed the canvas to all the people on tip-toe in the yard to catch a glimpse, and then he took it to the Governor and to the Commandant, who came out in the street and bowed as I got in the carriage. And after once more assuring me that they would see me again with pleasure I was at last able to go for a drive with my aunt.

I wrote in one corner of the canvas: "Antonio Lopez, condemned to death, 1881, October," for forgery and murder. Poor fellow! At any rate, I slander him under a pseudonym,

and for aught I know his name may be Roderigo, or Perez, or perhaps Lopez. I have depicted him with his knitting, for most of these amiable citizens—that is, all those who are not engaged as carpenters, smiths, and shoemakers, &c. &c.—may be seen knitting stockings like good housewives.

The men who were condemned to death walked about the courtyard just as freely as those who had only been guilty of trifling misdeeds and were imprisoned for a year or two.

Many of these gentlemen prefer home-cooked food to that of the establishment, and their charming consorts bring them delicious dinners which Coco would certainly not touch—Coco surnamed the assassin, no one knows why: perhaps because, whenever his colleagues behaved to me as Francis I. did to Titian, he jumped on them without barking to make sure of his bite.

Saturday, October 29th.—At last I have seen the Alhambra; I purposely avoided staying long in this most beautiful place, partly in order not to get too fond of Granada, and partly because the guide who took us about spoilt my artistic enjoyment by his presence. But I hope to see it all again.

The beauty of Granada seen from the tower is admirable, perfect. The mountains covered with snow, the gigantic trees, the exquisite flowers and shrubs, the pure sky, and Granada itself with its white houses basking in the sunshine in the midst of all these natural beauties, the Moorish walls, the towers of the Généralife, and then the Alhambra! . . . And the vast horizon afar looking like the sea; indeed, only the sea is wanting to make this the loveliest country in the world. The palace itself is fantastic in its beauty.

The Moorish dress is unquestionably the most picturesque in existence. There is nothing to compare with the haughty elegance of these superb draperies. I am under the spell of the late Boabdil and his Moors whom I imagine walking about in this unique palace.

In the afternoon I make a sketch in a little street, and when I have done I write on the wall: "Andrey has worked here, 1881." But the shadow on the right hand side of the sketch is too warm in tone, which detracts from the brightness of the light, and grieves me. Do you know it is quite cold, and my fingers were so numb that I had to go and warm them in the sun? This does not encourage me to remain here, as I could not work

in the open air. Indeed, why martyrise myself here, be cruelly bored in the evenings, and not able to sleep on those infamously hard beds, with nothing to eat in the day but a plate of soup and a slice of meat, with a cup of coffee in the morning? But I should have liked to take one good study back with me. . . .

Sunday, October 30th.—I have spent the whole day with the gipsies and yet done nothing at all. It's icily cold, and my face has felt frozen, while the canvas was covered with dust and sand; in short, I've done nothing. But what an inexhaustible mine for artists this is! One ought to remain a whole day to catch those attitudes, those groups, those effects of light and shade! For one thing the gipsies are very amiable to foreigners, because the Spaniards despise them. I ought to come here every day for two or three months to sketch, and what a lot would still have to be left undone. I am crazy about these gipsy types, there is such a natural yet strange kind of grace in their actions, movements, and attitudes. What marvellous pictures one could paint here. Your eyes *run away in all directions*, as they say in Russia; everything is a kind of picture. It is maddening to have come so late; but in spite of the utmost willingness it's impossible to work; the wind blowing from the snow-covered mountains is too cutting to endure. But oh how beautiful, how very beautiful, it is! When I had settled down to paint they came flocking round me, and grouped themselves about the natural steps of the mountain side; you can imagine how well it looked; and then their curiosity is so sympathetic, whereas the people who surrounded me the other day irritated me profoundly. The Spaniards are very idle, so that instead of stopping to look at my work and passing on, a lot of them remain standing behind me for two or three hours. And, moreover, I was painting in quite a deserted street, and there are a great many painters here.

Granada is as artistic and picturesque as Seville is bourgeois, although it boasts a celebrated college. Almost all the streets of Granada, yes, almost all, are delightful for a painter.

You are dazzled and attracted in all directions. You might begin painting wherever you happen to stop, and it would make a picture.

I mean to come back here next year for August, September, and part of October.

Monday, October 31*st*.—I am glad the cold is driving me away, otherwise I would not go, and I ought to be returning now. It is five months since I saw Tony, and I must think of taking a studio, and painting my picture for the Salon without being worried, and in short do all I can. The first year didn't count. You know how little time I had last year, besides that, the subject was not my own. But this year I think I've got hold of something interesting.

I should like to do the *bric-à-brac* of Lorenzo with the staircase and a bright light behind, and a woman mending carpets on a kind of platform; in the foreground another woman sits huddled up cleaning some copper utensils, while a man with his hands in his pockets stands looking at her, smoking a cigar.

The women should be dressed in common calico dresses, which I would buy in Madrid just as they are worn. I possess nearly all the requisite clothes. There would still be the platform to put up; that would cost about a hundred francs. But I shall have to find a studio that's large enough. . . . . This evening I am going away at last, and I can't help singing for joy.

My journey in Spain will have cured me of the habit of eating for the sake of eating, which takes up time and dulls the intellect. I have become as abstemious as an Arab, only taking what is strictly necessary, just enough to live upon.

The son-in-law of the gipsy chief, in whose house I have been painting, has just come from the galleys, where he was kept four years for having abducted a little girl of thirteen.

Wednesday, November 2*nd*.—Here we are again at Madrid, where I've been enjoying myself for a week, as I wanted three days in order *to re-touch the sketch of Lorenzo.*

After hearing me talk of nothing else and seeing me full of impatience to return to Madrid it was quite natural, was it not, that my aunt should come ready dressed to go out and say, "We are going to spend this day in shopping, are we not?" And when I tell her that I am going to paint she looks at me in perfect amazement, and says I must be mad.

You suddenly have an idea and think you have found a subject; you begin concentrating yourself, the dream takes shape, and you set about making a rough draft, quite absorbed in your work, cudgelling your brains to find some harmonious combinations, and just when you are on the point of seizing hold of something that is still rather vague and shapeless and may

escape you before you have had time to get it more clearly defined . . . . just then my dear relations who love me so much, and are so alarmed when I cough, appear on the scene. And yet I am not inordinately sensitive; I think myself very practical compared to other artists. . . . . But you see I am not practical enough. . . . Ah! careless and inconsistent family, who will never understand that a less vigorous, a less energetic, a less exuberant nature, would already have been dead!

Saturday, November 5th.—I am in Paris! What boundless delight! I counted the hours while shivering in the train. The grey tones of this fine city are very enjoyable after the exciting air and burning sun of Spain, and I think with satisfaction of the art treasures of the Louvre—I who was bored by the mere thought of them.

Julian thought that I would return much later, and most likely in ill-health, and perhaps never return at all. What a sweet thing is sympathy, but above all things painting.

Sunday, November 6th.—The law-suit is over, and we have gained it. That is to say, the preliminary inquiry shows that there is no ground for a law-suit. It seems too good to be true, considering for how long it has dragged on, but still it is so. We have just had a telegram from mamma. This is a happy day.

Tuesday, November 15th.—I showed the rough draft for a picture to Julian, who approves. But he doesn't inspire me with confidence any longer; he looked confused; however, I may be imagining it.

There is Tony; but I have not seen so much of him: still, we shall see.

Poor Mlle. Colignon died about twenty days ago. We never cared much for each other; but she was so unhappy of late that I sympathised with her misery in spite of my indifference.

Thursday, November 17th.—I could not drag myself along yesterday, as I suffered so much with my chest, my throat, and my back; I coughed, and had a cold; I couldn't swallow anything, and kept turning hot and then cold.

I feel a little better to-day; but all the same! . . . . I, who have had the advice of the highest medical authorities! And for so many years! ever since I first lost my

voice I have had every care. Yes, this is the ring of Polycrates which I throw into the sea, much against the grain. But as this dreadful disease has got hold of me, it ought to be made up to me by success of another kind. No one can say that I have everything, whatever I may attain to. This should reassure me. . .

Monday, November 21st.—Dr. Potain was sent for on Wednesday, and he has come to-day; in the interval I might have given up the ghost.

I knew quite well that he would again order me south; the mere expectation of it made me gnash my teeth; my voice trembled, and I had some difficulty in keeping back my tears.

To go south is to give in. And considering the persecution of my family, I feel my honour at stake to keep up in spite of everything. To go means letting all the vermin of the studio triumph over me.

"She is very ill; they have taken her to the south."

Tuesday, November 22nd.—It is impossible to express with what despair this exile to the south fills me. It seems as if everything were at an end for me who came back overjoyed at the thought of remaining quietly at work, to work steadily and without interruptions, while keeping in touch with the artistic movement . . . . And now again all has become vague!

And while others will go on progressing in this art-world of Paris, I shall be yonder doing nothing, or running after some picture in the open air, which is a horribly difficult thing to do.

Look at Breslau, it isn't her peasant woman which has been the making of her. . . . In a word, my heart is breaking at the thought of it all.

I have seen Charcot this evening, who says that the disease has not grown worse since last year; I have simply been suffering from a cold during the last six days, which will soon be well. As regards my going south, he says just the same thing: I must go there, or else shut myself up completely like a prisoner. If not I shall run the risk of catching something serious, as the right lung is affected, and it seems I have been lucky to escape hitherto. The disease being local, and not having increased, in spite of my so-called imprudence, may be cured. I was told the same thing last winter, and wouldn't even listen; now I hesitate, and spend hours

in crying, at this idea of leaving Paris, and being interrupted. . . .

It is true that if I should often feel as I have been doing these last days, I shall not gain much by being in Paris. It is this which fills me with despair!

To give in, to avow myself beaten, to say, "Yes, the doctors are right; yes, I am ill!" Oh, unquestionably, everything goes wrong!

Saturday, November 26th.—I was to have gone to Tony, you remember, to work in his presence, show him my sketch, and decide something, but I didn't go out. I feel weak, and can't eat anything, being still feverish, I suppose. It's dreadfully sad to be kept inactive by . . . . by . . . . I know not what; to have no strength, in short! Charcot has come to see me again.

Mamma and Dina arrived yesterday, recalled by my aunt's insane telegrams. Dina has received a letter from her sister this morning asking how I am.

I know I have caught cold, but everybody can catch cold.

But no, everything is over; my ears are in a sad way, what with this cold and fever. What can I hope for? What can I attain? There's nothing to expect now. It's as if some veil had been torn the other day, five or six days ago. It's all over, all over, all over!

Tuesday, November 29th.—This has been going on for a fortnight now, and I may expect it to last as long again.

Mme. Nachet has brought me a bunch of violets to-day, I have seen her as I do everybody, for in spite of continual fever and congestion of the left lung, *alias pleurisy*, and two blisters, I don't give in; I get up and behave like other people. But the quinine makes me deaf; the other night I thought I should have died of fright when I no longer heard my watch. And I must go on taking more of it.

But after all I feel pretty strong, and if it were not that I have not been able to swallow anything for the last fortnight I shouldn't know I was ill.

Ah, but for all that, my work, my picture, my poor picture! It is now the 29th of November, and I shall not be able to begin till the end of December. I shall not have time enough in two months and a half. How unlucky! There's no use in struggling when one is born to be unfortunate. Look at me; painting seemed a refuge, and behold, I am

almost deaf at times. This makes me most dreadfully uncomfortable with my models. I endure continual anguish and find it impossible to do portraits, unless I mentioned my infirmity, and I have not as yet got this courage. In the next place, this illness makes it impossible for me to work, and forces me to remain shut up for a month. Really, it's too sad!

Dina never leaves me—she is so sweet!

Paul and his wife arrived yesterday. The Gavinis came, and Géry, Bojidar, and Alexis. I kept up my spirits, and got the better of my ills by dint of chaffing and courage. . . .

The doctors at present afford me a subject for jokes. Potain, not being able always to come himself, has sent me a doctor who will come every day.

This amuses me, for I act the mad girl, and this gives me an opportunity for saying the most insane things.

Wednesday, November 30th.—Julian came to see me yesterday evening. He thinks me very ill, as I could see by his affectation of gaiety. As for me, I am deeply grieved. I am doing nothing; and as for my picture! And, above all, to be doing nothing! Do you understand my despair? To have to remain here in idleness, while others are working, are making progress, are getting their pictures ready!

I thought God had left me painting, and I had fled to it as to a supreme refuge. And now that too fails me, and all I do is to spoil my eyes with weeping!

Thursday, December 1st—Friday, December 2nd.—It's already the 2nd of December. I ought to be at work—to be looking for all sorts of stuffs, and for the big vase in the background. . . . What's the use of these details? It only makes me cry. I feel much stronger—I eat, I sleep, I am nearly as strong as usual.

But still, there is that congestion of the left lung. The right side, where the chronic affection is, seems to be better—but I don't care about that. What bothers me is this acute illness, which is curable, but will keep me indoors *for some weeks still to come.* It's enough to make you drown yourself.

Ah, it is cruel of God! I had annoyances — family troubles—but they did not touch the very inmost part of myself, so to speak. And then I had such vast hopes. . . . Then I lose my voice — this is the first personal

blow. At last I get used to it—I become resigned, I give it up, I am consoled!

Well, since you can become reconciled to all this, the means of working shall be taken away from you!

No sketch, no picture—nothing at all—and the loss of a whole winter! I, who had put my whole life into my work! Only those who have been in the same plight will understand me.

Wednesday, December 7th.—How this illness exasperates me! Yesterday that horrible sub-Potain, who comes every day—the great man only being able to take that trouble twice a week—well, this assistant, in a careless sort of way, asked whether I was preparing for my journey?

Their South indeed! Oh, merely the thought of it convulses me with rage! I couldn't eat in consequence, and if Julian hadn't come I should have cried with anger the whole of the evening.

Well, no, I don't care! but I won't go south.

Friday, December 9th.—There is a drawing by Breslau in the *Vie moderne*. If I hadn't wept so much, I might have turned my illness to account by making designs and drawing. But my hands still tremble a little.

The lung is cured, but my temperature is still thirty-eight degrees. What a fine thing, to tell you all these details!

I feel I am done for, and dare not ask any questions for fear of hearing what Breslau is painting.

O God, grant my prayer, and give me strength! Have pity upon me!

Thursday, December 15th.—It is now four weeks and two days since I was taken ill. I made quite a tearful scene for the benefit of Potain's assistant, who didn't know how to quiet me. For, giving up the puns, cock-and-bull stories, and other tit-bits with which I tickle his fancy, I began complaining and shedding real tears, with my hair all down, and sobbing piteously over my childish griefs, after the manner of little girls. And I must own that I did it all in cold blood, not believing a word of it. It was just as when I act a part in a play, and manage to turn pale, and to cry quite in earnest. In short, it seems to me that I should make an astonishing

actress—but I cough, and have not breath enough left at present.

My father has arrived this morning. All goes well—only Paul's poor wife feels herself quite put out of countenance, finding an indifference in him which borders on dislike. I behaved properly, and gave her a very fine emerald mamma had given me, and that I didn't know what to do with.

I was rather sorry afterwards; I might have given it to Dina, who adores jewellery. Basta!

I don't mean to say that papa is tiresome; on the contrary, he is a little like me, both mentally and physically (this is praise); but this man will never understand me.

Just fancy his planning to take us all to the country for Easter!

Oh, it's too much, and his indelicacy is too great: to talk of taking me to Russia in February or March in my state of health! You may judge for yourself. But let us overlook it, and leave the rest! No, no! I who won't hear of going to the south! Oh no, don't let's talk of it any more.

Sunday, December 18th.—In a *tête-à-tête* with Julian I gave vent to all my complaints, and he tried to console me by advising me to make drawings every day of things that strike me. Of things that strike me! And what should strike me in the surroundings amidst which I live? Breslau is poor, but she moves in an eminently artistic sphere; Marie's best friend is a musician; Schaeppi is original, if vulgar; and then there's Sara Purser, a painter and philosopher, with whom you can have discussions on Kant, on life, on the *Ego*, and on death, which make you reflect for yourself, and imprint on the mind what you have read or heard; all helps her, down to the quarter she lives in—*Les Ternes*. Our part of the town is too clean, too monotonous, you never see a creature in rags, nor a tree that hasn't been trimmed, nor a crooked street. Then you complain of your wealth? . . . Not so; I merely note that comfort may interfere with artistic development, and that the surroundings in which we live make half our individuality.

Wednesday, December 21st.—To-day I have been out, wrapped up in furs, with the windows up, and a bear-skin over my feet. Potain said this morning that I might go out if there were less wind, and I took proper care. The weather was splendid, ... as for the precautions!

But that isn't the question, it is rather Breslau: "tout entière à sa proie attachée." My picture for the Salon is spoilt. What have I to show for her picture of this summer?

This girl is a power; she is not the only one I admit; but we come out of the same cage, not to say the same nest, and I foresaw and predicted her gifts, and announced them to you during my first days of study, ignorant as I then was, very ignorant. I despise, and have no faith in, myself. I don't understand why Julian and Tony say what they do. I am nothing; I have nothing in my vitals (Oh, Zola!). Compared to Breslau, I seem to myself like a thin and brittle cardboard box compared to a richly carved, massive oak chest. I am hopeless about myself, and am convinced that if I were to talk to the masters about it, they would come to the same conclusion.

But I mean to persist for all that, and to go on with closed eyes and arms stretched out, like one about to be engulfed in an abyss.

Thursday, December 29th.—It is eight days now since I have written anything; this will show you that my glorious existence has been taken up with a little work, and some calls. Nothing new; however, when I am well enough I go out; I went to try on some dresses, and then for a drive in the Bois, and to see Julian on Saturday, with mamma and Dina. And on Sunday I went to church to prevent their saying that I am at my last gasp, as that charming Bertha tells everybody.

On the contrary, I am picking up again; my arms, which were so thin ten days ago, are getting rounded; this means that I am better than before my illness.

If I go on like this for another ten days, I shall have to stop getting fatter, for I shall just be right, as I don't want to get back my rather too pronounced hips of three years ago. Julian, who came yesterday evening, says that I am much more graceful as it is. We laughed about it all the evening. I am painting the portrait of Paul's wife. Yesterday I felt such an accession of strength, that I wanted to do Dina, Nini, and Irma, at the same time. Irma is not an ordinary model; they say she is the type of the now vanished Grisette; she is droll and sentimental, with a strange sort of *naïveté* amidst her vice.

"When you have become a *cocotte*" . . . . I said to her the other day.

"Oh dear," she answered, "I am not lucky enough for that!"

She sits with intelligence; she does for anything with her startling pallor, for she may be taken for an innocent young girl, or an abyss of depravity, like all those young ladies of the street.

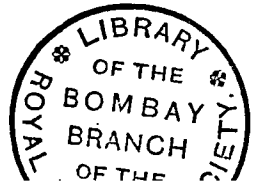
She asked for leave to remain, although there was nothing for her to do, and spent the afternoon crocheting in front of the fire.

Friday, December 30th.—There's been nothing but quarrelling going on all day.

At last, in order to recover from it, I go to Tony's, and show him the drawing for the portrait of Paul's wife. He declared it to be very original, very original in its arrangement, and well conceived. The sympathetic Fleury showed himself delighted to see me restored to health, and after talking very gaily for a while, we touched on the very grave subject of art, and spoke of Breslau, amongst other things. . . . "She has certainly a good deal of talent," said he; "she is highly gifted."

Ah! it's impossible for this paper to interpret my feelings! All the fire and the fever. . . . Oh for the power to work night and day, all the time, all the time, and do something really good! I know well that he says, that whenever I choose I can do as much as she; I know equally well that he credits me with the same gifts; but I am ready to cry, I am ready to die, I am ready to go no matter where, where I could. . . . But could I really? Ah! Tony has faith in me, but I have no faith. . . . I am consumed by the desire to do something good, and I know my incapacity. . . . . Here I must stop. As you believe me implicitly, you might really seriously believe. . . . I have said it in the hope of being contradicted. . . .

O Lord! here I am writing all this, and spending my time in trying to find the most appropriate expressions for my troubles, while Breslau, not nearly so foolish, draws and works.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CHAPTER X.

PARIS, NICE, RUSSIA, 1882.

Monday, January 2nd.—My great passion just now is my painting, I cannot venture to say "my art;" to speak of art (and its aspirations or inspirations), one must have made one's name. Without that, you have the air of a conceited amateur, or, rather, there is in doing so .... something of indelicacy which wounds the better feelings in my nature; it is like acknowledging some noble action .... a false shame, in fact.

Wednesday, January 4th.—Julian spends the evening in teasing us about our partiality for Tony, and on his for us. At midnight we take chocolate; Dina is very gracious .... for the rest, I quite understand that people should keep their charms for connoisseurs.

I always dress with special care for the artists, and quite differently—long gowns, without stays, and draperies. In society, my figure would not be thought slim enough, nor my dress sufficiently fashionable; thus all my prettiest fancies, too extravagant for society, will help me with the Ministère des Beaux-Arts. . . . I am always dreaming of forming a salon full of eminent people. . . .

Friday, January 6th.—Art, even amongst the humblest raises the mind, and gives us the feeling of possessing more than those who do not belong to the sublime brotherhood.

Wednesday, January 11th.—We are giving a soirée to-morrow, our New Year's Eve. Preparations for it have been going on for a week; more than two hundred and fifty invitations have been sent out, for they have been very much in demand among our friends. As no one has yet begun to receive, it is quite an event, and I fully believe that we shall have some very distinguished people. Won't that be charming?

Étincelle puts a paragraph in her notes of the *Figaro*, with a poem in honour of Mlle. Marie, the beauty, the artist, &c. &c. For that matter, Étincelle is charming; had she never written a word, I'd still think her the most charming of the

ugly. She is more seductive than fifty lovely women, with a sort of Parisian hall-mark, a stamp of personality. Take note of what I say, for it is an indescribable something. All the celebrities, whether men or women, old or young, have a certain note in the voice, a certain air which is the same for all, and which I will call the family air of notoriety.

We shall have the two Coquelins. The elder Coquelin, Léon's friend, came yesterday to see the drawing-rooms, and settle about the pieces. G—— was there, and he bored me with his connoisseur airs. A little more, and he would have given advice to Coquelin, who is very agreeable—be it said in passing—a good fellow, who does not for one instant make you feel that embarrassment which so many people feel in the presence of a stranger of note.

Friday, January 13th.—The two Coquelins were splendid, and the drawing-room presented a lovely sight, as there were a good many pretty women—first of all the ravishing trio, the Marchioness de Reverseaux, daughter of Janvier de la Motte, Mme. Thouvenel, and Mme. de Joly; the Countess de Kessler, they were nearly all beauties . . . . and, in short, all "suitable guests," as Tony says, who stayed away, as did Julian also. Mme. G—— was enchanted, and ended up by dancing and waltzing with Count Plater, upon my honour.

There was dinner first.

Then, as for artists, there was the brother of Bastien-Lepage, who was still away. His brother, it's always so, but on Thursday we are going to see the real one. And George Bertrand. . . . Last year he painted an admirable and moving picture entitled *Le Drapeau*: I showed appreciation of him in my chronicle, and he sent a very kind message. I sent him an invitation from "Pauline Orell." Pollack presents him to me. It is amusing; he pays me great compliments, for though I carefully hid my studies, Dina has shown some of them to whomsoever she saw fit. Carrier-Belleuse was languishing beneath my eyes towards the end of the evening, and looked quite tender and sentimental as he insisted on the cruelty of the device: *Gloriæ Cupido.*

That youth is capable of becoming very amorous, and perhaps is so already; but it will pass off; he clearly sees *Gloriæ Cupido*—and nothing more.

We had supper at three o'clock. Gabriel was on my right, and nearly sixty people stayed. Nini was charming, lovely, with splendid shoulders, and an exquisite dress.

Dina, mamma, and aunt, were also beautifully dressed. I wore a gown made by Doucet and me jointly, a nearly faithful reproduction of the Cruche Cassée of Greuze. Little loose curls fastened behind to a small chignon, rather high on the nape. A long chain of Bengal roses disappearing and shedding their petals in the folds of my skirt. The short, narrowly pleated skirt is made of silk muslin; the bodice of satin merveilleux, laced up the front, very wide, and forming folds at the waist, being made without point, and a scarf tied askew. A second petticoat of muslin, lined with satin, open in the front, and looped back, forms paniers, one of which is filled with roses. I was looking charming. Potain's odious assistant was walking about like a shadow, in order to catch me, and keep me from dancing.

Sunday, January 13th. — There is a long article by Étincelle about our soirée; but, as it was expected, no one is satisfied. It compares me to the Cruche Cassée, and my people are afraid lest it be regarded as an insult at Poltava. It is too silly! The article is really very good; only, as she had said two days ago that I am one of the prettiest women in the Russian Empire, she contents herself this time with describing my dress. Hence comes the disappointment.

I am heart and soul in my art. I think that I caught the sacred fire somewhere in Spain, along with my pleurisy; from a worker I am beginning to turn into an artist; it is a hatching of heavenly things which makes me slightly mad. . . . I compose in the evening and dream of an Ophelia. Potain has promised to take me to Sainte-Anne to see heads of mad women; moreover, an Arab, an old Arab, sitting and singing to a sort of guitar, keeps haunting me, and I am thinking of doing a large canvas for the next Salon, a little carnival scene . . . .; but in order to do that I must go to Nice. Yes, Naples for the carnival, certainly; but, to work out my big undertaking in the open air, I have my villa at Nice. . . . I am saying all this while my wish is to remain here.

Saturday, January 21st.—Mme. C—— is coming to take us to see Bastien-Lepage. We find two or three Americans there, and little Bastien-Lepage, who is small, and very fair, with hair *à la bretonne*, a snub nose, and a youth's beard. All one's notions are quite upset. I adore his painting,

and it is impossible to regard him as a master. I feel inclined to treat him as a fellow-comrade, and there hang his pictures to fill me with admiration, awe, and envy. There are four or five of them all life-size, and painted in the open air. They are quite lovely; one of them represents a female cowherd of eight or ten years of age in a field; there is a bare tree with the cow beneath it; the poetry of it is very impressive, and the eyes of the little girl have an expression of infantine and rustic reverie which I do not know how to describe. He has the air of a good-natured little man, very self-satisfied . . . . this Bastien!

I come in to help mamma to receive a large number of people. That's what it is to give soirées in Paris, you see, says one of our friends.

Sunday, January 22nd. — The carnival fills all my thoughts just now, and I am making sketches in crayon. If I only had talent, what a charming thing it would be to do.

Friday, January 27th.—Gambetta has fallen, that is to say, he is no longer minister; but that matters little in my opinion.

But just notice how present events show the cowardice and bad faith of mankind! Those of the *Intransigeant* who are attacking Gambetta do not for a moment believe in all those idiotic accusations about the Dictatorship. . . .

Ah! I shall always be disgusted by the infamous deeds which are done daily.

Monday, January 30th.—We will certainly go to the villa Géry at Nice. As for Saturday, I had a pleasant day. Bastien, whom I saw last evening at the ball at the Hôtel Continental, where the Queen presided, and which was given for the benefit of the Breton Salvage Corps, came and stayed for more than an hour; I showed him some of my work, and he gave me advice with flattering severity. For the rest, he said that I was *marvellously* gifted. As that had not the air of a compliment, I felt such a strong movement of joy that I was on the point of seizing the good little man by the head and embracing him.

Anyhow, I am very gratified at having heard him. He gave me the same advice as Tony and Julian, and said the same things. Besides, is he not a pupil of M. Cabanel?

Every one has his own characteristics, but as regards the grammar of the art, it must always be sought among what are called the classics. Neither Bastien nor any one else can teach his own peculiar qualities; one can only learn what is to be learnt, the rest depends upon one's self. Mme. de Péronny (Étincelle) has come, and I have spent a full quarter of an hour between this cultured woman and this great artist, before my fireplace and then under the palm-tree, puffing myself out with vanity and pleasure. I shall not trouble myself about the other visitors, whom I have left in the state drawing-room with mamma.

Nice.—We started at eight o'clock in the evening—Paul, Dina, myself, Nini, Rosalie, Basile, and Coco. The villa Géry is just what I wanted. It is in the open country, and only ten minutes' walk from the Promenade des Anglais. We have a terrace, gardens, and a roomy, comfortable house.

We find everything ready, and M. Pécoux, the steward, with bouquets.

I took a tramway ride this evening, which enchanted me; there is the gaiety of France and Italy combined without the Paris mob. As I wrote to Julian, it is as convenient as Paris, and as picturesque as Granada; at five metres' distance from the Promenade des Anglais what costumes, rags, and models, are to be found, and such tones! Why go to Spain? O Nice! O South! O Mediterranean! O my beloved country, which has caused me such suffering! O my first joys, and my much greater griefs! O my childhood, my ambitions, my charms!

Do what I will, everything will always commence there, and side by side with the sufferings which have darkened my sixteenth year, there will always be recollections of first youth, which are, as it were, the finest flowers of life.

Tuesday, February 7th.—I am smarting. Wolff dedicates ten lines of extreme flattery to Mlle. Breslau.

However, it is not my fault. One acts according to one's talents. She is entirely devoted to her art; but as for me, I invent gowns for myself, I dream of draperies, of bodices, of retaliations in society in Nice. I do not mean to say that I should have her talent if I did as she does; she follows her bent and I follow mine. But I feel my wings clipped; in fact, I feel my incapacity sufficiently to make me wish to give up for good and all. Julian told me that I could do just as much if I would. If I would? why, in order to have the will there must be the power. Those who succeed with *I will*

are, unknown to themselves, upheld by secret forces which I lack. And to say that at times I have not only faith in my coming talent, but that I feel the sacred fire of genius! O misery!

At all events, here nobody is to blame, it is less enraging. Nothing is so horrible as to say to one's self, "Had it not been for that person or for this, I might have gained my object." I think that I do all I can and I attain nothing.

O God, grant that I may be mistaken, and that the consciousness of my mediocrity may be all a mistake!

Friday, February 10th.—The blow was so severe that I have spent the last three days in real misery.

I am no longer going on with my large painting, but am doing simpler and more reasonable things and studies. I have made a solemn resolution not to lose another minute and not to make any more vain attempts. But *to concentrate myself.* Bastien, Julian, and also the fortunate Breslau, all recommend me to do so. Yes, Breslau is truly fortunate, and to be as much so as she is I would give unhesitatingly all that is called my *good fortune* and *wealth.* With an income of ten thousand francs to give independence, and with talent in addition, what more can you want?

Anyhow, she is awfully fortunate, is that girl! Every time that I think of Wolff's article I feel how unfortunate I am! Yet it is not what is called envy. But I have not the heart to analyse my feelings, and to find the most appropriate expressions. . . .

Monday, February 13th.—On Saturday I commenced a picture: for a whole fortnight I have been on the look-out; two or three subjects have attracted my attention, but they have not progressed beyond the second sitting. It is always thus when it is not just right. . . .

You make up your mind to a subject in order not to lose time in researches, and then you feel bound to go on with it; besides, what is sought rarely succeeds; nor does it follow that we always succeed when we think we have hit upon the right thing; but at least there has been the pleasure of being captivated by it. How long will it be before I am convinced that a subject is useless in unskilful hands? However, even for simple studies you must do what pleases you; it is useless to tell me that the subject need not prepossess me. I began a picture which rendered me perfectly wretched for four

or five days. I did not venture to give it up, and I had not the heart to work at it; after I did give it up I felt a sense of deliverance. I am making sketches in water-colour for the first time; every minute is occupied, and I have found my picture; for, in addition to minor things, I must take a big study to Julian. My subject is three street boys close to a gateway. It looks to me very realistic and amusing. The blow I received from Wolff's article has done me good; I was crushed and overwhelmed, and the reaction has made me comprehend things concerning art which tormented me, because I did not attain them and even doubted of their existence. This has caused me to make a healthy effort; I also begin to understand what I have read of the struggles, sufferings, &c. &c., of artists: I used to laugh at them as empty fiction. That famous *will* of Breslau, I have had recourse to it, and I see that in order to obtain those results which I thought fell from heaven, great efforts must be made. That is to say, I have made no real effort hitherto. This extreme facility in work has spoiled me. Breslau obtains fine results, but with much labour; as for me, when it does not come at once and of itself I remain stupid. This must be overcome. I have been trying to compel myself to work up my sketches and crayon *compositions* to the requisite finish, and have succeeded in doing things of which I thought myself incapable, and which I believed others did by trickery and almost witchcraft, so difficult is it to see in others faculties which we do not ourselves possess.

If I could go on working as I have done these few days past, I should be very happy! It is not a mere question of working like a machine, but of being continually occupied and thinking all the time about one's work, that is happiness. No preoccupation stands against it. And I, who complain so often, am thanking God for these three days, at the same time dreading that this state of things may not last.

Everything changes its aspect then; petty miseries almost cease to worry; you are above all that, with a something radiant in your being, a divine indulgence towards the vulgar crowd which does not know the secret, changing, fluctuating, and varied causes of your beatitude, more fragile than the most fragile flower.

Tuesday, February 14th.—Ah! what enjoyment in observation we who have read Balzac and who read Zola possess!

Wednesday, February 15th.—The eyes are opened little by little; formerly, I used to see only the drawing and the subject of pictures; but now . . . . ah! now if I could execute as I can see I should have talent. I *see* the landscape, I see and love the landscape, water, air, and colour—colour!

Sunday, February 19th.—If you knew my torments! I struggle against idleness and against that terrible *it will be bad*, which prevents me from doing anything. And I suffer keen remorse for every lost hour. . . .

And why do you not do rough sketches, and this, that, and the other? And when I see the drawings in the *Vie moderne*, I turn red and pale, and want to do at the first attempt just as much as these people who have been working at them for ten years past, not perceiving that one must keep on at them, even do bad ones, and still go on, in order to make good ones at last. Ah! what a terrible and dangerous moment it is when one quits the regulated and mechanical work of the studio, and feels the need of becoming pliable and dividing one's self into portions, so to say, in order to do a little of everything; in short to be left to one's own judgment for understanding what is needful, and knowing where the fault lies. *To be conscious of one's condition.*

It is a good sign, but diabolically tormenting. This has continued for several months already, and this constant struggle would be detestable if it were not for the vague hope that it may perhaps lead to several months of continuous work, fruitful, calm, and well-considered, which will open up new horizons, and then . . . .

I recollect that two or three years ago . . . . the fortunate Breslau passed through the same torments as myself; for whole months she could not get anything done, and I have seen her pass some horrible Saturdays for her; she was ready to take up sculpture out of sheer despair.

Monday, February 27th.—After a thousand perplexities I have spoilt my canvas. The boys did not sit, so attributing these failures to my incapacity, I commenced again and again, and at last . . . . it is very fortunate; those dreadful monsters moved, laughed, cried, and fought. . . . I am honestly doing a study, in order to be free from the torture of painting pictures; all that I undertook became at the end of twenty-four hours either stiff, or vulgar, or clumsy, or pretentious, after having pleased me very much. . . . Besides, it

is better to do simple studies; I am at such a critical period, and how much lost time—Biarritz, illness, and a month here already!

If I had not wished so madly to paint pictures, or rather if I had not been knocked over by Wolff's lines in favour of Breslau. . . . There is only one thing which can set me up again, it is to produce work which will be acknowledged to be very good; but there. . . .

Paris, Thursday, April 20th.—Well, I don't feel as I did after Spain; I am not enchanted at seeing Paris again, only satisfied. . . . Besides, I cannot account for any feeling, I am so disturbed about my work. I tremble to think what will be said, and I am crushed by the remembrance of Breslau, who is treated by the public as a full-fledged artist. I went to see Julian yesterday (we reached Paris yesterday morning), and he no longer treats me as a serious worker—brilliant, yes, but no depth, no will; he would have desired more—he had hoped better things. All that, in the course of conversation, made me feel very bad. I am waiting for him to see my work from Nice, and no longer hope for anything good.

I have painted Thérèse, a child of six years old, going for provisions, in a country lane, life size; then an old man at his window, beside a pot of rose carnations, life size; then a boy carrying a sack, life size half length; two small landscapes; three sailors, five or six little studies, and some crayon drawings; also two unfinished pastels and etchings in my album.

I do not know whether they are good or horrible, and all these fears send fire, as it were, all over me.

Saturday, April 22nd.—No, look you; what I should want in order to live would be the possession of great talent. I shall never be happy like the rest of the world; to be celebrated and to be loved, as Balzac says, that is happiness! . . . And yet to be loved is only an accessory, or rather the natural result, of being celebrated. Breslau is lean, crooked, and worn out; she has an interesting head, but no charm; she is masculine and solitary!

She will never be anything of a woman unless she has genius; but if I had her talent I should be like no one else in Paris. . . . That must come. . . . In the mad desire that it may come I seem to see a sort of hope that it will come.

This absence, this interrupted work . . . . no longer to have advice and encouragement . . . . it is bewildering! . . . You feel as though you had returned from China, you are no longer up to date. Ah! . . . . I think I like nothing as I do painting, which, in my eyes, must give me all other kinds of happiness! False vocation, false disposition, false hope! This morning I went to the Louvre, and behold, I am slandering myself; one ought to be able to reproduce when one sees as I do. Formerly I used to have the confidence of ignorance, but my eyes have been opened for some time past. This morning it was Paul Veronese's turn to appear to me in all his splendour and magnificence—this unheard-of richness of tones! How shall I explain that these splendours have hitherto seemed to me great, dingy, grey and flat canvases? . . . What I did not see, I see now. . . . The celebrated pictures, which I looked at simply out of natural respect, charm and fascinate me; I feel the delicacies of colouring; in short, I appreciate *colour*.

One of Ruysdael's landscapes has made me return to it twice. Some months ago I saw nothing in it of what I see this morning—of real atmosphere . . . . of space; in short, it is not painting, it is Nature itself. Well, that I now see all those beauties, which I did not see before, is owing to my trained eye; it may well be that the same phenomenon is produced in the hand.

I do not mean to say that until I went to Spain I was absolutely wooden, but that journey certainly removed a veil from my eyes. . . . Well, then, I must now work at the studio—I have done enough independent things to render my hand supple for the moment; now my technique must become first-rate, and I will paint a picture. . . .

Sunday, April 23rd.—I have just spent some minutes before the studies I made at Nice. Even the thought that perhaps some good quality may be found in them sends a shiver down my back; for Tony, Julian, and Bastien, seem to me so mean, and of so little account compared with the immense effect that their words can produce on me.

There are no true anxieties, or true happinesses, except in things which concern our fame. What a grand expression!

I cannot settle myself. On Monday I will go to the studio to set to work again. It looks as if I had been lazy for months, and as if some misfortune had happened to me.

I have not done as well as I could; I was in a hurry to get

back to Paris. . . . I have come a cropper again! These thoughts pass through my head like heavy clouds, and fill me with anguish, making me feel hot and cold every five minutes. . . .

The sky is grey and stormy, it rains, and the wind is scorching; outside, the same state as within . . . . it is a physical effect then!

But I had something else to say—some reflections, which I have forgotten, about love, owing to what I have read this morning.

Love is the constant theme. To be loved by a man sufficiently inferior to yourself to look upon you as a goddess from heaven, would have a certain charm. . . . Some one who acknowledges his inferiority. To know that with a look you pour out treasures of delight! . . . . There is a charitable side to this, which flatters our feelings of generosity.

Tuesday, April 25th.—My own disquietude was enough, and I had no need to see the anxious faces of my relatives looking at me to see if I felt any emotion. In short, this is what Tony said:—Dina's costume in her disguise, "Very good, very good"; the man on the sea-shore, "Very good, too"; then Thérèse's head, "Not at all bad, but the tone of the landscape in respect to the dress is not correct"; the little landscape, "Very good"; the old man's dress, "Very good"; the old man himself, "Well drawn, but not simple enough, and not enough something else; in short, there's good work in them." . . . "Well," you will say, "you ought to be satisfied." Ah! he also added that I needed to make a very carefully worked out study; that he would watch my work closely, and be at my disposal whenever I have recourse to him. Well, they afterwards made him take a cup of broth in the dining-room expecting a tirade upon my enormous talent. But as he was expected by the commission of the Salon at five o'clock (that's why he chose this day to come here, for we are quite close to the Salon), and being pressed for time, he contented himself with thanks for the glass of Marsala and the broth, and took himself off speedily.

Then my aunt said that he is a fool, and knows nothing; mamma added that it is really astonishing that I should be so cast down. It is true that I looked worried through their meddling anxiety. . . . It seems that all mothers are the same; but it is none the less irritating on that account. In short, I was reduced to the weeping-point, and came to pour out the fulness of my poor heart here.

I ought to be satisfied. . . . No, I am almost crushed, and mamma is nearly right. . . . There is not sufficient reason for it. . . . I wished that man to say to me—to prevent my utter collapse, it would have been necessary for him to say—"*Very good! you have hit it this time; it is excellent; you are as powerful as Breslau, and have more good points than she has.*"

Anything less than the above could not satisfy me or even lift me out of the despair I have been in for a year past on account of my painting. True, he did say, when he saw the man on the sea-shore, that it is "*Very good, very good*"; then pointing out the tone of the drapery in relation to the horizon, said that too is "*Very good*"; also the little landscape which he looked at several times: and Dina's pastel and mine, which is partly good; and Thérèse's head, which is "*Not at all bad.*" What do I want more? I don't know. . . . And in the first place he was too hurried; it seems to me that he did not look at them enough. . . . I should have liked him to pay me a long compliment upon my extraordinary gifts.

This *good* so often expressed fails to satisfy me while I have still on my heart the *very good* accorded to Breslau, for a little picture that she painted in Brittany two years ago!

And when he says the same thing to me for my little picture painted at Nice, it does not seem to have the same value. Why? Before I started for Nice, he said to me that Breslau's fisherwoman was *very good*. Now that this same fisherwoman is received under No. 3, he tells me only that it is *not bad*. In short . . . . I am not satisfied. Why? Firstly, because my family based such extraordinary hopes on those few studies that only the absurdest compliments would have satisfied them; and then there's the effect of the Spring on the nerves. When I get thus over-excited, my arm burns above the elbow—it is rather funny. Wise doctors please explain!

Saturday, April 29th.—I am not an artist; I have drawn without any difficulty just as I do everything, but I cannot . . . Yet when I was a child of three years old I drew profiles in chalk on the whist-tables in the country, and then ever after . . . : you would have sworn that it was my vocation . . . . and see what it comes to! . . . However, I have nothing to say except that these are trying moments to pass through; I collapse. Yet, after all, what

has happened? why, nothing . . . . Breslau has been working much longer than I have—almost twice as long . . . . Admitting that I am as gifted as she, everything is quite natural; for I have been painting for three years, and she—well, she has been painting for more than five.

Sunday, April 30th.—I have spent all the morning varnishing with Villevielle, Alice, and Webb. In black, very becoming. I am amused to see that I am not unknown to society in the Paris world. Carolus Duran came to talk to me—very kind—he is a charming man. Breslau's picture is quite skied, and the effect is deplorable. I was so disquieted at the success which she appeared certain to obtain that it is a great consolation; I won't conceal it. Her friends came with tears in their eyes to ask my opinion; I told them that it was not a fine picture, but that they ought to have given her a better place.

The outcome of this brilliant day was my conversation with Julian, in which he reproached me with wasting my talents, with not fulfilling the splendid promises . . . . &c. In short, he thinks I am submerged; so do I, and we are going to try to fish me up again; I told him sincerely that I am quite aware of this deplorable condition, that it disheartens me and that I think I am done for; he reminded me how powerful I was, and that a sketch of mine, which he possesses, attracts the attention of every one who goes to see him . . . . and so on. Ah! *mon Dieu*, get me out of this, get me out of this! take me; I was going to say that . . . . God was very good to me in not suffering me to be killed outright by Breslau, at all events to-day. I do not know how to express myself so as to avoid the appearance of mean sentiments. If the picture had been as I expected, it would have made an end of me . . . . in the deplorable condition of my work. . . . I have not for one moment wished that it should be bad, that would be ignoble; but I dreaded so much to see a formidable success; I was so nervous when opening the papers that God has perhaps taken compassion upon me. . . .

Tuesday, May 9th.—Tony and Julian dined here to-day. I put on a fantastic dress, and we did not separate until half-past eleven. Julian was very droll after the champagne, and Tony very handsome, very sedate, and very calm, with his fine worn-looking head. You would wish to move that soul, with its air of tender melancholy, all in half light.

I cannot imagine the professor carried away by violent emotions; he is calm and logical, and if it were a question of the heart he would show you their cause and origin with perfect composure, just as if he were explaining the relative merits of a picture. In conclusion, and—as he says—to sum up, he is charming. . . .

The portrait of a young girl, by Sargent, haunts me. It is ravishing! It is an exquisite painting, that one would willingly place in a gallery with works of Van Dyck and Velasquez.

Saturday, May 20th.—Ah, I am disheartened! What have I been doing since I came to Paris? I am not even eccentric any longer. And what have I done in Italy? On one occasion I allowed myself to be kissed in secret by that stupid A——. Well! and after that? I am disgusted with it! But plenty of young girls have done it, and do it, and no one says horrid things about them. I assure you that when I hear scraps of the things that have been said about us and about me, I feel quite numbed, it is so overwhelming.

The law-suit has been disastrous, but it has come to an end. Then something else springs up. They attack me! . . . . And to think that while I am quiet and alone in my room—surrounded by my books, after working for eight or ten hours, to think what people may say about me—that I am morally dragged from this deep retirement, stripped, remarked upon, distorted: that thoughts and actions are attributed to me! . . . They say I am twenty-five, and confer upon me a mortifying independence which I have never had. Oh dear! it makes my arms fall at my side, and I feel inclined to cry.

Yesterday we went to the Salon with G——, the brother of Bastien, and Beaumetz. Bastien-Lepage is going to paint a picture of a little peasant looking at a rainbow. It will be sublime, I can tell you. What talent, what talent!

Monday, May 22nd.—I fully believe that I shall never love . . . . but one . . . . and he, it is probable, will never love me. Julian is right: to take my revenge I should need a crushing superiority . . . . to make a tremendous match with a leader of society—rich and well known! How splendid it would be! Or else to have

such a talent as Bastien-Lepage, which would bring all the eyes of Paris upon me! I am delightful: I speak of it as though it might really happen to me! I have nothing but misfortunes. O God, let me have my revenge at last! . . . I shall be so considerate for all that suffer. . . .

Thursday, May 25th.—This morning we have been to see Carolus Duran. What an astounding and charming creature! He is rather laughed at for doing something of everything. . . . What does that matter? He shoots very well, rides, dances, plays the piano, the organ, and the guitar, and sings. It is said that he dances badly; but as regards everything else, he does it with wonderful grace. He thinks himself a Spaniard and a Velasquez. He has a very attractive person, engrossing conversation, and there is in his whole manner something so good-natured, so much self-satisfaction, so much ease and pleasure in admiring his own dear self, that no one can object—quite the contrary. And if you smile occasionally, you are not the less conquered, especially if you think of all those whom we swallow who have not a quarter of his ability.

He is in such deadly earnest about himself. But supposing we were in his place, who amongst us would not have his head slightly turned?

This morning his studio was never empty. The light, coming from the roof, gives a sort of old-world look to the very modern studio. The visitors have a formal and admiring air, and Carolus plays the master with a counterfeit air of Faure in *Don Juan* or *Rigoletto*. He goes from group to group, with his moustache curled, his leg stretched out, his beard diabolical, and his hair inspired, and from time to time hurries off to scribble something at his desk, with haggard looks, now and then rubbing his hand on his forehead, as though to keep down his genius. He is exaggerated, that's plain enough; but I am always charmed when any one poses as an interesting personality, which makes you think of romantic days, which have passed away. This mixture of music, brush, and sword, is very amusing; and if in these days it makes people laugh, so much the worse for those who laugh! Carolus Duran is right—the more so as his talent justifies his attitude and his pretensions.

And then he is charming with all women, they say, and says pleasing trifles.

"What did you see to admire at the Salon the other day?" I asked him.

"You were there; what else was there to look at?" . . .

Or again, when I was lamenting about painting. . . .

"Ah! art is terrible! . . . You would like it to come to your feet, like men prostrated in the dust. Well, no! it resists you, and you adore it."

Attitudiniser, comedian, anything you like! I will not conceal the fact that I detest dull people, and so much the worse for those who only see the comic side of these exceptional natures, which are charming, in spite of their acting and attitudes. You will adduce, on the other hand, persons of great talent, who are modest and retiring; ah! so much the worse for them and for us!

When heaven gratifies you with all its gifts, you are an incomplete creature if you remain in your corner, instead of taking advantage of your true worth to make a little *display*, as vulgar fools term it.

Friday, May 26th.—The rewards bestowed are disgusting; that gained by Zilhardt is one of the best deserved. But there are others, it is sickening, and makes one very sad!

It would seem as though artists ought to be more conscientious and more honourable than other men. Well, it is not so at all, and I am vexed at it.

Sunday, May 28th.—The Duchess de Fitz-James called to say that she would take us this evening to her daughter-in-law's. There was a ball. Mamma declares that the duchess is the most amiable person in the world. They see one another pretty frequently, but I do not know anything for certain. So we are going to fetch her, and arrive all together.

Everything is most elegant: real society, real young ladies, ravishing and fresh; real toilettes. The old duchess has I don't know how many nephews and grand-children. The names I heard mentioned are those of the best known and most aristocratic people, and the few persons with whom I am acquainted are the most elegant. As to me, enchanted as I was to find myself in this drawing-room, I thought all the time about a pastel which I had done in the morning, and which haunted me as a bad one.

Besides, one cannot escape like that. . . . I should want at least two months of society to captivate me with it. But do you think that that really amuses *me*? . . . Is it not rather stupid, hollow, and dull? And to think that there are people

who live only for it! For my part, I should like it occasionally; just enough to be in the current, for instance, as celebrities do who go into it only for relaxation; but enough, however, not to have the air of a Hottentot, or a dweller in the moon.

Monday, May 29th.—Yesterday we went to the Bois with Adeline, who says that we are fairly launched in the most aristocratic society of Paris, and to-day we are paying visits to the Queen, the two Duchesses de Fitz-James, the Countess de Turenne, Mme. de Briey, and, lastly, to the American.

I saw Julian this morning; he thinks the large pastel of Dina is very good.

But the question is about a large picture for next year; but Julian is not taken with the idea, being too much of a Parisian to enter into this conception. As for me, I am very enthusiastic about it, and do not venture to say so, for only those who have talent may be enthusiastic or excited about a subject. On my part, it would be pretentious and ridiculous. I had thought of an episode in the carnival, and I give it up. It would only be a display of colour. . . . I feel deeply what I want to do; I go into it heart and soul, and for months already—in fact, nearly two years. . . . I do not know if I shall be strong enough this winter to do it well. . . . Then so much the worse, for I shall produce a mediocre painting, but that will have all the qualities of truth, emotion, and feeling. It is impossible to do a thing badly that fills your whole soul, especially when you draw well. . . . In short, it is the scene when Joseph of Arimathea has buried the body of Jesus, and the stone has been rolled before the sepulchre; every one has gone, night falls, and Mary Magdalen and the other Mary remain, alone, seated in front of the sepulchre.

It is one of the finest moments of the sublime drama, and one of the least hackneyed.

There is in it a greatness, a simplicity something appalling, pathetic, and human. An indescribable and fearful calm; the exhaustion of grief in the two poor women. . . . The material side remains to be studied. . . .

Saturday, June 3rd.—The competition is decided; it is quite a joke, there are only two classed, and they are the worst; no medals; I think the professors are laughing at us.

From three to five o'clock we are collecting on the great staircase of the Salon; I look charming in a Louis XV. dress, pale rose colour with moss-coloured velvet. There are plenty of people—Queen Isabel, who is very gracious to me; then

some friends, and the sympathetic American, who gives twenty francs. Furthermore, all those who pass give me something. When I am not worried, there is something pleasing about me which is attractive. Three young artists who had passed rather quickly consulted together after looking at me, and then one of them returned to give me forty sous. It was very nice, for the collectors are usually avoided, and one runs as quickly as possible when one is compelled to pass through their ranks. At five o'clock I was with the duchess; she took us to Viscountess de Janzé, who has an hotel filled with curiosities, and who is one of the queens of Paris, as Balzac said. Afterwards to the Bois with the Duchess de Fitz-James and her grand-daughter Mlle. de Charette.

Thursday, June 8th.—It is more than four o'clock; it is broad daylight. I close the shutters hermetically to make myself artificial darkness, while the blue blouses of the workmen are passing in the street as they are going already to their work. Poor fellows! It rains before five o'clock in the morning! these poor people are working hard while we moan over our miseries in lace from Doucet's! What a vulgar commonplace I have just written. Every one suffers in his own sphere and grumbles, and every one has good reasons for doing so. I, at the present time, complain of nothing, for if I do not possess talent, no one is to blame for it. I never complain except about things that are unjust, unnatural, detestable, as so many things in the past . . . . and in the present still; though, it is true, this isolation may be beneficial in perhaps leading me to develop talent. Fortunate Carolus Duran, who is a celebrity, and who thinks himself the most sublime artist of all times!

I want to go to Brittany, and work there.

Tuesday, June 20th.—Ah, well! nothing new. An interchange of visits and painting . . . . and Spain. Ah! Spain, it is one of Théophile Gautier's books which has caused all that. Is it possible? What! I have been to Toledo, Burgos, Cordova, Seville, and Granada! Granada! What! I have visited these countries whose very names it is an honour to utter; eh, well! it is delirium. To return there! To see those marvels again! To return alone or with some of one's fellow-comrades; have I not suffered enough through going there with my relatives! O poetry! O painting! O Spain! Ah! how short life is! Ah! how unfortunate one is to live so little! For to live in Paris is only the starting-point of

everything. But to go on those sublime travels—travels of connoisseurs, of artists! Six months in Spain, in Italy! Italy, sacred land; divine, incomparable Rome! It makes my head swim.

Ah! how women are to be pitied; men are at least free. Absolute independence in every-day life, liberty to come and go, to go out, to dine at an inn or at home, to walk to the Bois or the café; this liberty is half the battle in acquiring talent, and three parts of every-day happiness.

But you will say, "Why don't you, superior woman as you are, seize this liberty?"

It is impossible, for the woman who emancipates herself thus, if young and pretty, is almost tabooed; she becomes singular, conspicuous, and cranky; she is censured, and is, consequently, less free than when respecting those absurd customs.

So there is nothing to be done but deplore my sex, and come back to dreams of Italy and Spain. Granada! Gigantic vegetation! pure sky, brooks, oleanders, sun, shade, peace, calm, harmony, poetry!

Wednesday, June 21st.—It is all scratched out, and I have even given away the canvas so as not to see it. That is killing. O painting; I do not attain to it. But directly after destroying what one has finished, there is a feeling of comfort, freedom, and readiness to recommence. The studio in which I work is lent to Mlle. Loshooths by an American named Chadwick, who arrived to-day, and we restore her temple to her.

Thursday, June 22nd.—This hôtel has so pleased me that I was quite silly about it, and as apartments were already engaged, I was mad at not being able to rent the hôtel, 30, Rue Ampère, which seemed to promise me complete happiness.

I have a whole floor, with studio and balcony. The ladies on the first floor, below the drawing-rooms. A garden for painting in the open air without going out. In short, it was too lovely—it would never happen. I was ready to pay a premium of five thousand francs to the proprietor of the apartments. And lo! it is done, and without a premium: we can have the hôtel, and now I have quite cooled down. I find it a long way off, the studio not so very large, and dear besides, and so I am vexed—that is to say, vexed at leaving the Champs-Élysées. In short, as

regards living there, I had only one dream—the Avenue de Villiers, the hope of artistic surroundings, and of becoming acquainted with artists. Now, this part of my dreams is realised. Well! now I am worried with the idea that if I gain medals I shall be indebted for them to friends. I must also add that I have stamped with rage because I had no one to whom I could show my drawings and paintings; in short, to confess the truth, because my talent was ignored by artists; now I have the artists, but no longer anything for them to see. This evening at five o'clock we went to see Bastien-Lepage's sketches; he is in London, but his brother Émile did the honours of the studio. I had brought Brisbane and L——, so that we spent a charming hour, laughing, talking, making sketches, and everything was so proper and so pleasant. If I had heard all that about Breslau I should have been lamenting my fate and envying her. Now I have what I wanted, does it give me talent?

Friday, June 23rd.—At five o'clock L——, Dina, and I are with Émile Bastien, who sits to us. I paint him on a little panel, No. 3 or 4, I think.

I am painting on the real Bastien's own palette, with his colours and brush, in his studio, and with his brother as model.

However, it is a dream, and a childish superstition; the little Swede wanted to touch his palette. I have kept some of his old colour, and my hand trembled, and we laughed.

Saturday, June 24th. — It is done. We have got the hôtel. I am heart-broken: to leave the Champs-Élysées, without reckoning habit; this affects me just like a loss. However, it consists of vast basements, with kitchen and billiard-room. The ground floor, raised ten steps, has a vestibule: then, having passed a fine glass door, you enter an ante-chamber, in which is the staircase leading to the other floors; on the right is a room turned into a salon by making a door, and joining this room to a little tiny room, opening into the garden; a dining-room and a garden, with a carriage drive, and with steps leading into it from the drawing-room and dining-room.

On the first floor there are five bed-rooms, with dressing-rooms and a bath-room. The second floor is mine, and consists of an ante-room, two bed-rooms, a library, a studio,

and a lumber-room. The studio and the library are connected by an immense aperture, fourteen yards long by eight broad.

The light is magnificent, from three sides and from the top. In short, for a hired hôtel I cannot imagine one that would suit me better. Well, what then? Why, it seems to me a long way off, it is ten minutes' drive from the Madeleine, going by the Boulevard Malesherbes. In fact, it is 30, Rue Ampère, at the corner of the Rue Bremontier, and the house is visible from the Avenue de Villiers.

Well, what would you? There's the moving, which is most depressing; and there is leaving these apartments where I have been so quiet. . . .

Ah! so much the worse! it is done now; yes, signed at the notary's.

Friday, June 30th.—I can't settle down, I wander about . . . . and do nothing! There's the rub! The other day I discussed that point with Julian; he says that one way or another I have done nothing for a year and a half, save a month's work by fits and starts, and then nothing at all!

No continuance, no regularity, no real energy! It is true. I have not stuck to it; I ought to have conquered my work by doing a study every week; whereas, instead of that, I have been looking after fifty different things, and when anything pleases me I am disheartened because I am not able to do it. I have tried to go back to the studio, and I could not do so. Shall I be able to work by myself? I am confused, and no longer know where to go or what to do. I have not the strength to make a simple study; I must always be undertaking too much, and as I cannot get through it I am plunged in despair. And now I am in a state of nervous exhaustion. . . . And, after all, I shall never paint; I have never, never, never been able to do a good piece of painting. For three years I have been painting . . . . I have lost half the time, certainly; but that is all the same. . . . In short, I am out of breath; I must have the courage and will to begin again, it will come back by degrees. I will go back. . . . No, nothing but a big wave can set me afloat again. . . . And I fear that this big wave can be nothing else but a series of patient efforts. . . . But then comes the terrible conviction that I shall not be able to do it, that I shall never paint.

Then go in for modelling?

"You will come back just the same to painting, but still more weakened. . . ."

And then? then it is better to die.

Wednesday, July 12th.—I am preparing my famous picture, which is going to be very difficult to paint. I shall have to find a landscape of the kind that I imagine . . . . and the tomb excavated in the rock. . . . I should like to be able to do it nearer Paris, at Capri, that is quite the East, and not so far off; any rock will do. But a real tomb will be needed; there must be some at Algeria, and especially at Jerusalem; any Jewish tomb hollowed out in the rock. And the models? Oh! there I should have splendid ones with real costumes. Julian says it is absurd. "It is easy to understand," he says, "that masters, those who know all about it, should go to paint their pictures on the spot, for they go to seek the only thing they lack—local colouring and absolute truth; whereas I lack so much!" Well, but that seems to me exactly what I ought to look for, for I shall obtain no success except by being truthful; why, then, does he want me to forego that local colouring, I who can have nothing or next to nothing besides? What force will this picture have if it is painted at Saint-Germain with Jews from Batignolles, and with made-up costumes?... Whereas there I shall find genuine, worn old clothes, and natural effects which cannot be made to order. But the time lost in travelling: a fortnight to go, and a fortnight to get settled—a month altogether. I shall start on the 15th of September and arrive on the 22nd: on the 10th of October I shall be able to commence; I give myself three months . . . . . a week to settle down and sketch, a week to prepare. On the 24th of October I shall begin to paint, and on the 1st of November the chief head will be done. The body will take me up to the 10th of November; on the 11th I shall commence the other figure, which will take ten days. The 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th of November will be employed in painting the outlines. I give myself ten days more for the background, which brings me to the 10th of December. Note that I have reckoned for everything nearly double the time which it is likely I shall give to it.

Tuesday, July 25th.—A charming evening, in which everybody is at ease; quiet and amusing conversation, but seemingly melting away in solemn and penetrating music. Only not a word is said to me about art. Fortu-

nately before dinner Julian went up to the studio to have another look at the sketches, and the large panel on which I have sketched the figure in crayon and pastel.

That is called looking for one's painting. Well, doubtless, for this one pleases me, whereas I could not look for last year's, which had no attraction for me.

Oh! if I could do it well! Julian quite enters into my idea; I did not think (and I was very wrong) that he would enter so deeply into the beauty of the scene. Yes, it is true. One ought to make something terrible of it in its calmness and desolation, its profound desolation . . . . It is the end of all things; the woman there is more than an expression of sorrow; she is a mighty drama, complete and terrible. It is the stupefaction of a soul in which there is nothing left. . . . . And taking her antecedents into consideration, there is something so human, so interesting, so majestic, so enthralling, that you feel, as it were, a thrill pass through your hair.

And shall I not do it well? *When it depends upon myself?* It is something which I can create with my hands, and yet my ardent will, tenacious and inflexible, will not suffice. Will the wild, the passionate desire of sharing with others the emotion I feel be insufficient? Come, come, how can I doubt it? Something fills my head, my heart, my soul, my eyes, and shall I not overcome material difficulties? . . . . I feel myself capable of everything. It is only that if I am ill. . . . I will pray to God every day to save me from that.

Shall my hand be powerless to express what my head *commands?* . . . Surely not!

Ah! God, I fall on my knees and beg Thee not to oppose this happiness. In all humility, prostrated in the dust I beg Thee to . . . . not even to help me, but only to allow me to work without too many obstacles.

Thursday, July 27th; Friday, 28th; Saturday, 29th. —It seems impossible, however, to paint this picture entirely out of doors. The effect is not of broad daylight, and the evening lasts barely an hour. So I shall not be able to *copy* it, as one does in ordinary paintings, as Bastien-Lepage does, and as all artists do who work in the open air. Ah! I am now touching upon difficulties too great for me to overcome. Well, never mind! I will do it in Algeria as best I can, and then if there is anything to be done over again . . . . or even if it must be

recommenced . . . . I shall at all events have brought the first draft back with me.

Sunday, July 30th; Monday, 31st.—Robert Fleury came this evening, and we had a discussion about the picture . . . . and about work in general. I do not work in a satisfactory manner. For two years I have had no continuity of ideas, and so I am never able to pursue a study to the end. That is very true. . . . He says it in order to prove to me that I make as much progress as possible considering the manner in which I work, and that the other young people work longer and better. Nothing is so effectual as perseverance and continuity; whereas a good week now and then, followed by idleness, goes for little, and does not allow of progress. But, it's true, I was ill, travelling, and without a studio. . . . Now I have everything, and if I do not set to work I must be worthless.

The picture is a good one; I will do it well. This week my painting has been bold, but . . . . to rid me of my despair he would have to say something more exciting; in fact, that I am as powerful as . . . one of the most powerful; that I can do whatever I choose, that . . . And he tells me, when I complain, that it is absurd, and that he has never seen any one do more in so short a time. Four years! then he tells me that the most gifted or the most fortunate do not succeed in less than seven, eight, or even ten years. Oh, it's too bad!

There are moments in which I could dash my brains out. Rhetoric is of no use. I must produce something which will make them leap with astonishment, nothing else will restore my peace. . . .

Monday, August 7th.—The street! Returning from Robert Fleury's we walked through the avenues which surround l'Arc de Triomphe; it was about half-past six—a summer's evening; porters, children, errand-boys, workmen, and women, all at their doors or on the public seats, or chatting in front of the wine-shops.

Ah, what admirable pictures there were—really admirable! Far be it from me to aim chiefly at a parody of truth, that is what vulgar people do; but in this life, in this truth there are admirable things. The greatest masters are great only by truth.

I came in marvelling at the streets; yes, and those who jeer at what they call naturalism do not know what it is

and are fools. It consists in seizing Nature in the act, in *knowing what to choose* and seizing it. The power of selection makes the artist.

My portrait will be indubitably commonplace. I am seated in a large arm-chair in a white muslin dress half-low. The position is bright enough; I seem to be talking, and am full-face. It is very hackneyed.

To return to the street. . . . This mine might be explored. I should not wish to meddle with the country; Bastien-Lepage reigns supreme there; but for the street there has been hitherto no . . . . Bastien. And in our garden one can paint almost anything.

Tuesday, August 8th.—My head is rather disturbed by Daudet's *Rois en Exil;* I had read it before, but am beginning it again. There are such exquisite pages in it, a fineness of analysis, a clearness of expression which charms me, things which bring tears to my eyes. . .

Mine is not a life; when I am not working everything leaves me; while painting I imagine that I am weaving my good fortune; when I am inactive everything is at a standstill; there is night and silence.

Wednesday, August 9th.—A sitting; then Robert Fleury comes to dinner. I show him a sketch done this morning of a rag-woman whom I stopped as she was passing. Tony R. F. says that it is good. She is before me, and I look at her. Tony says do not do any more to it, though it is scarcely sketched in, but make another very finished picture from it. When by chance I do anything passable I am as joyous as a child.

I am delighted with myself.

Thursday, August 10th.—That poor Tony has rubbed out the left hand at the end of the sitting. Though one may be an Academician, and have received the medal of honour, one is none the less subject . . . . and first of all he wanted to do something very excellent; he told me that he had almost a nightmare and a bad headache because it didn't seem to come right at first.

How I sympathise with these troubles that I know so thoroughly . . . . and of which no one can form an idea who is not *of the fraternity.*

He writes a journal every evening just as I do; what do you think he can say in it about me? He thinks that

Breslau's laurels prevent me from sleeping. . . . But he knows to what a degree I recognise my inferiority. . . . It is true that now I talk of *my picture*, and even that seems to me a presumption! It is only by hearing other nobodies say: "My sketch, my picture," &c., that I have dared . . . . and if it appears ridiculous to me, it is because I should prize so highly the right of saying it openly, and do not want to see it debased or lowered by too familiar and disproportionate usage. You understand me; do you not?

Sunday, August 13th.—It is three o'clock in the morning; I cannot sleep. This evening I showed Tony a study of a rag-woman, which he thinks passable, and a new sketch of the picture, which he thinks very good. However, the sketch is not new; it is like the very first which I tore up, and have done over again. I think that things ought to be comprehended at the first glance, especially things which strike you and take possession of you so completely. R. F. is right; this picture is comparatively easy to do, because it is not cut up with details, since the action passes between the lights; the silhouettes are detached in shadow. Everything, be it understood, everything consists in thoroughly seizing the relations of sky, figures, and land. And then, above all, I must give the poetry of the moment, the profound and terrible desolation of the event which has just occurred.

Now he thinks that I have *found* it, that the attitudes are deeply felt, and *poignant;* all depends now in rendering it as I feel it. If you succeed in hitting exactly the tones, the relations of one thing with another, it may be altogether a very fine picture.

Yes, that is all; on one side a kind of fear, and on the other a frenzy.

That depends upon me.

And then I went to bed at midnight, not thinking any more about the day's discussions concerning naturalism, painting, and the street! No longer thinking of anything except this picture, which takes such huge proportions in my brain, now that my imagination is set going. I work at it, it is finished; I bring it back, and it is exhibited. And the crowd in front of it, the emotion which brings a lump to my throat, the fear of some absurdity or other, then excessive joy following this anguish. And when I had suffered all this, with

its accompanying shivering and perspiration, I rose at three o'clock; I have been reading, and am now writing with the sketch in front of me. But I am preparing a terrible deception for myself therein! No, as I am not certain of anything, I am going to try. . . . Besides, perhaps the two cups of tea which I took this evening have prevented me from sleeping. Oh no! . . .

Tuesday, August 15th.—May God help me! I wish I had never thought of it, and had not reckoned upon anything; besides, happiness only comes as a surprise, and not when one expects something; but I expect nothing. . . . Only it takes away my sleep. It might be so lovely! I understand it so well!

Thursday, August 17th. — At the last sitting my artist was seeking a subject for a picture, something modern and good . . . . and then he wants to leave a nude figure in his work; "only it is so difficult to find a fine model"; he seems to perceive difficulties so insurmountable. . . . You would think that a beautiful nude woman is not to be found in Europe.

I fully believe that R. F. has a very correct opinion about me; he takes me to be what I should like to appear, that is to say, perfectly amiable, or, to speak more seriously, a very young girl, a child even, meaning that while talking like a woman, I am at my heart's core, and in my own sight, of angelic purity. I really believe that he respects me in the highest acceptation of the term, and that if he ever said anything broad in my presence I should be absolutely astonished. Anyhow, I always say that I talk about everything . . . . but there is more than one way of doing so; there is something more than conventionality, there is modesty of language; I speak probably just like a woman, but I use . . . . metaphors and sentences so arranged that in saying a thing I seem not to allude to it. It is as though instead of saying, "My painting," I were to say, "The thing that I have done." Never, even with Julian, have I made use of the words: "Lover," "mistress," "liaison;" that is to say, of those exact and customary terms which give you the appearance of speaking of things familiar to you. It is, of course, understood that one knows it all, but one glides over it; if one knew nothing one could not be droll, for there are turns of conversation in which a little malice and raillery on what is called love is unavoidable, however lightly

it may be touched upon. With R. F. we speak chiefly about art, but yet . . . . After all, it leads up to music and literature.

Well, now, I quite see that Tony R. F. takes his . . . . acquaintances according to their true nature, that he finds it very natural, and that if I have the frankness not to be silly he has tact enough never to say as much about it as I do. It must be added that you cannot judge me by this journal, in which I am serious and plain. I produce a better effect in conversation; for there are certain ways, certain touches of language, similes, and suggestions at once original, fresh, picturesque, and funny.

I am vain and foolish. . . . I actually believe that this Academician sees me as I see myself, and therefore appreciates all *my motives*, as one would say of the performance of an actress. That we enhance our own merits is well known; we attribute some to ourselves even when totally devoid of them; well, granted, and then let me tell you that it is very charming to think yourself appreciated. And then with R. F. and Julian I am more open than with others; I feel that I am on safe ground, and confidence gives me a charm that I should not have under other circumstances.

Friday, August 18th.—We did not find Bastien at home; I leave a note for him and catch a glimpse of what he has brought back from London. There is a little errand-boy, a street urchin, leaning on a post in the street; you seem to hear the noise of the vehicles that are passing. And the background is scarcely touched, but the figure! what a devil of a fellow he is!

Ah! what ill-natured fools they are who treat him as a mere craftsman. He is a powerful and original artist, a poet and a philosopher; the others are only manufacturers of something or other when compared with him. . . . It is impossible to look at anything else when his painting is before you, for it is beautiful as Nature and as life. The other day Tony R. F. was obliged to agree with me that you had to be a great artist in order to copy Nature, and that only a great artist can understand and render Nature. The ideal is in the *selection*; as to the *execution*, it must be the summit of what the ignoramuses call naturalism. Paint Enguerrand de Marigny or Agnes Sorel if you like, but let their hands, their hair, and their eyes, be living, natural, and human. The subject is of little importance, and masters

have often painted subjects of their own period. Doubtless, from all points of view, the modern is the most interesting but the true, sole, and good naturalism consists in the execution. Let it be Nature itself, the very life, and let the eyes speak! It matters little whether it be Mlle. de la Vallière or Sarah Bernhardt! . . . . Without doubt it is more difficult to create interest . . . . and yet if Bastien-Lepage painted Mlle. de la Vallière or Marie Stuart—dead, dusty, and hackneyed as they are—they would nevertheless live again. There is also a sketch of the little portrait of Coquelin the elder. . . . I came back from it quite petrified; it is his very grimace, his hands move, he speaks, his eyes blink!

Saturday, August 19th.—I am working in the garden, which gives me quite the scenery of the Parc Monceau: I am painting a boy of about twelve, with his blouse and apron; he is sitting on a bench and reading an illustrated paper, with an empty basket beside him. . . . This is to be seen here constantly in the park and in the streets.

Monday, August 21st.—I am . . . . ready to scratch everybody: I am doing nothing! And time goes on; for four days I have not been sitting; I commenced a study out of doors, but it rains, and the wind blows everything down. I do nothing.

I tell you that this void drives me mad! I am told that this torment shows my real worth! Alas, no! It shows that I am intelligent and see clearly. . . .

Besides, I have now been painting for three years.

Tuesday, August 22nd.—I went to the Marché du Temple with Rosalie. And my eyes are still wide open with astonishment. It is a marvellous quarter; I bought some old things for my studio, but I did nothing save look at the various types of people. Oh! the street! But that is to say if only one knew how to render what one sees! . . . Alas! I have the faculty of *seeing*, and am still dazzled with what I saw. The attitudes and gestures, life caught in the act, Nature *true* and *living*. Oh! to catch Nature and to know how to render it!

That is the great problem. Oh! why have I not got that power? . . . That animal, Tony R. F., said truly, "With your aspirations, Mademoiselle, I would do everything in the world to become master of the art."

So I come in and make several sketches of the things I caught sight of: a bench in the street, with several little girls talking and playing together. This assemblage of children's faces is delicious. Then the table of a café, with two men, whose characteristic attitudes are there, graven in my head and sketched on the canvas; the mistress of the café is leaning in the shadow of the door.

And then at the Temple, a very fair girl, who laughs as she leans against her stall—a stall of memorial wreaths. This last picture can be done in the studio. . . .

But the two others want the open air. . . . I do not know why I am saying all this. From to-morrow. . . It is a delirium!

In short, these glimpses that one catches unawares are like windows opening on people's lives: you may imagine and guess the life, character, and daily habits of these people. It is wonderful, of intense and thrilling interest. But! . . .

The imbeciles think that to be *modern* or realistic it is enough to paint the first thing you meet without arranging it. Do not arrange, but *select* and *catch* it; that is everything.

Wednesday, August 23rd.—Instead of working hard at some study or other, I am out walking; yes, Mademoiselle goes for artistic rambles and looks about her! I have been twice to the children's hospital, in the morning and in the afternoon.

The lady-superintendent is already my friend; as for the children, thanks to a largess of bonbons, they surrounded me at my second visit, pressing round my dress like a flock of charming little animals. All these truthful innocent eyes, still so vague, and all following me with little steps and tottering legs. Then they were made to sit down. And all in play, without any pretensions, the cleverest of them set to work to recite to me, casting a look at me from time to time to see the effect.

As soon as I got back I made a sketch: *Sinite parvulos venire ad me.* Jesus and the children. Ah! if I had but talent!

Monday, August 28th.—There are days in which I really believe myself somebody. Listen, it is impossible that this delirium, these transports, this love for what I am doing, are not destined to end in something great. It is

impossible to see and to feel Nature and form as I do, without arriving at . . . .

I have drawn the second figure of the picture; then as Mme. T——, who had arrived while I was working, was reading in a corner, I made a rough sketch of her. Nothing should ever be arranged; no arrangement is equal to the truth; high art consists in seizing the precise moment and painting what one sees. . . .

But let this truth sink well into you: that, in order to *copy* Nature *accurately*, genius is indispensable, and that an ordinary artist will never do more than parody her.

A clever craftsman who copies for the sake of copying does common work, which the vulgar call realistic, and which it is often justified in ridiculing.

It is not a question of taking no matter whom and painting him just as one sees him; the movement that is caught and the position are scarcely retained, and in posing would become stiff: but the mind must be struck, and must retain the *impression* of the instant when you *saw* the thing. That is where you recognise the artist.

I have read one of Ouida's books over again, a woman of mediocre talent; it is called *Ariadne*, and is in English.

It is a book in the highest degree sensational; I have been twenty times on the point of reading it again during the last three or four years, and have always held back, knowing the agitation it caused me, and must still cause me. It treats of art and love, and the scene is laid in Rome: three things united, one of which is enough to excite me, and love is the least of them. The love might be taken away from the book, and fully enough would remain to delight me.

I have an adoration, a veneration, and a passion, for Rome that is beyond everything. For the Rome of artists and of poets, the *true Rome*, has not been injured the least for me by worldly Rome, which has made me suffer. I only remember poetic and artistic Rome, and that makes me fall on my knees.

Sculpture is the art in Ouida's book; I am always on the point of commencing it: last night I could not sleep.

O divine power of art! O heavenly and incomparable feeling, which is worth everything else! O supreme enjoyment, which elevates above the earth! With heavily laden breast, and eyes wet with tears, I prostrate myself before God to invoke His protection.

It is enough to drive one mad; I want to do ten thing

at once; I feel, I believe, *believe*, you understand, that I am going to do something important. And my soul flies off to unknown heights.

Provided only that it be not to fall to a lower depth. . . . Those returns are terrible, but one must experience everything in life. . . . Days of depression follow hours of exaltation; I suffer during both. . . . However, I am not affected enough to say that I suffer equally.

To arrange nothing! And the pictures? Mine! Well, it is almost the same thing, a subject arrests you, strikes you. It is clear that at that very moment you represent the scene to yourself, you see the picture.

If your imagination has been sharply struck, you *see* it almost at the same time that you read of it or think about it.

I am certain that all the really affecting pictures have been conceived in that way.

Beyond that there is only research and correction—studio work. You must only paint what fixes itself upon you, worries you, and takes possession of you.

Dumas is very right. We do not take possession of our subject; it is the subject which takes possession of us. A man who is playing for a hundred sous may experience the same pangs as he who plays for a hundred thousand francs. I can therefore understand it.

No, no! I feel such need of translating my impressions, such violence of artistic emotion; so many confused things are crowding together in my head that they cannot fail to be translated some day. . . .

The formula. Oh, the formula!

Tuesday, August 29th.—This book completely upsets me. Ouida is neither Balzac, nor Sand, nor Dumas, but she has written a book which, for certain reasons . . . . professional ones, throws me into a fever. She has very correct ideas of art; her opinions have been gathered in the studios, in Italy, where she has lived.

There are certain things. . . . For instance, she says that amongst real artists, not amongst handicraftsmen, conception is immeasurably beyond the power of execution. And then the great sculptor Marix (of the novel), who sees the first efforts in modelling of the young heroine, the future woman of genius, says: "Let her come and work, she will be able to do whatever she *pleases*." "Yes," said Tony R. F., looking for a long time at my drawings at the

studio; "work, Mademoiselle, *you will do whatever you please.*"

But doubtless I have not worked in the right direction. Saint-Marceaux said that my drawings are those of a sculptor, and I have always loved form beyond everything.

I also greatly adore colour, but now, after this book . . . . and even before it . . . . painting seems to me very inferior to sculpture. Besides, I ought to hate it, as I hate all imitations and impostures.

Nothing irritates me so much as to see things in relief, imitated in painting on a canvas which is necessarily flat and smooth. What is more odious than pictures of bas-reliefs, from the best things in art down to coloured wall-papers? To me it is like a red rag to a bull. A frame counterfeited in painting on certain ceilings, even at the Louvre. . . . And the wainscots of rooms in furnished apartments which imitate carved wood or lace flounces. It is detestable.

But what is keeping me back? Nothing; I am housed in such a manner that nothing is wanting to my artistic happiness. A whole floor to myself: ante-room, dressing-room, bed-room, library; studio with a splendid light, giving it on any side as required; and a little garden where I can go down and work. I have had a speaking-tube put in so that people may not come up to disturb me, and that I may not have to be constantly going down.

What is it I am painting? A little girl who has put her black petticoat over her shoulders, and is carrying her umbrella open. I am working out of doors, and it rains almost every day. And then . . . . of what importance is it? What is it compared to an idea in marble? And what am I doing with my sketch of three years ago, for it dates from October, 1879? This subject was given us at Julian's, and I was taken with it as I was with the holy woman at the sepulchre. Ariadne! Julian and Tony both thought that its sentiment was good; and I was taken with it as I am with my present picture. For three years I have been on the point of learning sculpture in order to do this subject. . . . I feel quite devoid of strength to face vulgar things. And the terrible "to what purpose?" clips my wings.

Theseus has fled during the night. Ariadne, finding herself alone at daybreak, runs all over the island in every direction, when with the first ray of the sun, as she has reached the point of a rock, she sees the vessel, like a point

on the horizon. . . . Then. . . . That is the moment to seize and difficult to describe; she can get no farther, she cannot call; water is all round her, and the vessel is only a point which is scarcely visible; then she falls on the rock with her head on her right arm in a position which should express all the horror of the desertion, of the despair of that woman left there in such a cowardly manner. . . . I do not know how to express it, but there is an impotent rage, an utter dejection to be expressed which take powerful hold of me. You understand, she is there at the extreme point of the rock, exhausted with grief and, in my opinion, with impotent rage; there is an entire abandonment, the end of everything! . . . This precipitous rock, this brutal force . . . . which holds the will captive . . . and the rest!

Yes, exclusive attention to linear perspective is a deception; preoccupation about tones or about colour is a wretched thing, mere journeyman's work, which by degrees absorbs everything and leaves no room for thought.

Thinkers and poets in painting are craftsmen of the eighth order. How could I so misconceive this truth and cling to it with such absurd energy? . . .

Wednesday, August 30th.—I am sketching my Magdalen; I have a model who is excellent for it; besides, I saw the head that I want three years ago, and this woman has exactly those features and even that intense, terrible, and despairing expression.

What charms me in painting is the life, the modern feeling, the movements of the things one sees. But how am I to express it? . . . Besides being desperately difficult, almost impossible . . . . it does not move me.

Nothing in painting has touched me like the Jeanne d'Arc of Bastien-Lepage, for there is a something mysterious and extraordinary in it. . . . An emotion understood by the artist, the perfect and intense expression of a great inspiration; *in short* . . . . he has looked for something grand, human, inspired, and divine, at the same time; *what it really was* and what no one had comprehended before. And has not Jeanne d'Arc been painted? Divine goodness! "My mother's cross!" It is as plentiful as Ophelias and Marguerites. He is preparing to paint an Ophelia; I am sure it will be divine. As for Marguerites, even I have entertained the idea of painting one . . . . For a certain

moment has to be seized, just as in the case of Jeanne d'Arc. . . . It is when the girl—not the Marguerite of opera, in a fine cashmere dress, but the girl of the village or small town, simple—do not laugh—*human*—if you understand you will not laugh—when this girl, *undisturbed* up to that time, returns to her garden after meeting Faust, and pauses, her eyes half cast down, a far-off look, half astonished, half smiling and pensive, feels within herself the awakening of a something new, unknown, charming, and yet sad. . . . Her hands scarcely hold the prayer-book which is nearly slipping from them. . . . To do that, I will go to some little town in Germany and paint the picture next summer. . . .

But, good Heavens, what have I done all this summer? Nothing! Besides, perhaps I shall not be able to execute it just yet, and Marguerite can wait a little longer. But my picture . . . . it is so fine, so sublime to do. Would it not be better to wait a year longer in order to be better able to execute it? . . . Ah! I am silly, I ought to learn grammar, and I am thinking of writing poems. I ought to go to the studio every day up to three o'clock, and then model for three or four hours. That's the truth. And why don't I do it? Why are things so arranged in this world?

It is true that people less advanced than I dare to paint pictures, but they are those who have reached their limit and *can go no further;* I am not advanced, but I can become so, and I have the consolation of being a beginner, for after all I have only been working for five years. And Robert Fleury, senior, devoted four years to drawing before he attempted to paint, and how many there are who spent two years in modelling and several years in drawing? . . . And I draw well and commence to paint fairly: there is life in what I do; it speaks, looks, and lives. . . . What have I to complain of, then? Nothing; I must work! . . . . Only I do not see that my greatness lies in painting . . . . that is to say . . . . I am confused, I can say no more. . . . . I am confused. O fool, the first necessity is to know one's business. The thought, beauty, and philosophy of painting, lie in the execution, and in the exact comprehension of life. . . . To seize life in tones that sing, and all true tones sing. Anything, no matter who or what, if exactly reproduced, is a chef-d'œuvre, for it is life itself.

As regards sculpture, do you imagine then that there is no execution in it? Well, there is hardly any; there is more—there is creation. Yes, the deceptions of lines and colour are wretched subjects for study; there is execution and ability in sculpture, but of a different kind; there is creation. It is the truth, the real being, complete, *true*, to which, if you are an artist, you first communicate life, and then, if you are roused, and if you have the sacred fire, you give it thought, and a deep meaning, mysterious or grand. There is material work in both; but in sculpture it is simpler, nobler, more . . . . honest, if I may say so. In fact, one can endow it with this spark, this supreme mystery which is in you, which is divine and inexpressible. . .

Friday, September 1st.—I receive a letter from mamma, who writes to tell me that our young neighbours are coming for two months with other friends, and that great hunting parties are to be arranged. She is ready to return, but as I asked her to inform me if . . . . she informs me. There now, that throws me into a sea of incertitudes, doubts, and worry. If I go, it's all up with my picture for exhibition. . . . If, now, I had worked all the summer I should have had for excuse the need of rest; but no. Well, acknowledge that it would be magnificent; ay, but nothing is less likely. . . To travel by rail for four days and nights and to sacrifice the efforts of a whole year in order to try to please and find a husband amongst people I have never seen. Reason and reflection have no part therein. . . . The moment I begin to discuss this folly I shall perhaps commit it . . . . for I no longer know what I am doing. . . . I will go to a fortune-teller, to Mother Jacob, who foretold me that I should be very ill.

For twenty francs I have just purchased happiness for two days at least. Mother Jacob prophesies the most delightful things for me, only somewhat confused. . . But what persists in recurring is that I am to have an enormous and dazzling success—the newspapers will speak of it; the great talent that I shall have . . . . and then a great and happy change, a splendid marriage, plenty of money, and much travelling—travels to far countries.

I am going to bed stupefied with joy if you will, but it has only cost me twenty francs. I will not go to

Russia, but to Algiers . . . . for if all that is to happen it will take place there just as well as in Russia.

Good night; it has done me good, I shall work well to-morrow.

Tuesday, September 5th.—It rains every day. It is disheartening for me, as I want to work out of doors. I have finished a little girl with an umbrella; it is bad, and the child had an odious head: one of those little street girls of nine years old, as pretty and as antipathetic as can be.

Then I went to the children's hospital, but did not venture to undertake two little boys at once; I should be compelled to finish off badly, for one must reckon eight days for each head. And have I done the men at the café? . . . I don't know; things strike me, and then . . . Oh, ill-balanced, scatter-brained creature, and with all that . . . . Mad, and consciously so!. . . .

The elder Dumas has said that when we hesitate between two things it is because neither of them is good. . . . And he adds that he never hesitated for more than five minutes in his life. He is very fortunate or a great liar! . . .

Wednesday, September 6th.—I am not an artist; I wanted to become one, and being intelligent I have learnt certain things. . . . Then what explanation can be given to what Robert Fleury said when I began: "You possess everything that cannot be learnt." He was mistaken. . . .

But I do artistic work as I should do anything else . . . . with intelligence and skill, that is all. Then why did I sketch heads in chalk on the card-tables in the country when I was four years old?

All children draw. But why the constant wish to draw, attempts to copy engravings, while still in Russia; and then at Nice, at eleven years of age? There I was thought to have extraordinary aptitude; this lasted for two years. . . .

While constantly on the look-out for sound instruction I had two or three other masters, each of whom gave me two or three lessons—that is to say, with whom I worked for two or three hours.

In fact. . . . On considering the matter well, I find that I have always been desirous of learning, that I made starts and attempts without any one to direct me; then came my journey in Italy, Rome. . . . We are told in novels of eyes

that appreciate lovely things at first sight, but I confess that my eyes open by slow degrees to the beauties—that is to say, the *qualities*—of pictures. . . . In short . . . . I have lost confidence, I have lost courage, I lack something . . . . I see the beauty of colour, but . . . . I cannot even say exactly that I do not attain to it, for there are one or two things which are lovely in colour and good painting. If I have done any I can certainly do more. . . . That is what gives me encouragement. . . . And I came to say farewell. to my hopes of becoming an artist and a painter . . . . especially a painter. At all events, I can paint pretty well, but I think that I should succeed better with sculpture. . . . I feel things which cannot be expressed in colour . . . . forms, movements, and expressions. . . .

Thursday, September 14*th.* — I took my canvases to Julian, and he is very satisfied. I must really finish the fisher, which may be rather a success. . . . Yes, finish; always the same advice. . . . He is not at all exacting, isn't father Julian. . . . Then he went on to say that Bastien's *Père Jacques* was admirably painted, but had not very much meaning, whereas the fisher is true to life. . . . It is a type; one sees many such; it is the quiet man who waits for hours without catching anything; his head stands out in relief against the water. If it had been well painted! . . . But there are already good qualities, it is only a question of . . . . And then the little girl with the umbrella; and I proceeded to make a display of all those ideas on art, of which there are specimens in my journal; he says that they have changed me, that I am literary and "artistic," and that, after all, you require something more than thinking. . . . But that is not the point—or, rather, it is, for that would induce me to make progress. . . . The idea of my picture makes me quite mad.

Monday, September 18*th.*—My poor model being ill, I came home about five o'clock and found R. F., who was looking for a background. We have talked again of open-air painting. . . . If you knew what constant suffering these efforts to hear cause me! I avoid everything I used to seek, I am afraid of finding myself with people. . . . It is fearful. But after all I believe that the painter who has the honour of directing my artistic conscience will be converted by me, and will paint a picture in the open air. Besides, he says

that he has no objection to the open air, and that in the main we are agreed. That may be true.

I have just been reading Balzac! And in this respect I agree with his de Marsay, when speaking of this second *self*, which remains a constant and impassive spectator of the first. And to say that he is dead, Balzac! . . . . One cannot know the happiness of loving except by loving a man of universal genius. . . . In Balzac one finds everything . . . . I am quite proud of having several times thought as he did.

Friday, September 22nd.—Yesterday I took the fisher to R. F. It is not bad, but that was all; he thinks that it is very well arranged, that the expression of the head is very good, and that it is well placed on the canvas. But the painting is thin, the edges hard, and the man is not *bathed in air;* these remarks are R. F.'s and my own; I knew it. Then I spoke of my progress, of my work, and I commit the involuntary fault of confessing my discouragement, and the little confidence I feel in myself. . . . I sat to-day, and R. F. told me that he had spoken about me with Julian, and of my attempts and ambitions. In fact, he pitied me yesterday, and they have agreed, he and Julian, that it would be good for me to do some simple studies at the studio; that the difficulties of the open air are beyond my present powers, and that I am discouraged by it. He said it with so much consideration for my feelings that I could scarcely help crying. I believe he thinks that I am desperate because I have not succeeded with the old fisher, on the success of which Julian had permitted me to reckon, and he wishes to save me from what he thinks disheartens me. He has always told me that no one makes more rapid progress, that I am getting on very well, and laughed heartily at my anxiety to go faster than Nature would allow. Yesterday, too, he said that I am admirably gifted, that I have only to go on, and now I have spoiled everything by my silly complaints yesterday and by my dismayed attitude to-day: I shall never again believe in encouragements; I showed myself too wretched not to believe that it was pity.

As regards my picture . . . . I have not even ventured to speak of it; it is as though the air became lead and drew the skin of my face to the earth and fire to my arms. . . .

Since I have complained and have been foolish enough to expose the greatness of my ambition, these two men

can give me nothing but reasonable advice, seeing that it is neither a sport nor a pastime for me, and that I am reduced to despair. Then like two honest doctors they order me powerful remedies. From all this it seems that I am not able to paint a face . . . . a picture, for a studio exercise is always good enough, whereas . . . . I ought not to have shown myself distressed as though I had founded foolish hopes on the old fisher. . . . I shall no longer have the truth, and then . . . . Breslau? Breslau is two years and a half ahead of me. What does that prove? Nothing. For two years ago she was more advanced than I am now. She has been painting for six years and a half, and I have been only just four years at it. I am not counting drawing in either case. Therefore, if in 1884 I should not do what she does, I am inferior to her.

I have no need to hear that in order to know it. For a whole year I have been undergoing martyrdom. Cruel sufferings, I assure you; loss of my good opinion of myself, loss of confidence, courage, and hope. I am only working with the horrible conviction that it leads to nothing. That is what paralyses me! And nothing can raise me again except a good picture . . . and that is impossible in this moral disaster.

In fact, there is only one thing to be considered; it is that I have not been able to make a good painting of my old fisher, that I have had the good fortune to put my hand on an original, interesting, and artistic subject, and that I have been able to make nothing of it. That is the odious part of it.

I am exhausted, all is at an end, my whole being is annihilated . . . and I have not even language to express this consternation which deprives me of the power of holding my pen. . . Now for excuses; it rained, and I have always been interrupted just as I was executing a picture; that is true. . . I ought not to have brought forward that picture which I did not yet consider presentable; but I wanted advice as I could not continue working.

Then seeing this powerlessness, Tony said that the open 'air is too difficult for me. . . To-morrow I return to the Grande-Jatte, and will commence again with the energy and rage of despair.

Sunday, September 24th.—Days pass by and are all alike;

from eight o'clock till five painting; a full hour for my bath before dinner, then dinner in silence; I read the papers. Occasionally I exchange a word with my aunt. She must get very tired of it, poor thing! for I am certainly not amiable; she has never had any advantages, for she was always sacrificed to mamma, who was beautiful; and now she lives only for us, for me, and I cannot be gay and amiable during the few minutes that we are together; and I am happy in the silence when I do not think of my infirmities. . . .

In Russia, Saturday, October 14th.—My aunt left me at the frontier and I am travelling with Paul. I make sketches at the stations, and read *Tra los Montes* on the journey; in this way I see Spain again, for Gautier's journey is like a coloured photograph. What is it that prevents my liking Th. Gautier entirely? What is there in this journey which checks you? When he relates some droll episode, it doesn't make you laugh, and he says: *It was the funniest thing in the world,* or *the most comic in the world,* or *it was absurd, &c. &c.* This has the same effect as a man who before telling a story says that he laughed at it like a madman. . . But there is something more. It is not perhaps sincere as literature, or rather it does not flow naturally. . . But it is especially when he speaks of art that he is to be admired, they say; he does not speak very much of it in this journey, and actually omits Velasquez. I do not understand that in a man who loved painting so much.

He speaks of Goya. Goya was doubtless a great artist, though I only know a few of his paintings; it appears that his drawings and etchings are admirable; so he speaks about Goya, but . . . Velasquez? He speaks of Murillo, and of the magic of his painting. But Velasquez painted most admirably of all; no one has been truer to life; it is real flesh; and, from the point of view of *painting,* it is the summit of art.

We have five hours to wait for the train here . . . The place is called Znamenka, and here I am talking about Gautier, Velasquez, &c. It is cold and grey . . . If it were not so cold, what lovely weather for the open air! I looked at the peasants with their clothes discoloured by exposure to the air, as in all countries, and that too without sunshine; well, I assure you that Bastien's pictures are wonderfully correct. This is grey, that has a flat look, that has no consistence,

say those who have not looked at nature out of doors, and those who are accustomed to the violent contrasts of the studio; but it is just so; it is perfectly correct; it is admirably true. He is a fortunate man—that Bastien! As for myself I left with a feeling of disappointment at the ill success of my fisher.

But I will endeavour to do it over again in March for the Salon.

Robert Fleury has made me do it over again. I was to leave the background and the dresses, and work only at the head.

Gavronzi, Sunday, October 15th.—We went to bed at seven o'clock in the morning, for we went straight to Gavronzi from Poltava. Mamma, papa, Dina, and Kapitan, were at the station. Paul's wife has a son of fifteen days old; the little girl is a year old, and is charming with her long black eyelashes. The young P——'s are to come to-morrow. Michka has gone to their house instead of coming with the others to meet me.

Thursday, October 19th.—They have come at last to have luncheon with Michka. The eldest, Victor, is slim and dark, with a large aquiline nose, somewhat broad and rather thick lips; he looks distinguished and genial. The second son, Basile, is as tall, and much bigger, very fair, with a ruddy colour and cunning eyes; he has a bullying, noisy, brutal, and . . . by my faith, a vulgar air.

I have kept on yesterday's dress, it was of white wool, short, and extremely simple; children's shoes of old red kid; my hair twisted and fastened rather low on the nape. This is not one of my brilliant days, but I do not show too much to my disadvantage either. As it is very fine, there is to be a walking party on the mountain, from which there is a magnificent view; it is like the country round Toledo. These young men talk like men of the world and Russian officers. They are quite young; the eldest is not twenty-three, I think. I am very tired of having had to smile and talk all day long, for papa has insisted upon keeping them to dinner, though they declared that they had an important appointment with their steward, who is making them go the round of their estates, &c. &c. This country custom of pressing people to stay is very silly; it has rather annoyed me.

An incident. Their coachman was drunk, and this, it

appears, happens every time here; thereupon, as though it were the most natural thing in the world, Prince Basile has gone out and beaten the poor man with his fists, and kicked him with his spurs on. Does that not give one a cold shiver down the back? This youth is horrible, and his brother seems sympathetic in comparison.

I do not believe that I shall make a conquest of either the one or the other. I have nothing which can please them; I am of middle height, of harmonious form, and rather fair; I have grey eyes, not a large bust, and not a waspish waist . . . and on the moral side, I believe that, without too much pride, I am sufficiently their superior for them not to appreciate me.

And as a woman of the world, I am not more charming than many others in the circle in which they move.

Sarah Bernhardt has been hissed on her arrival at the St. Petersburg station because the people expected to find her tall and dark, with enormous black eyes, and a mass of dishevelled black hair. Apart from this piece of stupidity, the opinion formed of her talent, and of the woman herself, has been very sound; and I am quite of the opinion of the Russian papers, who put Mlle. Delaporte above Sarah. How about Desclée, then? To me, Sarah is not of much account, except the adorable music of her voice when she is declaiming verse. But why have I been talking to you about Sarah?

Friday, October 20th—Monday, October 23rd.—General consternation on Saturday morning. The princes excuse themselves! They will not come to the hunt, being summoned by a telegram to an adjoining property. And I who had so much difficulty in dressing myself! for I must tell you that having drunk bad milk I was feeling so ill, that it is only by a great effort that I have succeeded in putting on this black velvet dress, in which it is impossible to look plain; papa was green, in consequence, and mamma red.

But I laughed, and heartily. At length we have started, out of spite, furious, and swearing to go no further than to Michel's, where the horses were to have a breathing time, and who awaited us with a magnificent breakfast.

Then, with spirits rather calmed, we continued our road, —quarrelling with one another every five minutes about returning. We halted in the open country. Papa, Paul, and Michka, got down, and discussions went on at the coach door. Mamma's ill-health was given to Michka as a pretext.

At last—papa having told our coachman not to listen to us any longer—we started again, half smiling and half disconsolate. It is clear that no one can suspect our foolish projects. It might well be supposed that we should be delighted had it happened, but no one can imagine that I came as I did; only, we who know the rights of it are afraid, like thieves, that it may be written on our faces. Alexander expected us with the princes. He would not venture to say that he would not have restricted the expenditure if he had foreseen that there would only be ourselves and Michka, who himself must have also felt a slight disappointment. You cannot imagine what these two brutes represent to people's imaginations here. Alexander went to fetch three cooks from Kharkoff—the famous Prosper from the club even . . . .

However, the hunt has been magnificent—fifteen wolves and a fox have been killed. The weather has been fine, and we have lunched in the open wood, with more than four hundred peasants, who had driven the animals towards our guns, looking on at us. . . . Our guns! this is a slight brag, for I have shot nothing, having seen nothing. The wolves went to the left, and I was on the right, as also were papa, Michka, and Garnitsky. I saw a fox, but not within gun-shot. Then drink was distributed to the peasants. Ah! I am forgetting my triumphant shot. . . .

A peasant climbed to the top of a tree. We threw him a bottle of brandy, which he fastened to the topmost branch—of course, after emptying it—and we amused ourselves with shooting at it. Every one has broken a morsel of it—even myself. Alexander did his utmost to be agreeable, with a thousand flatteries about me—Nadine also. Their son, Étienne, is a charming boy of fourteen, and is the head pupil in the military gymnasium.

As for the menu and the wines, one could not require anything better. And then this country is charming. The house is admirably arranged, and it is only now that I am in a position to understand to what a degree grandpapa (Babanine) was artistic, intelligent, and superior, although buried in his village. The garden and the park, the ponds and the avenues—I would not change anything in them. What an eulogy! Autumn, and the deserted condition in which they now are, after ten years, lends them a great charm. Gavronzi is horrible beside Tcherniakowka.

The rooms here are so well arranged—so *homely*—one feels so comfortable! The peasant women are beautiful, the

people so picturesque. You remember, last year, what difficulty I had in finding anything to do at Gavronzi. It is, perhaps, because I was here as a little girl. . . . No, it is because it is adorable, simply. As regards the recollections, they are something quite apart.

And the billiard table—a little billiard table which has been there since. . . . Mamma remembers it in her childhood, and I recollect when I did not reach up to it. I have played on the piano in the great, white, empty drawing-room, and thought of grandmamma who listened formerly from the depth of her room at the end of the long, long corridor. If she had lived, she would not be more than sixty-five years old now.

We dined in the middle of that room where her body lay in state for three days. I do not know whether the others thought of it, but it affected me. . . . But one forgets everything. If she had lived, she would be so proud of me—so happy!

Ah! if one could make the old people alive again, with what attentions one would surround them! Grandmamma had nothing but sufferings.

This evening there is one of those good soirées, such as there were under mamma's reign. All the candles lighted, all the doors open, seven very large salons, which seemed quite filled, though there are not more than sixteen of us.

Étienne has played on the piano pretty well, then a waltz, and Michka putting a Starovoi on his shoulders has waltzed three times round the room.

The policemen who had looked after the hunt had been invited to dinner.

Fireworks are let off, and so that the fête may be complete a rocket sets fire to a very low hen-house covered with thatch. This procures a semblance of emotion for everybody at a very cheap rate. The men and women servants run like hares, the pails of water cross one another, and there is much shouting; for hosts and guests it is a hunt in the night; with that flame and the trees it was charming! We hurried to the scene of the accident in white dresses and satin slippers; otherwise, I should have been in the fire like Michka, papa, Paul, and the policemen.

Papa has been quite in the flames; he has saved all the fowls and has perhaps even run some risk. It is so amusing . . . there was nothing to fear. As for the wretched Jew, author of the fireworks and of the disaster, he ran away with all his might and has spent the night with Paul, whose

cottage lies about half-an-hour distant. Papa has given him three roubles for his journey to-morrow, but he has preferred to make the passage hanging behind the landau, and that for forty versts, scarcely straddling on just a morsel of wood. We did not become aware of this traveller until we were half-way.

Friday, October 27th.—It is grey after the lovely sunshine of yesterday, and, depressed through not working, I propose that mamma, Paul, and I should go to Poltava. On the way we met the Princess and Dina, who were coming back, and Dina returns thither with us. . . . At the hotel we find Michka and Lihopay, and we go to the theatre. A piece which confirms still more my ideas about the Russian theatre . . . plays and novels are always more or less a reflection of real life; but all the same, I am not paying compliments to my country. Its grossness is at once naïve and depraved. . . .

They kiss on the lips, as if it was quite usual, and that occurs between lovers or husband and wife . . . then they kiss on the neck, on the cheeks, &c., and the public says nothing, it seems quite a matter of course to them; and situations that one would have hissed . . . Young ladies of society, the nice girls of the piece, give boxes on the ears to young men who make declarations to them and whom they suspect of loving only their dowry.

In short . . . if all this took place in the demi-monde, or in the realms of fancy or antiquity of Offenbach, and with the accompaniment of all the usual gaieties and follies . . . well and good; but they represent *bourgeois*, owners of property, people like ourselves, and it is quite serious. . . .

One does not know what to make of it.

This evening we see a little wild girl, an *ingénue* who adores a very mature sort of married man, corrupt and witty (in the piece); every time they find themselves alone, and that happens every instant, they kiss on the mouth!—the *ingénue*, without any after-thought, and he for the pleasure of the thing. Then in the evening there occurs an instant in which the man recedes, and the *ingénue* says to him, "Why do you fly from me? what are you thinking of? at all events I am a living being, my blood boils, &c. &c." In short . . . she goes to spend a night with a young man who loves her, and returns to tell the old man and his wife (for he has a young and pretty wife) that it is he, the old seducer, who is the cause of it all; for he has agitated her senses to such a degree that she has been obliged to

. . . console herself with some one else. The young man marries her and, calling her "my affianced bride," he gives her such a furious kiss on the mouth that she will have a blue mark all round it to-morrow without doubt. It is gross, but not immoral; it disgusts you with love, and arouses absolutely nothing.

Monday, November 6th.—In fact, no doubt those people cannot comprehend . . . Paris, elegance, celebrity! why, what is the good? Actors are celebrated, painters are only known by name, and as regards names the only one cited and known is Raphael; and then there are the oleographs of Russian daubers, whose talent is as false, pretentious, and empty as their character. As to elegance, they only believe in that of the dressmakers of Kharkoff "who have the Paris fashions;" and as for our dresses, they are "excessive," "exaggerated," and truly, though coming from Paris, we are not well dressed.

How, then, can I make any one understand what I suffer in remaining here with my arms folded.

Tuesday, November 7th.—Here they go to the ball, get drunk with companions, play at cards, and take supper with ballet-dancers. And if they talk with ladies, it is only when they are in love with them.

But to talk with people generally, as in France, and about all sorts of things, is unknown in these parts. No news penetrates here; there is no conversation except the vulgarest and dullest gossip. And the great distraction is the hotel; owners of property (noblemen) from the neighbourhood sometimes come to spend weeks there, and they visit each other from room to room, drink and play at cards. The theatre is deserted, and everything which might have the shadow of resemblance to an intelligent amusement is regarded with horror.

They crawl in the dust before the aristocracy in this noble country. . . . . Ah! I'd see myself somewhere if I was going to become like that! . . . . However, to return to our princes, whom, to the great astonishment of the Poltavians, I persist in treating, as I treat all the rest of the world, as my equals . . . . and as is usual in the civilised world; our princes do not please me over well. However, the little one—he who beat the coachman—is lively, amiable, and not silly; I do not say that because he played at being humorous by thrusting himself under a table loaded with fruit and champagne, to

upset them. . . . . It is true that he beat the coachman . . . that is comprehensible up to a certain point in this country, and at that age. Do you think they are astonished or shocked here? No, not a bit of it; for another person it's simple enough, for Prince R—— it is delightful. I want to go away!

Paris, Wednesday, November 15th.—I am at Paris! We started on Thursday evening. Uncle Nicolas and Michka accompanied us to the first station, and Paul and his wife to Kharkoff. We stayed for twenty-four hours at Kieff, where Julia (uncle Alexander's daughter) is at the institute. She is fourteen years old, and is charming.

Thursday, November 16th.—I have been to a great doctor—a hospital surgeon—*incognito* and quietly dressed, so that he might not deceive me.

Oh! he is not an amiable man. He has told me very simply *I shall never be cured.* But my condition may improve in a satisfactory manner, so that it will be a bearable deafness; it is so already; it will be more so according to all appearances. But if I do not rigorously follow the treatment he prescribes it will increase. He also directs me to a little doctor who will watch over me for two months, for he has not the time himself to see me twice a week as is necessary.

I have had for the first time the courage to say, "Monsieur, I am growing deaf." Hitherto I have made use of, "I do not hear well, my ears are stopped, &c." This time I dared to say that dreadful thing, and the doctor answered me with the brutality of a surgeon.

I hope that the misfortunes announced by my dreams may be *that.* But let us not busy ourselves in advance with the troubles which God holds in reserve for his humble servant. Just at present I am only half deaf.

However, he says that it will certainly get better. As long as I have my family to watch round me and to come to my assistance with the readiness of affection all goes well, yet . . . . but alone, in the midst of strangers!

And supposing I have a wicked or indelicate husband! . . . If again it had been compensated by some great happiness with which I should have been crowned without deserving it! But . . . why, then, is it said that God is good that God is just?

Why does God cause suffering? If it is He who has created the world, why has He created evil, suffering, and wickedness?

So then I shall never be cured. It will be bearable; but there will be a veil betwixt me and the rest of the world. The wind in the branches, the murmur of the water, the rain which falls on the windows . . . words uttered in a low tone . . . I shall hear nothing of all that! With the K——s I did not find myself at fault once; nor at dinner either; directly the conversation is just a little animated I have no reason to complain. But at the theatre I do not hear the actors completely; and with models, in the deep silence, one does not speak loud . . . However . . . without doubt, it had been to a certain degree foreseen. I ought to have become accustomed to it during the last year . . . I am accustomed to it, but it is terrible all the same.

I am struck in what was the most necessary to me and the most precious.

Provided that it stops there!

Friday, November 17th.—So henceforth I am going to be less than no matter who, incomplete, infirm . . .

I shall need condescension and help from my own people, and delicacy from strangers. Independence, liberty, all that is at an end.

I, so proud, will have to blush and distrust myself at every instant.

I write this to impress it on myself, but I do not yet believe in it—it is so horrible; for I do not understand it yet—it is so cruel, so incredible.

The sight of my fresh and rosy face in a glass fills me with pity . . .

Yes, all the world knows it, or soon will know it, all those who were already so happy to disparage me . . . She is deaf. But, good God, why suddenly this terrible, frightful, atrocious thing?

Tuesday, November 21st.—Since yesterday I have been working at the studio, having come back to the most simple work of all, concerning myself neither about the choice of the model, nor its beauty, nor any pretension. "Six months of this course," says Julian, "and you will do whatever you please." He is convinced that for three years I have been doing nothing, and I shall end by believing it. In reality, since I began painting I have made no advance; is that as much as to say that I do less? No; I have taken immense pains, and for two years I have been undertaking things perhaps too difficult, but I have been working.

But Julian maintains that *it is* because I do not work that I waste my abilities . .

They all bore me; I bore myself! . . . I shall never be cured. Do you not feel how horrible, unjust, and maddening that is?

I bear the thought with calmness; I have been prepared for it; but yet that is not the reason, it is because I cannot believe that it is for ever.

Do you realise it, for life until death? . . .

Evidently it is influencing my character and my mind, without reckoning that it has already brought me some grey hairs.

I say again, I do not yet believe it. It is impossible that there is nothing, nothing to be done; that it is for eternity, and that I shall die with this veil between the universe and me, and that never, never, never! . . .

Is it not so, one cannot believe in a sentence so final, so irrevocable? And not the shadow of hope, not the shadow, not the shadow!

This makes me so nervous in working, I am always afraid that the model is speaking w thout my hearing, or some one at the studio, or that they are laughing . . . or even that, for my sake, they are speaking too loud.

And with the model at home . . . But, confound it, they tell her plainly that . . . that what? That I do not hear very well! Try it then. A like avowal of infirmity! And an infirmity so humiliating, so foolish, so sad;—*an infirmity!*

I have not this courage, and I always indulge the hope that it will not be noticed.

I try to set it forth here, you know, but I do not believe it. . . . It seems to me that I am speaking of somebody else. . . . And how realise this horrible nightmare—this fearful, cruel, atrocious thing? . . . . in the flush of youth—the prime of life? How believe that it is possible, that it is not a bad dream—that it is everlasting?

Thursday, November 23rd.—What I am doing this week is so bad that I cannot understand it myself. Julian has called me to him, and has spoken such useless, such cruel words to me . . . . so . . . . I do not understand it! Last year he said almost the same thing to me. Now, on looking at last year's studies, he says: "You would not do as much at present—it was good work." According to him, for three years I have not been doing anything—that

is to say, he commenced his reproaches, lamentations, and little sarcasms from the time I began painting—three years ago.

Perhaps he thinks that he will drive me to work—just the opposite. It has crushed me; I have remained stupefied for three hours, my hands uncertain, and my arms burning.

Last summer I painted Irma laughing, and everybody thought it good. This summer—after Spain and my illness—I have done a pastel that everybody has pronounced exceedingly good, and a painting that is considered fair. What has happened since? I have failed in my fisherman. Yes; and then I have been in Russia—six weeks' holiday—I enter again, I come in for a filthy model, a bad place. I force myself to work, though against the grain; I make a fright, which I scrape and daub over; I try to paint an arm in this muddle. Julian arrives, just as I had sketched it in, and very badly; and then he makes those remarks to me—in his own room, too, in private. I am not Breslau, I know; I need to study, I know; but from that to coming and telling me that all is lost, that I no longer know anything, that there has happened, I know not what . . . . In short, you would say that I know nothing at all, upon my word of honour!

I am not doing it purposely. Then what? After my illness at Nice, all the attempts that I have made have been treated by him as frights. But if it is his opinion, it is also mine, only he need not come and say that it is because I waste my energies that I do nothing, that I am sure of myself, that I will not, that I think I have attained success. He does not believe it — it is an absurdity. But it is very foolish, for it annihilates me.

If I do not make as rapid progress in painting as in drawing, that is not a reason for saying all these infamous things to me.

Monday, November 27th.—A pupil is sitting to me, and willingly, for I will give her the study. Overwhelmed by Julian, I did not dare to ask it from any one, thinking that it would be ridiculous on the part of any one who is a failure, who no longer does anything, who, &c. &c.

Now that he can no longer say that I do nothing—because I am working in his studio — he says that I am making a semblance of it. That becomes annoying. The day before yesterday he said that it is only for two years

that I have been doing nothing. Of these two years I have been ill five months, and convalescent or feverish for six. In the remainder of the time I have done the picture for the Salon — a woman, life-size, in the open air, in Russia; the old man of Nice, Thérèse, Irma, Dina. So much for large paintings. I am not counting a considerable number of studies. That this may be bad, I admit willingly, but after all it is not my cobbler's work.

In short, he thinks that it must stimulate me, and that it may pass for wit. That's exasperating. No doubt, I am not favoured like Breslau, who lives in a small artistic circle, and where every word and every step aid study in some degree. But I swear to you that I do what I can under the conditions in which I am placed.

I am compelled to lose time, no doubt—the evening, for instance, which Breslau spends in drawing or composing, while, as for me, I am distracted and worried by the visitors.

The surroundings are half the battle while you are a student. All this puts me in a cold rage, or one which seems unnatural, owing to this fixed idea. If I did not fear bringing other horrors upon myself, I should say that God is unjust. Yet, indeed, no! I am horrified at myself, I have grown stouter, my shoulders were already broad enough without that, my arms are stout, and my chest grows fuller.

Sunday, December 3rd.—Ah! my God, give me strength to do nothing but studies, since the advice of them all is that I must render myself mistress of the art; one does what one likes afterwards. I reason so well and I have not the strength. . . . . When one knows one's business well, all that one does is good, or nearly so, whereas in my hands now . . . . What is six months' time? Shall I not wait patiently for six months? To forget all that would amuse me to paint, and to do only studies, and not to lose time.

Continuity of efforts, and then afterwards? . . . . .

Tuesday, December 5th.—I have just finished reading *Honorine* at a stretch, and I should like to possess that sublime eloquence of the pen, in order that in reading me one might interest one's self in my dull existence.

It would be curious if the recital of my want of success and of my obscurity were going to give me what I am seeking and shall still seek. But I shall not know it . . . . and,

besides, for any one to read me and find his way in these thousands of pages, must I not become somebody? . . .

Uncertainty and discouragement make me remain idle—that is to say, reading all the evening; and then I feel a stinging remorse. But I am either quite alone or else with my family, which is stupefying.

As I write I stop at every word, for I do not find expressions to depict the frightful trouble, prostration, and terror that I experience in not sticking to anything.

What has happened? Nothing.

What, then? I would consent with joy to live only ten years, to have talent at once and realise my dreams. . . .

Two or three days ago we went to the Hôtel Drouot; there was an exhibition of jewellery. Mamma, my aunt, and Dina, admired several *parures;* but I pooh-poohed it all, except a row of wonderful diamonds enormous in size, which I much coveted for an instant; to have two of them would be very nice, but such a miracle was not to be thought of, so I have contented myself with thinking that perhaps, some day, by marrying a millionaire, I might have earrings of that size or a brooch, for stones of that weight can hardly be hung in the ears. That was really the first time that I understood jewels. Eh, well! yesterday evening they were brought to me, those two diamonds; my mother and my aunt have bought them for me, and I had only said, without the least hope of getting them, "These are the only stones one would covet." They are worth twenty-five thousand francs; the stones are yellow, otherwise they would cost three times as much.

I have amused myself with them all the evening, keeping them in my pocket while I was modelling, and Dusantoy was playing the piano, and Bojidar and the others were talking. These two stones have passed the night close to my bed, and I have not been separated from them during the sitting.

Ah! if other things which seem as impossible could also come to pass! . . . . Even though they might be yellow, and might cost only four thousand instead of twenty-five thousand!

But, however, this great grief is absurd; I cannot complain of it to anybody!

Thursday, December 7th.—We have spoken for an instant with Julian; but no more of those long talks! There is nothing more to talk about, all has been said; we wait for me to work and produce. However, I reproach him with his

injustice, or rather with the manner in which he proceeds to make me move forward.

My pastel will be shown in a club and then go to the Salon. It is a first-rate thing, says father Julian, and I should like to hug him.

Well, you must paint a picture which will strike artists.

And I shall not be able to do it now. Ah! Lord, if I could believe that by working I shall succeed in it! That would give me courage. But it seems to me at present that I shall never be able.

I work badly, I admit; since I did Irma, I have splashed in the rain with father Charles, and then I have been in Russia; total, three months of stupidity. And three months represent twelve studies, twelve torsos life-size or twelve compositions half life-size. I have never in my life made four of them in succession. Julian is right too; I felt I could kiss him!

But I have been ill for a year!

Thursday, December 14th.—This morning we go to see the canvases that the real Bastien has just brought back from the country. He is there, busy re-arranging the borders of the paintings and certain things in the background. We meet like friends; he is so kind, such a good fellow!

Perhaps he is not all that? But he has so much talent! Yes indeed, he is charming.

And the poor architect is completely eclipsed by his brother's radiancy. Jules has brought back several studies: *An Evening in the Village*, the moon is already seen and windows are lighted up; a man returning from the fields, turns round to speak to a woman who is going towards the house with the illumined window; the twilight is marvellously rendered, the calm which pervades everything, the people returning home; everything is silent, one only hears dogs barking. Oh, what colour, what poetic feeling, what charm! . . . .

In the style of Jules Breton—who is called a poet, as big as your fist—but better.

There is also a forge at which an old fellow is working. It is quite small and is not less beautiful than those marvellous little dark canvases that one sees at the Louvre. Besides this, there are landscapes, water, Venice and London; and two great canvases, an English flower-girl and a peasant girl in a field. It is life-size, and it has filled me with stupefaction; it seems to me so inferior to himself.

At first one is dazzled by the variety and all-powerfulness of this talent which disdains specialism and does everything in a superior manner.

His English boy is far above those two girls; as to the street boy of last year entitled *Pas-mèche*, it was simply a *chef-d'œuvre*.

Sunday, December 17th.—The true, the only, the unique, the great Bastien-Lepage came to-day.

I receive him wildly, awkwardly, and confusedly, sad and ashamed at having nothing to show him.

He stayed for more than two hours, after having looked at all the pictures in every corner; only I prevented him from seeing, for I was nervous and laughing at random. This great artist is very good; he tries to calm me, and we speak of Julian, who caused this immense discouragement. Bastien does not treat me as a fashionable young lady; he says just what Tony Robert Fleury and Julian say, only without the horrid pleasantries of Julian, who declares that it is all over with me, that I shall do nothing now, that I am done for. That is what maddens me.

Bastien is adorable—that is to say, I adore his gifts. And I think I have, thanks to my confusion, discovered a delicate and unexpected way of flattery: the manner in which I received him was already a very great flattery. He makes a sketch in Miss Richards' album, which she had entrusted to me to draw something in; and as the paint penetrated the leaf and soiled the following one, he wished to put a piece of paper between.

"Let it alone, let it alone, it will make two for her." I do not know why I am making Richards' happiness; sometimes it amuses me to prepare a great pleasure for some one who is not expecting it, and who is only a passing acquaintance.

When I was painting at the *Grande Jatte* one day, a whole family, the father and four or five children in rags, with a wretched bundle of clothes, came to the edge of the water; it looked like a household removal of wretchedness. I gave them two francs. It was a sight to see the joy, the surprise of these poor creatures! I hid myself behind the trees. Heaven has never treated me so well, heaven has never had any of those beneficent fancies.

Wednesday, December 20th.—I have, as yet, nothing in hand for the Salon, and nothing presents itself. Ah, what agony! . . . .

Saturday, December 23rd. — This evening we have to dinner the great, the true, the only, the incomparable Bastien-Lepage and his brother!

No one else had been invited, which was rather embarrassing. They were dining for the first time, and that, perhaps, seemed a little too intimate. And then the fear that it may become tiresome—you understand?

As regards the brother, he is received here almost as familiarly as Bojidar; but the great, the only, the true, &c. Well, the little man who, if he were of gold, would not be worth his gifts; the little man seems charmed and flattered. I think, at being made so much of. No one has yet given him credit for "genius." Nor do I say it to him either, only I treat him as such, and by artificial childishnesses I make him swallow an enormous quantity of flattery. Bojidar comes for a minute in the evening. He is in an amiable mood—overflowing in my sense of the word—quite at home, and delighted at meeting the Bastiens and other celebrities.

But, in order that Bastien may not imagine that I push my admiration to excess, I couple with him Saint-Marceaux, of whom I speak as "You two!" So he stayed until midnight. I have painted a bottle, which he has approved of, adding that "it is thus that you must work—have patience, concentrate yourself, put into it all that you can, try to render nature scrupulously."

Tuesday, December 26th. — Ah, well, it seems that I am ill. The doctor who is attending me does not know me—has no interest in deceiving me. My right side is injured—the lung is damaged—that is, never completely cured. Only if I take care of myself, it will not get worse, and I shall live as long as another. Yes; but it is necessary to stop it by violent means, such as cauterisation or a blister—all the pleasures, in short! a blister, that means a yellow stain for a year. I shall have to wear a bunch of flowers, which I will place so as to conceal it for the soirées, on the right collar-bone.

I shall wait for eight days longer. If the complication which has arisen persists, I shall, perhaps, make up my mind to undergo this infamy.

God is wicked.

Thursday, December 28th.—That really is the case! I

am consumptive. He has told me so to-day—take care of yourself, we must try to cure you; you will regret it.

My doctor is a young man, of very intelligent appearance. To my objections against blisters and other infamies, he replies that I shall regret it, and that he has never in his life seen so extraordinary an invalid; and also that from my looks one would never, never think me ill. I have a flourishing appearance, in fact, and both lungs are affected the left, however, much less.

The first time that I had a pain on my left side was when I came out of the holy catacombs of Kieff, where we had all been to ask God and the relics of the saints to cure me, by a great supply of masses and roubles. A week ago there was as yet hardly anything audible in the left lung. He asked me if I have any consumptive relatives.

"Yes; my grandpapa's father and his two sisters—the Countess de Toulouse-Lautrec and Baroness Stralborne—a great-grandfather and two great-aunts."

"Well, however that may be, you are consumptive."

My legs were a little tremulous as I came down the staircase of this good man, who takes an interest in so original an invalid. However, it may be stopped if I do what is necessary. That is to say, blisters and the south. To disfigure my shoulders for a year, and go into exile. What is a year compared with a lifetime? It is lovely, too, is my life!

I am very calm, but slightly astonished at being alone in the secret of my misfortunes. And the fortune-tellers who predict so much good fortune for me . . . However, Mother Jacob foretold a malady. Here it is. "In order that her prediction may be completely realised, there is wanting—the grand success, the money, the marriage, and then the love of a married man."—At present I have a pain in my left side, which is the sounder one. Potain would never say that my lungs were affected; he employs the formulæ usual in such a case, the bronchial tubes, bronchitis, &c. . . . It is better to know exactly; that decides me to do everything, except go away this year.

Next winter, I shall have my picture of the two Maries to explain this journey. If I went this winter, it would be to have the vexations of last year over again. Everything except the south; and I commend myself to the grace of God.

In fact, what has caused this doctor to say so much to me is, that I am worse since my last visit. He is really

treating me for my ears; and, half laughing, I casually alluded to my chest; then he sounded me, prescribing globules (a month ago) and filthy things to put on my skin, to which I have not been able to bring myself, hoping that the disease would not advance so rapidly.

So I am consumptive. And only since two or three years. In short, it is not sufficiently advanced to kill me, only it is very tiresome.

Oh yes! But how explain my healthy appearance, and my inability to get into my bodices which were made before I was ill, and at a moment when there was no idea of anything? I suppose I shall get thin suddenly; it is perhaps because I am young, and my shoulders are so broad, my chest so convex, my hips so Spanish. I cannot recover from all these catastrophes.

However, if ten years are still left to me, and if during these ten years I get love and fame, I will die content at thirty. If there were any one to make a bargain with, I should be willing to die after thirty, having lived first.

But I should like to be cured . . . . that is to say . . . . to have the disease checked; it is never cured; but one lives with it, and for a long time, as long as any concierge. Consumptive, not only nominally, but really. I will put on as many blisters as they like, for I want to paint.

I shall be able to hide the mark by bodices trimmed with flowers and lace and tulle, and a thousand other delightful things that are worn without being required; it may even look pretty. Ah! I am comforted. One doesn't always put on blisters. After a year, or at all events two years, of care I shall be like anybody else—I shall be young . . . . I . . . .

Ah! did I not say that I was going to die? God, not being able to give me what would render life possible to me, gets out of it by killing me. After having overwhelmed me with misery, He kills me to finish up with. I have well said that I must die, that it could not last. I told you so a long time ago, years ago, at Nice, when I already caught a vague glimpse of all that I needed in order to live. But others have more, and do not die! See now! . . .

I shall not tell any one except Julian, who has dined here; and this evening, when we were alone for an instant, I made him a significant sign with my head, at the same time indicating, with my hand, my throat and chest. He will not believe it; I seem so strong. He reassures me, mentioning some friends about whom the doctors had been mistaken

Thereupon he asks me what I think of heaven? I had said that I had been ill-treated by that same heaven. What I think of it? Not much good. He thinks I believe there is something in it all the same. Yes, it is possible. I read to him Musset's *Espoir en Dieu*, and he replied by the invocation or the imprecations of Franck . . . . "I want to live!"

So do I; well it almost amuses me, this position of a condemned person. It is a pose, an emotion; I contain a mystery, death has touched me with his finger; there is a certain charm in it; it is new, at all events.

And then to be able *in real earnest* to talk of my death, is really interesting—I repeat, it amuses me. It is a pity that I cannot without inconvenience have any other audience than my confessor, Julian.

Saturday, December 30th.—It is getting worse! There, I am beginning to exaggerate; but really it is getting worse, and it is impossible for me to recover, and God, who is neither just nor good, will probably punish me yet more because I dare to say it! He terrifies me so much that I am going to submit, a submission that will not be placed to my credit because it is through fear.

Provided that . . . .; I cough a great deal and hear sounds in my chest . . . . In short, let us put off everything to the fourteenth. Provided that I last comfortably up to that date. No fever, no drawn face . . . . That is what is so difficult . . . . Afterwards, it will perhaps be too late; it makes such rapid progress; both lungs, think of it! Oh! misery!

Sunday, December 31st.—It is too dark to paint; we go to church; and then we go to have another look at the exhibition in the Rue de Sèze, Bastien, Saint-Marceaux, and Cazin. It is the first time that I see Cazin's pictures, and I am vanquished. It is poetry; but Bastien's *Soir au Village* yields in no way to this professional poet called Cazin; and note that Bastien has been often injured by the title of first-class craftsman.

I spend a precious hour there; what an enjoyment! There has never been any sculpture like Saint-Marceaux's. The words so often used as to be trite: "It lives!" are absolutely true in his case. And in addition to this master-quality, which suffices to render an artist successful, there is a depth of thought, an intensity of feeling, a something

mysterious which does not constitute Saint-Marceaux a man of immense talent, but almost makes him an artist of genius.

Only he is still young and is living; that is why I seem to be exaggerating.

Sometimes, I could place him above Bastien.

It is my one idea just now; I must have a painting by the one and a statue by the other.

CHAPTER XI.

PARIS, 1883. HER FATHER'S DEATH.

Monday, January 1st.—Gambetta, who has been sick or wounded since several days, has just died.

I can't describe the strange effect produced by his death. It is impossible to believe in it. This man was so much a part of the entire life of the country that it's impossible to think of anything without him. Triumphs, defeats, caricatures, accusations, praise, humbug—nothing held together without him. The papers speak of his fall, but he never fell! His cabinet! Is it possible to judge a cabinet of six weeks? What humbug! and what treachery! You ask of a man to turn into a Sully in forty days, constantly threatening him with his loss of office, for a question of any gross absurdity.

He died attended by seven doctors; and what interests at stake, what an anxiety to save him! What is the good of taking care of oneself, of being worried, and of suffering? Death terrifies me at present as if I could see him.

Yes, I fancy that it is coming—soon. Ah! How small one feels! And what's the use! Why? There must be something beyond; this passing life does not suffice, is not in proportion to our thoughts and aspirations. There is the hereafter, without which this life has no solution, and God seems absurd.

A future life . . . . There are moments when, without quite understanding, we seem to catch a glimpse of it, and are terrified.

Wednesday, January 3rd.—In reading the papers full of Gambetta, I have a sensation as if my head had been compressed in an iron band; those patriotic tirades, those sonorous words—patriot, great citizen, national mourning! I can't work, I have tried; I wanted to force myself to it, and it is this assumed coldness of the first hour which has made me commit the irreparable stupidity, not to be retrieved now, of remaining in Paris instead of rushing off to the Ville d'Avray as soon as we heard the news, in order to see the room, and even make a sketch. I shall never be an opportunist.

Thursday, January 4th.—The coffin has been brought to the Palace; the President of the Chamber received it. "Thank you for having it here," he said to Spuller, bursting into tears. . . . And I wept too. The austere, the brave, the simple Brisson weeping! He was not his friend. "Thank you for having brought him here!" This has a ring of genuine emotion which no acting can ever impart.

We could not get in after having stood waiting with the crowd for two hours. The crowd was very respectful, if you take the character of the French into account—the pushing, the conversation, the constant temptation of being witty about everything, the inevitable jokes in such a crush.

And when somebody laughed aloud there were people who insisted on silence being kept; they were crying, "It's indecent; be respectful to him!" but they were everywhere selling his photographs, his medals, and illustrated papers—"The Life and Death of Gambetta."

The heart contracts at this brutal confirmation of the event, this publicity which is yet so natural, and appears to me like an indelicacy.

Saturday, January 5th.—We shall see the funeral passing from the windows of Marinovitch, the ambassador of Servia and brother-in-law of the Princess Karageorgevitch, 240, Rue de Rivoli. It would be difficult to be better placed.

At three o'clock the cannon announce that the coffin is in motion; we are at the window.

The car—preceded in splendid style by mounted trumpeters, military bands playing a funeral march, and three huge carts loaded with wreaths—gave me a sense of surprise, akin to disappointment—a severe but just criticism of the two Bastiens, whose work it is. Through the tears, which this magnificent sight brought to my eyes, I distinguished the two brothers walking quite close to their work. The architect, to whom his brother had generously yielded the first place, not himself in need of this celebrity, was *almost* holding the cord of the pall. The car is low, as if crushed with pain—a piece of black velvet being thrown across it, and some wreaths, as if flung there by chance, and a crape veil. The coffin was wrapped in flags. I should have liked to have seen more majesty, perhaps because I am used to ecclesiastical pomp. In short, they wanted, very properly, to avoid the every-day hearse, and to imitate a sort of antique car, recalling the body of Hector brought back to Troy. You would have thought that after three trucks

of flowers and several enormous wreaths carried by hand had passed, that it was plenty; but the three trucks were quite lost sight of in what followed—for never, as everybody said, had been seen such a procession of flowers, of flags in mourning, and of wreaths.

For my part, I acknowledge without shame that I was completely overwhelmed by this magnificence. One is moved, excited, over-wrought! no words are left to express the same thing over and over again. What, more! Yes, more, and still more; hand-barrows full of wreaths, of all sizes, of all colours, huge, fabulous, such as were never seen before; banners and ribands with patriotic inscriptions, gold fringes which glitter through the crape. Avalanches of flowers, beads and fringes, beds of roses swinging in the sunlight, mountains of violets and of immortelles and then a choral society—the funeral march, too quickly played, dying away in sad notes in the distance; then the sound of steps on the gravel of the road, which I should like to compare to the sound of a shower of tears . . . . and delegations carrying wreaths pass and pass. Committees, associations, Paris, France, Europe, trades, arts, schools, the flower of civilisation and intelligence.

And then come drums muffled with crape, and the grand blare of the trumpet after impressive periods of silence.

The salvage corps are cheered, and so are the students, who salute as if to say, "There is, perhaps, *such another* among us!" Then, again a funeral march, and yet more wreaths. The most beautiful are greeted with murmurs of admiration. There *is* a cheer for Algiers. As Belleville passed I felt, with that faculty of assimilation and emotion which I possess in so high a degree, a movement of compassionate pride, which clouded my eyes. But when the monumental wreaths of the towns of Alsace-Lorraine appear, and the tricolour flags draped in mourning, there is an agitation in the crowd which brings tears to one's eyes. And the procession still goes on, and wreaths follow upon wreaths, and the ribands and flowers glitter in the sun through veils of crape.

It is not a burial—it is a triumphal march. Why not say an apotheosis? A whole nation follows this coffin, and all the flowers in France are cut to honour this genius, outrageously killed at forty-four years of age, who represented all the generous aspirations of this generation, who had ended by appropriating to himself, and by uniting in his personality, the entire life of the youth of

the country—who was the poetry, the art, the hope, and the head of the new men.

Dead at forty-four! having only had time to prepare the ground for his work of requital and of greatness.

This incredible and unique procession lasts for more than two hours and a half; and at last the crowd closes up again—the indifferent and noisy crowd — no longer thinking of anything, but laughing at the frightened horses of the last cuirassiers. There has never been anything like it—the bands, the flowers, the corporations, and the children who, in the light mist and sunshine, looked like the images of an apotheosis. This gilded vapour and the flowers would make one think of the impossible funeral procession of some young god. . . .

Even putting politics aside, I see that all the world has been driven to show tender regret for him. He was the friend and intellectual companion of this entire generation—he was the Republic, Paris, France, youth, and the arts. I seem to see a piece of stuff from which the chief ornament has been torn away, leaving only a mark and some cut threads.

Ah! flowers, wreaths, funeral marches, flags, delegations, and honours — shower them upon him, impatient, ungrateful, and unjust nation! All is over for the present. Wrap up in tricolour stuff the coffin which contains the frightful remains of that bright intelligence. You are, in sooth, worthy to honour this mutilated corpse—you who poisoned the last year of the life of that spirit who animated it. All is over. There is nothing left, but dwarfs, stupefied before the yawning grave of him whose superiority was so irksome to them.

How many are there who said to themselves that Gambetta prevented them from becoming prominent by his absorbing genius! Now you have room—show yourselves! Ye jealous and impotent mediocrities, his death will not change you.

We depart about three o'clock. Everybody turns to the left. The Champs-Élysées is grey and deserted. It is such a short time ago since this man was driving there—so gay, so young, so full of life — in that very simple carriage, about which he was so much reproached. What bad faith everywhere! for intelligent, honest, well-informed men—Frenchmen and patriots—*could not in their hearts and consciences* believe in the infamies with which Gambetta was charged.

It is said that his seat as Deputy is already appropriated by an insect of the Chamber. There is nobody there, then, to oppose this gross injury to the memory of him who has given celebrity to the Tribune of this Chamber, to the steps strewn with wreaths, adorned with lamp-holders, and veiled, like a widow, in long black crape, which falls from the front like a scarf, and envelops it with transparent folds.

This veil is an inspiration of genius, and a more dramatic decoration could not be invented. The effect is striking; it gives one a shock, and leaves an impression of chill and terror, like the black flag of a country in danger.

Monday, January 8th.—Truly this man filled France and well-nigh Europe. Everyone must feel that somebody is missing; it seems as if there is nothing left to read in the newspapers, and nothing to be done in the Chamber.

No doubt there are more useful men, obscure workers, inventors, and patient administrators. They will never attain this prestige, this enchantment, this power. To excite enthusiasm and devotion; to collect together and unite parties; to be the heroic mouthpiece of his country; is not this useful, skilful, admirable? To animate his country; to be the flag towards which all eyes turn in the time of danger . . . is not this *more* than all those political qualities, those virtues, and that sagacious dexterity of mature politicians? Good heavens! Victor Hugo might die this evening, and it would not affect any one; his work is there, whatever may happen, and it matters little whether he died to-day or ten years ago, for his career is ended. But Gambetta was life, he was the light of day springing up afresh every morning. He was the soul of the Republic; he was the glory or fall, the triumph or ridicule of the whole country. Events all centred in him, he was the mouthpiece; he was an epic in action and speech, of which we shall *never again* seize either a gesture or an intonation of voice. Marvellous incarnation of a party which is almost the whole of France, and in every way the dispenser of all that made hearts vibrate with sympathy, fear, envy, admiration or hatred; and all is over for ever!

Tuesday, January 9th.—If I could explain myself, I should say that the death of Gambetta fills me with despair.

I wept for the young Napoleon as one weeps at a melo-

drama; it was tragic, it was, above all, pathetic—this child killed abroad, so far away! . . . but what I weep for now I could not very well say unless I had the honour of being French, and the good fortune to be a man.

Tuesday, January 16th.—Émile Bastien took us to Ville d'Avray, to Gambetta's house, where his brother is at work. Until one has seen it with one's own eyes, one does not believe in such a wretched interior—for modest would very inadequately express it. The kitchen is the only comfortable room in this kind of gardener's house.

The dining-room is so small and so low that one wonders how the coffin found room enough, and how his many distinguished friends were able to surround it.

The drawing-room is a little larger, but poor, and devoid of all comfort. A mean staircase leads to his bedroom, which filled me with astonishment and indignation. What! It is in this wretched cage, of which *I literally touch the ceiling with my hand,* that they left for six weeks a sick man of Gambetta's constitution, and in winter, with the windows closed. A stout asthmatic man, and wounded into the bargain.

It was then this bedroom *also* that killed him. Vile, cheap paper, a dirty bed, two secrétaires, patched mirrors between the windows, and curtains of old shabby red wool. A poor student's lodging wouldn't be worse.

This man, who has been so much lamented, has never been loved! Surrounded by Jews, stock-jobbers, speculators, company-promoters, he had no one who loved him for himself or even for his glory.

But he need not have been left a single hour in this wretched unhealthy box.

What! Can the dangers of an hour's journey be compared to the dangers of remaining without air in this horrible little room? Why, he might have been carried on a mattress by men without the slightest jar!

Ville d'Avray, or rather *les Jardies*, which were depicted to us in the journals like a little house *à la* Barras. This man was said to be so much taken up with his ease and luxury! Why, it is infamous!

Bastien-Lepage is working at the foot of the bed. Nothing has been touched; the sheets crumpled over the eider-down quilt, which represents the body, the flowers on the sheets. In the engravings one cannot appreciate the proportions of the room, in which the bed occupies an enormous space.

The distance between the bed and the window does not allow one to move back at all: and the bed too is cut down in the picture, its legs are not shown. The picture is truth itself. The head thrown back, three-quarter face, with that expression of nothingness after suffering, of serenity *still living*, and already *of the next world*. One seems to really see him. The body, extended, laid out, annihilated, from which life has just fled, is most striking.

It is an emotion under which you totter.

Bastien is a very fortunate man. I am a little embarrassed in his presence. With the physique of a young man of twenty-five, he has that benevolent and unassuming serenity that one sees in great men—Victor Hugo, for instance. I shall end by finding him handsome; in any case, he possesses that infinite charm of notable and powerful people who know it, without conceit and without silliness.

I look at him working while he is talking to Dina, and the others are in the adjoining room.

On the wall is seen the mark of the ball which killed Gambetta. He shows it to us; and then the calm of this room, the faded flowers, the sunshine through the window, in short, it makes me cry. . . . But he has his back turned, engrossed in his picture; so not to lose the benefit of this sensibility, I shake hands with him abruptly and go out quickly, with my face covered with tears. I hope that he has noticed it. It is silly . . . . yes, silly to own that one always thinks of the effect.

Monday, January 22nd.—For two months I have gone twice a week to the doctor, recommended by M. Duplay, who, as you may remember, had not time to attend me himself. The treatment which was, without fail, to have had beneficial results, has not had them. I am not better, but it is *hoped* that I shall not be worse. "And if you are no worse, you must think yourself fortunate!" It is hard.

Wednesday, January 24th.—After a crushing day's work at painting we go to see Étincelle. M. Bocher, the steward of the Orleans, is there, and two others, one of whom is tall and powerful, almost a Cassagnac, but spoiled by a double eye-glass. I have listened silently for twenty-five minutes to conversation about the horrors of the Revolution, the crimes of France since '89, &c.

It would have been too easy to reply, especially as I never close my eyes without having read two chapters of Michelet's

Revolution. When old Bocher goes, I commit the mistake, probably, of saying that I hold abominable opinions.

"What, you are a Republican?"

How can one call one's self a Republican in this drawing-room of pure Louis XVI., and with Étincelle in state in an arm-chair of white lacquer, in a *bleu de roi* velvet dress with panniers? With her comical but charming head, this woman is very agreeable.

I get out of it by saying that motives, intentions, faith are admirable . . . . that the most generous impulse, &c. In short . . . . that all parties have committed crimes . . . . to have for an excuse the prospective happiness of all . . . . that it is natural that at first one feels one's way, one is deceived, sometimes cruelly. . . . In fact, timidly, but in sufficiently precise terms, a modest apology for the Revolution . . . . resting on the sentimental side; and Étincelle consoles mamma by saying to her that whatever is generous and heroic in all this must needs find an echo in my young heart, &c. &c. Meanwhile the gentleman with the eye-glass remained, and uttered from time to time a word or a phrase in the style of Cassagnac; and, as we left, he said how much he had regretted not to have been able to come to our soirée (he had had an invitation through Saint-Amand). An exchange of lively compliments with mamma, and a flattering observation to me, with whom he is honoured, flattered, enchanted to have made acquaintance. I reply with an inclination of the head.

Thursday, February 22nd.—The head of the smallest boy is entirely painted.

I play Chopin on the piano and Rossini on the harp, quite alone in the studio. The moonlight is lovely; the large window permits a view of the clear, blue, magnificent heaven. I think of my holy women and am so enraptured with the manner in which the picture presents itself to me that I have a silly fear lest some one else should do it first. . . . This disturbs the profound calm of the evening.

There are enjoyments apart from everything; I am very happy this evening, I have just read *Hamlet* in English and have been lulled by the music of Ambroise Thomas.

There are eternally affecting dramas, immortal characters . . . . Ophelia . . . . Pale and fair.—That touches one's heart —Ophelia! One would like to experience an unfortunate love. Ah Ophelia, flowers and death. . . . It is lovely!

There must be formulæ for reveries like this evening's, that is to say, that all the poetry which passes through my head should not be lost, but should form itself into a work. . . . . Can this journal be that work? . . . . No, it is too long. Ah! if God permitted me to do my picture, the true, the great one. This year, it will still be only a kind of study . . . . Inspired by Bastien?

Good God, yes; his painting so resembles nature that if one copies nature faithfully one is bound to resemble him.

The heads are living, it is not fine painting like Carolus, but painting; in short, it is human flesh and skin, it lives and breathes. There is neither dexterity, nor touch: it is nature itself and it is sublime.

Saturday, February 24th.—You know that I am constantly preoccupied with Bastien-Lepage; I have accustomed myself to pronounce this name, and I avoid pronouncing it before the world as if I had something to be ashamed of. And when I speak of him it is with a tender familiarity which seems natural to me considering his talent, but that might be misconstrued.

By heaven, what a pity it is that he cannot come as his brother does!

And what should I make of him? Why, a friend! What! you don't understand friendship! Ah! for my part I should adore my celebrated friends, not only out of vanity, but by taste, on account of their qualities, of their wit, talent and genius; they are a race by themselves; after passing a certain vulgar level one finds oneself in a purer atmosphere, a circle of the elect, where we can take one another by the hand and dance a rondeau to the honour . . . What am I saying? Really Bastien has a charming head.

I am very much afraid that my painting resembles his . . . I copy nature very sincerely, I know, but I have his painting in my mind . . . Besides, a gifted artist who is sincerely charmed with nature and wishes to copy it, will always resemble Bastien.

If it goes on making as much progress . . . I shall have finished in four or five days, yes, but . . .

Sunday, February 25th.—It must be horrible, for I think I have done something good. For an instant I have been pleased with myself, and that has caused me a feeling of dread which still pursues me. Now if it is not very good it will be doubly miserable.

Tuesday, February 27th.—Well, there has been a series of lively days; I sing, talk and laugh, and Bastien-Lepage comes back again like a refrain. Neither his person, nor his figure, scarcely his talent. Nothing but the name . . . however, I am smitten with fear . . . If my picture should be like him? He has lately painted a lot of little boys and girls. The celebrated *Pas-mèche* among others, what can one see that is more beautiful?

Well, for my work. There are two street boys who are walking along a pavement holding each other by the hand; the eldest is seven years old and looks into space, before him, a leaf between his lips; the younger looks at the spectator and has one hand in the pocket of his four-year-old boy's trousers. I do not know what to think, for I have again been pleased with myself this evening. It is truly fearful!

But this evening, this evening, is an hour of immense joy! "What," you will say to me, "Saint-Marceaux or Bastien-Lepage have come?" No, but I have made the sketch for *my statue.*

You read aright. Directly after the 15th of March I want to make a statue. I have in my life sketched two groups, and two or three busts, all left half-finished . . . because, working alone and without direction, I can only attach myself to a thing which interests me, in which I place my life and soul, in fact, something . . . . not a simple studio study.

To conceive a figure, and to have an immense desire to execute it, that's it.

It will be bad. What does that matter? I am a born sculptor, I love form to adoration; colour can never give as much force as form, though I am as crazy about colour. But form! A charming movement, a fine attitude; you go round it, the outline changes while keeping the same meaning. . . .

Happiness! Delight!

My figure is a woman standing and weeping, her head in her hands. You know that movement of the shoulders when one cries.

I wanted to kneel before it. I said a thousand absurdities. The sketch is half a yard high, but the statue will be life-size. It will be a defiance to good sense. Really; why?

Well, I have torn up a beautiful cambric slip to wrap up this frail little statuette. I like this clay better than my skin.

And then I have not good eyes; if I can no longer see sufficiently well to paint, I will model.

It is so lovely; this white moistened linen covering up and

draping with lovely folds this supple figure, which I see as it ought to be. I have wrapped it up respectfully; it is fine, delicate, and noble!

Wednesday, February 28th.—The picture will be finished to-morrow, I shall have given nineteen days to it. If I had not repainted one of the boys, it would be already finished in fifteen days; but he seemed too old.

Saturday, March 3rd.—Tony has come to see the picture. He is highly pleased with it. One of the heads is very good.

"You have never done anything so good; it is supple and charming in tone. Capital, it's really good. Bravo! Mademoiselle." And so on for a long time. "Well, it is very good." I cannot believe that. The draperies remain to be done, and I also want to repaint the head of the little one, which is not bad, but not so good as the other. He seemed to think it really good. And yet I am not satisfied, it has not made me joyous. Another time I should have jumped all day long.

Then why am I not delighted? For he has never said so much before. It is not that I suspect him of flattery. Oh! no. I might have done still better; it seems to me so, at all events, and I am going to try and succeed with the second figure.

He is satisfied, evidently; I should like to know what he has said about it to the others.

Is it only relatively very good, very good for me, or is it really good? But I see beyond, much farther, better; I should like to do it over again. . . I can do better. . . . Then?

Wednesday, March 14th.—Julian has at last come to see the picture; I did not ask him; there has only been an exchange of letters (full of squabbles) on both sides. But he feels culpable, and I triumph modestly.

He thinks it very good.

I keep him to lunch, like M. Grévy.

Thursday, March 15th.—There, it is done! At three o'clock I was still working, but everybody came, and I was obliged to leave everything—Mme. and Mlle. Canrobert, Alice, Bojidar, Alexis, the Princess, Abbema, Mme. Kanchine! Tony R. F. came in the morning. All this company goes to Bastien's to see the picture *L'Amour au Village.*—In an orchard is a young girl, seen from the back, with her head

bent, and a flower in her hand, she is leaning against a fence; on this side of the fence is a young man, seen from the front, with his eyes lowered and looking at his fingers, which he is twisting. It is profoundly poetic and exquisite in sentiment.

As regards execution, there is none: it is nature itself. There is a little portrait of Mme. Drouet — the old guardian angel of Victor Hugo — which is a miracle of truth, feeling, and likeness. These pictures have no resemblance one to the other, even from a distance. They are living beings who pass before your eyes. He is not a painter, he is a poet, a psychologist, a metaphysician, a creator.

His own portrait, which is there in a corner, is a *chef-d'œuvre*. And yet he has not done his utmost: that is to say, one cannot do more or better than what he has done; but we expect a great picture from him, where he will attain such heights that henceforth no one will be able to deny his genius.

The girl seen from the back, with her two short plaits and her flower in her hand, is a poem.

No one has ever entered more fully into the reality of life than Bastien. Nothing is more lofty, more admirably human. The natural dimensions contribute to render the truth of his pictures still more striking. Whom will you mention to compare with him? The Italians? The painters of religious, and naturally conventional, subjects? Some of them are sublime, but necessarily mechanical, and then . . . . that does not touch your heart, soul, or mind. The Spaniards? Brilliant and charming. The French? Brilliant, dramatic, or academic.

Millet and Breton are poets, no doubt; but Bastien is everything at once. He is the king of all, not only by his miraculous execution, but by his depth of intense feeling. It is impossible to push observation further, and the genius of observation is almost the whole of human genius, as Balzac has said. I am writing, seated on the ground, just before going to bed. I felt obliged to relate all that.

Thursday, March 22nd. — Yesterday I called in two experts, who have built up for the frame-work of the statue on a large scale from the little one that I made in clay. And to-day I have drawn it, and given it the desired movement. . . . I am very much taken with it. The picture of the holy women I will try to do this summer, and in

sculpture my great idea is Ariadne. Meanwhile, I am doing this woman, who is, in fact, the upright figure—the figure of the other Mary in the picture: but in sculpture, without clothes, and taking a young woman, it would make an adorable Nausicaa. She has let her head fall between her hands, and she weeps. There is in the pose such real abandon—despair so complete, so young, so sincere, so sad, that I am very much taken with it.

Nausicaa, daughter of the king of the Phæacians, is one of the most charming figures of antiquity. A figure of secondary rank, but an attractive, touching, and interesting figure.

I am absolutely of Ouida's opinion, who would have liked to strangle old Penelope, and marry Ulysses to that ideal girl, leaning against a column of rose marble in her father's palace, and falling in love with that intriguing Ulysses at the recital of his adventures. No word is exchanged between them: he departs, the worthy citizen, to return to his country and his business. And Nausicaa remains on the shore, looking at the great white sail as it passes away, and when everything, down to the blue horizon, is vacant, she lets her head fall upon her hands, and with her fingers on her face and in her hair, careless of her beauty, her shoulders raised, and her bosom crushed by her arms—she weeps.

Sunday, March 25th.—Since two o'clock yesterday I have been in a state of anxiety that will be understood when I have said why.

Villevielle comes to see me, and asks if I have any news from the Salon.

"No, certainly not."

"What! you know nothing?"

"Nothing."

"But you have passed?"

"I know nothing of it."

"No doubt, for they have only got to letter C."

And that is all. I write with difficulty. My hands tremble! I feel shattered all in pieces, so to say.

Then Alice comes and says, "You are accepted!"

"Accepted in what manner? Without a number?"

"Nothing is known of that yet."

I had no doubt about my admission.

And thereupon mamma, my aunt, and everybody else is in a state of disquietude, which worries me in the highest

degree. I have made great efforts to be the same as usual and to receive people.

M. Laporte came, but I was dressing.

I sent forty messages, and five minutes afterwards I received a note from Julian which I copy exactly:—

"O simplicity, O sublime ignorance; I am going to dissipate you now.

"Accepted with No. 3 at least, for I know some one who wanted a No. 2 for you. And now that you are conqueror, greeting and felicitations."

I am not enraptured, but at least tranquil.

I do not think that No. 1 itself could give me pleasure, after twenty-four hours of humiliating anxieties. It is said that joy is keener after suffering. Not in my case. Difficulties, anxieties, sufferings, spoil everything for me.

Tuesday, March 27th.—I have just been looking into the Odyssey. Homer does not describe the scene that I have imagined. It is true that it must come as the logical and inevitable conclusion of the preceding actions; but, he does not give it. However, the speech, full of praise and admiration of Ulysses, when he meets Nausicaa, must inevitably have excited her; she explains the rest to her companions.

She takes him for a god, and he returns the compliment. . . . . So that's how it is.

I shall read again the words of Ulysses. When he appears naked and oozy before the young Phæacian girls they all take to flight, Nausicaa alone remains.

"It is Minerva who gives her this courage." This old man of the world, this old intriguer, still very handsome, wants clothes and protection, so he compares Nausicaa to Diana; therefore, she must be tall, elegant, and slender. "And his eyes," he says, "have never seen a mortal like her." He then compares her to a palm which rendered him mute with surprise at Delos, near the altar of Apollo, in a journey that he made there with a large number of followers, and this journey has been the source of his greatest misfortunes.

Thus in a few words he lavishes on her the most delicate flatteries, showing himself in a light at once poetic, majestic, and worthy of the most lively interest owing to his misfortunes; he seems persecuted by the gods.

To me it seems impossible that this young girl, whose intelligence and beauty make her the equal of the immortals, should not be seized by an extraordinary sentiment, especially

in the frame of mind into which she has been cast by her previous dream.

Friday, March 30th.—To-day I have worked until six o'clock; at six o'clock, as there is still daylight, I have opened the door of the balcony to hear the church bells and breathe the spring air while playing on the harp.

I am calm, I have worked well, then I washed, and dressed myself in white; I have played some music, and now I am writing; tranquil, satisfied, enjoying this interior arranged by myself, where I have everything to my hand; it would be so lovely to live this life . . . . awaiting fortune; and even if it came I would sacrifice two months a year to it, and for the other ten months I would remain shut up and working. . . . . *It* is the only way, besides, to get the two months in question. What torments me is that I shall have to marry. Then there would no longer be any of these base disquietudes of vanity from which I do not escape.

Why does she not marry? They say I am taken for five-and-twenty, and that enrages me; whereas once married . . . . Yes, but to whom? If I were, as once, in health . . . . But now it must be a man who is kind and delicate. He must love me, for I am not rich enough to marry one who would leave me quite to myself.

In all this I am taking no account of my own heart. One cannot foresee everything, and then it depends. . . . . And then, perhaps, it will never come to pass? . . . . I have just received the following letter:—

"*Palais des Champs-Élysées.*
"*Association of French Artists for the Annual Exhibition of Fine Arts.*

"MADEMOISELLE,—I am writing to you on the very table of the committee-room, to tell you that the head in pastel has met with a real success from the jury. I send you all my congratulations on the occasion. I have no need to tell you that your paintings have been very well received.

"This year it is a real success for you, and I am rejoiced at it.

"With friendly greetings,
"TONY ROBERT FLEURY."

Ah, well! What then? . . . . The letter itself is going to be pinned up here; only it will be necessary for me to show it for a few days. Do *you* think that I am mad with joy? I am very calm. Doubtless I do not

deserve to experience a great joy, since such a pleasant piece of news finds me in such a state of mind, that it all seems very ordinary. And since they write it to me, it loses all its value. If I knew of such a letter to Breslau, or to any other girl, I should be excessively disturbed at it. It is not that I value only what I have not got, but it is through excessive modesty. I have no confidence; if I believed it as it stands, I should be too satisfied; so I am cautious, like one who fears that "it can't be true, because it is too good." . . . I fear to rejoice too soon . . . . and for something trifling; *in short* . . . .

Saturday, March 31*st*.—But I have been with Julian this morning to have the pleasant things repeated to me. It appears that Bouguereau said to him:

"You have a Russian girl who has sent something which is not bad, not bad."

"And you know," adds Julian, "that in Bouguereau's mouth this is enormous when it does not concern his pupils."

At all events, it seems that I shall have something like an honourable mention.

Sunday, April 1*st*.—I go to the Louvre this morning with Brisbane (Alice). Not that she is very interesting, as Breslau, for instance, would have been. There is no exchange of ideas; but she is good, and fairly intelligent; she listens to me, and I think aloud. It is an exercise. I talk of what interests me, and of what I should desire. Of Bastien, naturally, for he has taken an enormous place in my conversations with Julian and Alice. I like his painting extraordinarily, and I shall seem to you very blinded if I tell you that those old dusky paintings in the Louvre make me think with pleasure of the living pictures bathed in air, with speaking eyes, and with mouths just about to open.

Well, that is my impression this morning, I do not give it as final.

I cough, and though I do not get thinner it seems to me that I am ill, only I do not want to think of it. But why then have I such a healthy look, not only in colour, but in size?

I look for the cause of my sadness and I find nothing, unless it be that I have hardly done anything for a fortnight.

The statue is spoiling and cracking; all this has made me lose an infinity of time.

To-morrow, at one o'clock, I recommence work; without that I am not myself.

What vexes me rather is, that this pastel should be so good, and that the pictures are simply *good*. Well, I feel able to paint as well as that now . . . . and you shall see! . . . I am not sad, I am simply feverish, with a difficulty in breathing. It is the right lung which . . . . is getting worse.

Oh! fool that you are! you see yourself burning, so to say, and you do nothing! Blisters! yellow stains for a year or two!

But what are two years compared with life, beauty, and work.

Well! Well! There is not even any great need of this shoulder, and I can drape myself so well . . . . And what next . . . I always think that it will pass away somehow.

Tuesday, April 3rd.—It is very fine. I feel that I have strength; I think that I can do fine painting. I feel it; I am sure of it.

The sun, spring-time, open air, that is the best season. In summer one must escape from the heat, and in winter from the cold; in summer there is nothing lovely but the mornings and evenings; but at present it is a paradise, and if I don't profit by it to paint in the open air, I am much to blame.

To-morrow, then . . . .

I feel within me the power to render whatever strikes me. I feel a new force, a confidence in myself, which trebles my faculties. To-morrow I am going to begin a picture which charms me; then, by and by, in the autumn, during the bad weather, another one also very interesting. It seems to me that now every stroke will tell, and I feel an incomparable transport in consequence.

Red-letter day — Wednesday, April 4th. — Six street children grouped, their heads close to one another, half length only. The eldest is about twelve, and the youngest six. The tallest, seen almost from the back, holds a nest, and the others are looking on, in various and suitable attitudes.

The sixth is a little girl of four, seen from the back, her head raised, and her arms crossed. The description may sound commonplace, but, in reality, all these heads together produce something excessively interesting.

Sunday, April 15th.—My disease plunges me into a state of prostration which makes me wretched. Julian writes to me that the picture is not yet hung; that Tony cannot promise me (*sic*) the line; but as I am not yet hung . . . what can be done will be done. That Tony has great hopes (*sic*) of some slight recompense, *embracing painting* (*sic*) and pastel. Only two months ago I was expecting no such thing, and I remain insensible as if it did not concern me. This honourable mention, which was to make me feel faint, now I am told that "it is probable, almost certain," surprises me as if I had never believed in it. And, at the same time, it appears to me that I shall not faint at all. Life is logical, and prepares us for the coming events; this is what I regret. I should like a thunderbolt: the medal to fall from the sky without crying "Look out!" plunging me in an ocean of felicity. Yes, that would leave me calm now, and I should be stunned by it like . . . .

Thou didst not then believe in it when thou wert reckoning upon it.

Wednesday, April 18th.—Do you know what I am doing? I am entering into a competition at Julian's. A woman's figure clothed, and her hands. It is very ugly; but, as the men's studios also will do this competition, there is the impossible hope of beating men, and so I've started.

Only think, there are some who have taken separate boxes. It will be judged in a month, for the four studios are going to do the same figure, each in its turn.

If I have an honourable mention this year, I shall have made more rapid progress than Breslau, who, before going to Julian's, had done serious work. In short . . . . I have just been playing the piano. I commenced by the two divine marches of Chopin and Beethoven, and then I played at haphazard I don't know what, and things so entrancing that I am listening to myself still. How curious! I could not recall a single note now, and if I wanted to improvise I could not do so. The hour, the minute, or something is wanting. And what divine melodies are floating through my brain just now! If I had any voice, I should sing enchanting, unheard-of, dramatic things. . . . . Why? . . . . . Life is too short. One has no time to do anything! I should like to model without ceasing to paint. It is not so much that I want to produce sculpture; but I *see* lovely things, and I feel the imperious need of rendering what I *see*.

I have learned to paint, but I have not painted because I

wanted to do such or such a picture. And now I am going to model in clay to give body to my visions.

Sunday, April 22nd.—Only two pastels have got No. 1—Breslau's and mine. Breslau's painting is not on the line, but her portrait of the daughter of the editor of the *Figaro* is. Neither is my painting on the line, but Tony Robert Fleury declares that it is in good view, and that the picture below is not large. Irma's head is on the line and in a corner; therefore, a place of honour. So he says I am well placed.

As there are people to dinner almost every evening, I listen and say to myself, "Here are people who do nothing, and who spend their life in saying silly things or talking scandal; are they happier than I?" . . . Their worries are different, but they suffer as much, and they do not enjoy anything as much as I do. They miss a multitude of things—trifles, subtleties, effects of light—which yield me subjects of observation and delight, unknown to the vulgar; but I am more prone than most people to contemplation of the splendours of nature, as well as of the thousand details of Paris: of a passenger, an expression of the eyes in a child or a woman, a placard, and what not. How suggestive to visit the Louvre, to cross the court, to mount the staircase by the track made by the millions of feet which have trodden it, to open that door; to imagine the histories of the people I meet there, follow them into their inner being, picture their lives to myself in a moment; then other thoughts, other impressions, and it is all connected and all diverse. There is subject for . . . . How do I know? And if, since I sometimes hear less well, I am inferior to every one else, there are perhaps compensations.

Oh! no. Everybody knows it, and the first thing that must be said when I am mentioned is, "Do you know she is rather deaf?" I can't imagine how I can write it down. . . Can one get accustomed to such misery? Let it happen to an old man, to an old woman, to a miserable wretch; but to a young being, living, thrilling, mad for life!

Friday, April 27th.—Tony came to see me yesterday, and stayed for an hour They have spoken about my large picture, and the aforesaid Tony entertains serious fears.

He gives me great encouragement to do the six boys. It is very difficult, but after all I have only to copy.

"One has nothing to do but copy!" "Copy?" It is easily said; but to copy without an artistic conception without an *inward idea*, is dull indeed. But it is needful to copy with the mind just as much as with the eyes. I do not say all that to Tony. He would understand it, but he would tack on to it ideas of classical *interpretation* that I vehemently reject. After all, he says that . . . . in a picture of that order there are things to be known of which I have no notion. For example, the draperies. . . . *Qu'ès aco?*

"Very well, Monsieur, I will do my draperies, since there are draperies, as I do the modern clothes."

"That will be frightful."

"But why? Were not the people I am going to paint living and modern?"

"Yes, but there are things in art that must be known. You cannot do draperies anyhow! You must arrange them."

"Cannot I, an artist, arrange draperies of 1883 in my own fashion? Am I to copy them without choosing? Is not choice one of the artist's prerogatives?"

"Just so; but you will not find your picture ready made in nature."

I do not reply; it might lead to my saying something foolish to him. But then . . . . I shall not find my picture ready made in nature. Ah, indeed! What does that matter?

But my picture is in my head. And nature will provide me with the means of executing it. . . .

It is clear that a certain feeling must govern all this. . . . If I possess this feeling, all will go well, but if I do not possess it, no studies of draperies will give it to me.

I want a landscape nearly like that I imagine, and it is not intricate.

And I want two women, whom I have found—one, the pale one, is astonishing: the other is also capital.

And then? And then I want a place somewhere in the country, and fine weather to do my figures. And the landscape can be done after studies brought from the south.

And then? The difficulty is that I shall not do it this year.

I shall only be able to go there in November; and unless I do it entirely there, I shall have to wait until the summer to execute it.

Now, I feel a profound and irresistible conviction that it will be beautiful! And it is certain, too, that one's strength increases tenfold when one works *con amore*.

It seems to me that a certain impulse can make up for almost everything. I will give you proofs of it. For instance, for six or seven years I have given up playing the piano, and except for just a few pieces occasionally, I have remained for months without touching it, and then played, all at once, for five or six hours in the day once a year. Under those conditions, one's touch is gone, so I can play nothing before people, and any school-girl could beat me.

Well, then, if I hear a masterpiece, like Chopin's march, or Beethoven's, if I am taken with it, and filled with the desire to play it, in a few days — in two or three days— and by playing an hour a day at most, I succeed in playing it quite excellently—as well as anybody, as Dusawtois, who gained the first prize at the Conservatoire, and who *practises*.

Saturday, April 28th.—The Russian Easter.

Sunday, April 29th.—Varnishing day to-morrow. My picture is not on the line, and my dress is ugly, and . . . .

Come, this is foolish and unworthy of me. Here is the truth: I have to do my six boys, life-size, standing at the corner of the street, near a lamp. I shall be interrupted for a month by the Russian tour, after which I shall come back and finish them; this will probably bring me to October. In October I start for Jerusalem, and I shall stay there. That will depend. If there is any means of doing the picture there, I will stay for three or four months; if not, I will stay there for a month, and return in November-December with some studies, to set out again for the south, where I shall be able to paint my figures in the open air, making use of the landscapes brought back with me. In January, it will take me to Paris, where I will do the painting of the interior, less than life-size, for which I brought the idea from Mont-Dore—the choir-boy.

I shall at the same time press forward the statue, on which I shall be able to work all the time at Paris, that is to say, July, August, September, and January, February, and March. However, I do not think that the choir-boy will be done if I do the holy women, and *vice versâ*.

They may truly say that I waste myself, that I spend my

strength, and exhaust myself for trifles, and that it is a great pity. What, it depends upon me to be strong, and I cannot!

Come then, let us see!

The attempt must be made. I want to concentrate myself

Monday, April 30th.—I have the pleasure of talking with Bastien-Lepage. He has explained his Ophelia to me. Well!

He is not an every-day artist of ordinary talent. He conceives his subject in a truly typical manner. What he told me about it was drawn from the inmost recesses of the soul. It is indeed fine to understand art after this fashion; to feel it as he feels. Ophelia is not simply a crazy girl in his eyes, she is love's martyr, and represents immense disenchantment, bitterness, despair, the end of everything—love's martyr, with a touch of madness. It is the most touching, saddest, most despairing figure. . . .

I am crazy about it. How glorious is genius! This little plain man seems more beautiful and more attractive than an angel. You would like to spend your life in listening to him, and in following him in his sublime works. After all, he speaks so simply. He replied to something that was said to him, "I find so much poetry in nature," with an accent of such frank sincerity that I feel penetrated by its inexpressible charm. I exaggerate, I feel that I exaggerate. But, after all, there's something in it.

Then we go out together, and there is a charming moment, before leaving, when we all meet—Carolus, Tony R. F., Jules Bastien, Émile Bastien, Carrier-Belleuse, Edelfeldt, and Saint-Marceaux.

Tuesday, May 1st.—And the Salon? Well, it is worse than usual.

Dagnan has not exhibited; Sargent is mediocre; Gervex ordinary; Henner enchanting. It is a nude woman reading. Artificial light, and the whole bathed in a sort of vapour, but of a tone so perfectly adorable that one feels quite enveloped in this marvellous, magical vapour. Jules Bastien admires it immensely. A picture by Cazin, which I do not like as well as his touching landscapes; it is Judith leaving the town to go to Holofernes. I have not looked enough at it to undergo "the charm which must exhale from it"; but what strikes you is that Judith's appearance does not excuse the infatuation of Holofernes.

Bastien-Lepage's picture does not carry me away com-

pletely. The two figures are irreproachable. His girl seen from the back, the head—of which only the cheek is visible—and that hand twisting a flower, all show poetry, sentiment, and observation carried to the last degree.

That back is a poem; the hand, which is scarcely seen, a masterpiece. One feels what he wanted to express. The girl lowers her head a little, and does not know what to do with her feet, which have a pose of charming embarrassment. The young man is excellent, too; but the girl is grace, youth, poetry itself. It is true, correct, and deeply felt; it is fine and delicate!

But the landscape is quite disagreeable. Leaving alone that the place need not have been so green, it should have been executed in such a manner as not to mix with the foreground. It wants air. Why? They say that the background is pasty. At all events it is heavy.

And Breslau? Breslau is good, but one feels dissatisfied. For though the painting is good, the picture tells you nothing: it is pretty, but common, in tone. People drinking tea near the hearth. A bourgeois interior, without character. A dark girl, a fair one, and a young man. They look very grave. It wants the feeling of home. I should have thought it would have been more concentrated and more domestic. It expresses nothing. She who talks so much of feeling does not appear to me gifted in that line. . . . Her portrait is good, but that is all.

And myself?

Well, Irma's head is pleasing, and the painting is pretty vigorous. But there is little in it.

And the picture appeared to me sombre, and though it was painted in the open air, does not look like it. The wall does not look like a wall—it is a painted sky, a canvas, anything you please. The heads are good, but this background is disastrous. However, it deserves a better place, especially when one sees such inferior things on the line. Everybody agrees in saying that the heads are very good, especially that of the eldest. It is probable that I might have been able to do the rest better, for it is comparatively easy, but I had not time.

On looking at my picture as it hung there, I have learnt more than in six months at the studio. The Salon is a great teacher. . . . I have never understood it so well.

Wednesday, May 2nd.—I was to have gone to the

Opéra, but what's the good of it? That is to say, I thought for a moment of going, in order that it might reach Bastien's ears that I had looked beautiful. But what for? I don't know. After all, it's silly! Is it not absurd that I should please people I don't care at all about? and that in return . . . .

I must have a care, especially as I should have my labour for my pains, for after all I have no serious designs against this great artist. Should I marry him? No; well, what then?

After all, why always probe the most hidden depths? I have a wild, crazy desire to please this great man, and that's all. And Saint-Marceaux, too. Which of them most? It doesn't matter. One of them would be enough for me. It is an interest . . . . in life. My face is changed by it—I look much prettier; my skin is smooth, fresh, velvety, my eyes lively and brilliant. After all, it is curious. What could real love do when such silly trifles produce this effect?

Friday, May 4th.—After all, that is not the question. Jules Bastien dined here this evening. I acted neither the child nor the wild girl—I was neither foolish nor mischievous. He was simple, gay, charming. We had some fun. Not an irksome moment. He is very intelligent, but I do not allow of specialities for genius. A man of genius can be and must be everything he wishes.

And he is lively. I feared that I should find him insensible to pleasantry, which, to be subtle, must hit the just mean between wit and nonsense. In short, like Roland's mare, he has every good quality. . . . Except that he is dead . . . . or little short of it. Is it not ridiculous?

Sunday, May 6th.—Quite a sensation about young Rochegrosse's large picture.

Astyanax, the son of Andromache, is being torn from her to be cast from the ramparts.

It is the antique treated in an original and *modern* manner.

He follows nobody, and draws his inspiration from no one. Colour and painting are of unparalleled vigour. There is at present no one else who could do it. Add to this that he is the son-in-law of Théodore de Banville—hence the crush.

After all, notwithstanding this detail, he is of prodigious power. He is only twenty-four, and it is his second exhibit.

It is just what it should be—composition, drawing, colour are of incomparable dash.

His talent corresponds to his name. Listen: Rochegrosse, *Georges Rochegrosse.* It has the roll of thunder.

And after the idyllic *Bastien-Lepage* Georges Rochegrosse comes on you like a torrent; it is possible that later on his talent will take a more compressed form, and that he will seek after the quintessence of feeling and psychology like Bastien-Lepage.

And myself? . . . what does my name express? *Marie Bashkirtseff* . . . I will change it, for it has a certain strange and harrowed effect, though not without promise of brilliancy; it has even a certain style—something proud and stirring, but it is jerky and uneasy. Is not Tony Robert Fleury as cold as an epitaph? And Bonnat sounds correct and vigorous, but limited and without lustre. Manet sounds like an incomplete being, a pupil full of promise at fifty. Breslau is sonorous, calm, powerful. Saint-Marceaux is like Bashkirtseff, very nervous but less troubled. Henner is mysterious and calm, with an indefinable grace like the antique . . .

Carolus Duran is a disguise. Dagnan is subtle, close, clever, gentle and strong, but with not much else. Sargent makes one think of his painting, a counterfeit Velasquez of the counterfeit Carolus, less than Velasquez, but good all the same.

Monday, May 7th.—I am beginning the boys all over again; I am making them life-size, on a much larger canvas; it is more entertaining.

Tuesday, May 8th.—I live in my art, going down to dinner and speaking to nobody.

I feel that I have entered upon a new phase.

Everything looks small and devoid of interest, everything outside of what one produces. Life might be lovely, taken thus.

Wednesday, May 9th.—This evening we have a special set, which would much shock our customary society, but which amuses me excessively.

Jules Bastien does not waste himself, he who so strongly preaches economy of mind, strength, and everything in order to concentrate all upon one point. Well! I think that in me there is such an exuberance *of everything* that if I did not expend myself I could not endure it. No doubt if conversation or laughter exhausts you, you do well to abstain . . . However, he must be right.

We go up to the studio, and of course my great canvas is turned against the wall, and I almost fight with Bastien to prevent him from seeing it, for he had wedged himself between the canvas and the wall.

I exaggerate Saint-Marceaux, and Jules Bastien says that he is jealous of him and that he is going to *oust* him little by little.

He repeated it several times, and the other day also; well, if it be only a pleasantry it enraptures me.

He must think that Saint-Marceaux is more adored than he is, artistically speaking of course. I am always asking him:—"You like him, too, do you not?"

"Yes, very much."

"Do you like him as much as I do?"

"Ah! no, I am not a woman; I like him, but . . ."

"But it is not as a woman that I like him!"

"Nevertheless there is something of that in your admiration."

"No, no, I swear to you."

"Yes, yes, it is unconscious!"

"Ah! can you think! . . ."

"Yes, and I am jealous of him; I am not a fine dark fellow . . . "

"He is like Shakespeare."

"You see . . . "

The real Bastien is going to hate me! Why? I don't know; I am afraid of him. We are hostile one to the other, there are inexplicable trifling things that one feels. We are not *in sympathy*, and I hesitate to say things before him which might make him . . . perhaps like me a little.

We think alike about art, and I do not dare to speak before him. Is it because I feel that he does not like me? After all, there is something. . . . .

Saturday, May 12th.—I spend the morning at the studio talking with the ladies, and I catch Julian for an instant to beg him to come and see the boys.

You understand, I do not want advice, but only the public impression; now Julian represents the thinking majority.

He has come to dinner, the canvas has had to be brought from the Home; he has seen both. First, the boys; there are six of them; there is a tall one, almost seen from the back, showing something he has in his hand to the other five who are grouped round him. The street is seen for some distance, and in the distance two or three little girls who are going away. He insists roundly on my taking out the lamp which was in the left-hand corner; he is right. As regards the rest, he thinks that it is original, amusing; and that it is *almost* certain to be a success—much better than the two boys of the Salon, especially the knavish side of the chief boy, who is almost a youth, one of those whom the little ones call big fellows.

This evening Julian has been perfect, serious, delicate, and kind. He did not tease or chaff me, and when I call his attention to it, he says it depends upon what I show him, and that I am in a fair way to make a fresh start.

We talked of the holy women. I explain to him how I understand it. We had a good laugh at T. R. F.'s draperies. Can these women have lovely draperies of blue or maroon cashmere? They followed Jesus for months, they were the revolutionary women, the Louise Michels, the reprobates of those times; they were outside the pale of elegance and fashion.

And during the days that the great drama—the judgment and the crucifixion—lasted, can they have been otherwise than in rags, or nearly so? Julian says that it may be either sublime or a failure. And that I must look well to the Magdalen, for I want to put a world into that figure, and . . . . in that class the greatest artists have experienced failures.

However, I have started! My picture is there! It is quite finished; I see it and feel it. Nothing in the world would change anything in it; no journey, no scenery, no advice. The effect as sketched pleases Julian. But it is not yet what I want. I know at what hour it must take place: at the hour when the outlines become confused, the calmness contrasting with what has just taken place, and, in the distance, some human figures are going away after having buried Christ; only the two women have remained, sunk in stupor. The Magdalen, in profile; her elbow on her right knee and her chin in her hand, with an eye that sees nothing, fixed on the entrance to the sepulchre, her left knee touching the ground and her left arm hanging down.

The other Mary is standing a little to the back; her head in her hands and her shoulders raised; only her hands are visible, and the pose must reveal an outburst of tears, of weariness, of relapse, of despair; her head is buried in her hands, and her body shows a state of utter collapse and complete loss of strength. All is over. Julian thinks that this impulse is very fine; that she does not trouble herself about the people; that she is there for herself, given up to her wretchedness.

The woman sitting down will be the most difficult. She must express stupor, amazement, despair, prostration, and rebellion. And it is this rebellion which is the most delicate thing to render. A world, a world!

And it is I who undertake that! Well, yes, it is I, and it depends only on me, and it is impossible not to do it, if God wills. Ah! He must know that I fear Him, and that I fall on my knees to pray Him to allow me to work. I do not deserve either favour or help, but only that He will let me alone.

But it might be a failure, a failure in the eyes of the public; it will, none the less, be a lovely thing.

And I shall have my boys to console me.

It will be too lovely!

My Salon picture does not interest me. I did it for want of a better, being short of time.

Tuesday, May 15th.—But that is not the question. What is, then? . . . That it is fine, that the moon is lovely, that the sky is beautiful, that the stars make one think of a picture by Cazin, and that there is nothing besides art. My mind is at ease at not having to go away again, and to be able to finish the boys, then the fisher, and then the boy reading on a bench, and then paint about a score of sunsets. . . .

Wednesday, May 16th.—It is so warm that one is alive only in the evening. I return home, highly delighted with all these quiet rooms, with the infinite sky.

However, spring does not induce sentiment, but childlike trifling.

One hears the railway whistle, and the church bell of the Rue Brémontier. . . . It is very poetic. . . .

On these lovely evenings there ought to be trips into the country, on the water; to the devil with society; what society? . . . I think of all this, Paris of the Champs-Elysées, and of the Bois, which lives . . . . . while I—am yonder, in America. Am I doing well or ill to throw away my youth as food for

ambitions, which. . . . In short, shall I receive the interest on the capital invested?

The whistle is very harmonious in the night. A number of people are coming back from the country tired, dreamy, happy, drunk, exhausted.

Always the whistle. . .

When I am celebrated . . . . and that will perhaps be in a year's time. . . . I am very patient, as if I were sure. . . .

The whistle, continually . . . . and it is said when one hears the whistle in this way, that the weather is stormy, and that makes me think of what Domingo says in *Paul and Virginia*, about the storm which is on the point of bursting.

Very difficult to read Balzac in this state of mind; but I will read nothing by any one else, so as not to excite my head.

Still the bell and the whistle.

Friday, May 18th.—To desire Bastien-Lepage's friendship so much is to give too great an importance to that sentiment, to disfigure it, so to say, and to place myself in a false and disproportionate position in my own eyes. This friendship would have been very agreeable to me, like that of a Cazin or of a Saint-Marceaux; but I am vexed at having thought of his private life, and, in short, he is not glorious enough for that. He is not an artist-god, as Wagner has just been; it is only under those conditions that the idea of great admiration would be admissible.

What I aim at is to have an interesting *salon*, and every time this hope begins to be realised some distraction occurs. Just now mamma has started off, papa is dying, perhaps.

I had the project of giving a dinner once a week, followed by a reception for society people on Thursday, for instance, and on Saturday another dinner for artists; the principal celebrities would also appear at the Thursday receptions, having dined on the preceding Saturday. . . .

And then all has gone adrift. . . . But I will begin again next year; calm, as though I were strong; patient, as though I were eternal; and persevering, as though I were encouraged.

Now, let God remain neutral, and I will be as grateful to Him for it as for a benefit.

Friday, May 18th.—I am going to paint a decorative panel: Spring. A woman leaning against a tree, with her eyes closed, and smiling as in a lovely dream; and all around a delicate landscape, tender green, pale roses, apple-trees and

peach-trees in blossom, fresh shoots, all that renders spring so enchanting in its colour.

It has never been done faithfully. Spring landscapes have been recently painted, but old people or washer-women or lepers have been introduced into them. But what I want is an exclusive use of "enchanting tones."

Thousands of spring-times have been done—card-board copies—executed with tact. Bastien is the only one who might have thought as I do, and he has not yet done so. This woman must have the appearance of feeling all the harmonies of tone, of odour, and of the song of birds. There must be sunshine in it. Bastien has only painted open-air grey and in shadow.

I want sun in it, and I will do it at Nice in an orchard, and if I find a very poetic orchard the woman shall be nude.

One must hear the murmur of the brook which runs at her feet, as at Granda, amid tufts of violets, with patches of sunshine here and there.

I shall ask spring for tones which sing to the soul. I must have tender, ravishing greens, and pale, enchanting pinks, and no dull, yellowish tints.

A revelry of sweet notes! It must be of enchanting colour, with patches of sunshine which come here and there, and give life and a certain beginning of mystery to the shade.

Do you understand?

But Bastien is doing, or going to do, the burial of a girl. Now, if he is intelligent, he will use for the scenery a landscape such as I imagine. I hope that he will not have so much penetration, and that he will treat us to a landscape in atrocious green. . . . However, I should be vexed if he did not make a sublime picture of this subject.

And I hope that he has had my ideas, though hoping at the same time that he has not got them. . . . I, however, see his burial of a girl in a flowery meadow, with fruit-trees in blossom, or roses from which one could pick the leaves, and coarse heads of peasants as contrasts. All the poetry will be concentrated in the coffin and in the landscape.

I will not talk to him about anything.

Sunday, May 20th.—Mamma has arrived on Thursday night or Friday morning. We had a telegram on Saturday,

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in which she says that my father's health is wretched. To-day his valet writes that his condition is hopeless.

They say he suffers a great deal. I am glad that mamma arrived in time.

To-morrow the Salon is to be closed for three days to make the awards. It re-opens on Thursday.

I dreamed that a coffin was placed upon my bed, and they said there was a girl inside it. And it shone like phosphorus in the night. . . .

Tuesday, May 22nd. — I work until half-past seven. But at every sound, every ring at the bell, every barking of Coco, my heart sinks to my heels. How true that expression is! It occurs also in Russian. It is nine o'clock in the evening, and no news. There are emotions for you! If I get nothing, it will be very tiresome. They have said so much beforehand at the studio — and Julian, Lefebvre, and Tony among them, all together — that it is impossible for me not to have it. But it is not at all kind: they might have sent me word by telegraph—one never hears good news soon enough. . . . If . . . . if I had got anything, I should know it by this time. What then?

It gives me a slight headache.

Not, however, because it is so important, but it has been given out . . . . and then, too, uncertainty is odious in everything.

And my heart beats and beats. . . . Wretched life! All and everything and nothing. . . . And all for what? To end in death!

Mme. X—— died, after severe sufferings, in the midst of her sorrowing family. M. Z—— died suddenly at his château in ——. There was nothing to announce such a premature end. . . . Or again—Mme. Y—— has been removed from the tender care of her relatives. She was ninety-nine years of age. . . .

And nobody escapes it! . . . . And everyone ends like that.

To end! To end! To exist no longer! There's the horror. To have enough genius to live for ever! . . . . Or to write silly things with feverish hand, because the announcement of a wretched honourable mention has to be waited for.

A letter has just come; my heart stops beating. It is from Doucet, about a bodice.

I am going to take a little laudanum again to calm myself. To see this agitation, one would say that I had just been dreaming about my holy women. The picture is sketched; when I work at it or think about it I am in just such a state as I am this evening.

I feel incapable of doing anything! . . . .

A quarter past nine. *Impossible* that the prudent Julian should have been so positive, and that it should not come to pass! . . . . But, on the other hand, this silence? . . . .

It affects my legs; and is like a flame which envelops the whole body and burns the cheeks. . . . . I have had bad dreams. . . . .

It is only twenty-five minutes past nine.

Julian ought to have come; he should have come, he knew it about six o'clock; he should have come to dinner. Is there nothing then?

I believed that I had been refused, and that was not at all probable. But in this case it is very probable.

I have been watching the vehicles; they pass by. . . . . Oh! it is too late now.

There is no medal of honour for painting, and Dalou has obtained the one for sculpture.

What does that matter to me?

Should I have given Bastien the medal of honour? No. He can do something better than that *Amour au Village*, so he does not deserve it. They might have given it to him for his sublime *Jeanne d'Arc*, the landscape of which displeased me three years ago.

I should like to see it again.

Thursday, May 24th.—I have it, and am re-assured and at rest; I do not say happy, I might say satisfied. . . . .

I learn it through the papers; those gentlemen did not take the trouble to write a word.

Listen to history. I believe in, "Nothing happens either as you fear, or as you hope."

I was wondering how it would happen, shall I have it or shall I not; I know the effect produced, because the day before yesterday and yesterday evening I thought I had not got it. And if I have, well, it will be very pleasant. I can perfectly imagine what it would . . . . be like. What is going to happen, then? From which side will the surprise come? To have it without having it, and not to have it though having it.

At half-past nine o'clock we go to the Salon, and at our door we meet Bojidar, beaming radiantly, with his father, coming to congratulate me. We take the young man with us. When I reach my room, I see my picture in a different place; it has been put higher, above a large picture of tulips of a blinding colour, and signed by a ninth-rate artist. Then the presentiment that the inscription, *Honourable mention*, would be attached to Irma seems possible; I run to it.

At last I go to the odious pastel and find it there.

I make but one leap to Julian's, and remain there for more than half an hour, scarcely able to speak. I could have cried. He seems very much astonished. How is it? for since the opening of the Salon, since my pictures had been seen, there had been no more question about the pastel; and then he had felt sure that I should be moved and placed on the line.

In fact, the reward, even when granted in another section, seems to be a protection against being skyed in this way! He seems most sympathetic as he writes pressing and persuasive messages to Cot, Lefebvre, and Tony R. F. But it is very late. "Honourable mention," for the pastel—it is absurd! Yet, let it pass! But to sky my picture! It makes me cry all alone in my room as I write it.

"Honourable mention" to the pastel is an insult, a stupidity, an annoyance . . . . but to displace the picture. . . .

I take God and all honourable people as witnesses. Last year second medals were given to pictures far inferior to mine. And this year, too, every one will tell you that it is true. I am considered to have good ground for my indignation.

I can't conceive so much bad faith, such underhand dealings! I can't understand this artistic electoral kitchen.

It is infamous. When shall I be as vulgar-minded as the others, and cease to be indignant at these things? I allow that real talent will show itself. Agreed. But one must be launched, to begin with.

Bastien-Lepage himself was supported at first by his master, M. Cabanel.

When a pupil is promising, his master ought to hold his head above the water for an instant. If he keeps afloat, he is somebody; if not, so much the worse for him. Oh! I shall succeed.

Only this is a hindrance, and not through my fault.

Not to make use of certain advantages is as revolting as an injustice!

Bojidar and Dina went to the administration to protest, but of course it was in vain. Bojidar pilfered the famous inscription and brought me this piece of cardboard with the words *Honourable Mention*. I immediately fastened it on Coco's tail, who was so frightened that he was afraid to move. In short, I am distressed, vexed, and unhappy. My picture being skyed is excruciating. But to those around me my despair was an amusing sight; I am always affording people amusement, and when I feel inclined to cry, I say funny things; one must not tire people, one must always be a diversion, a novelty . . . . I appear to be so because I wish it.

Friday, June 1st.—The boys who are sitting to me exasperate me to madness! I have their parents' authority to smack them, and to-day I seized one of them and flung him to the ground like a parcel—perfectly enraged. And then? . . . . And then nothing.

Wednesday, June 6th.—I am crushed to the ground by my ears. (What a fine simile.) You will understand my sufferings when I tell you that the days when I can hear well are like happy events. Can you grasp the horror of such a preoccupation!

And my nerves are over-excited, really to an extraordinary degree! My work suffers from it; I paint, being all the time consumed by imaginary apprehensions. I imagine a number of horrors; my imagination runs away with me; I sustain every kind of ignominy; I invent obloquies, fearing to see them come true. I go on painting, and I think of what may be said of me, and I invent such horrors that I sometimes start up and go to the other end of the garden like a lunatic, uttering indignant exclamations. Ah! this must produce nice painting! I ought to take some shower baths. And to-night I am going to write to mamma to remind her of the embassy, or I shall go mad; it is begun.

Sunday, June 10th.—As there is no risk of meeting anybody at the Salon on Sunday, I go there in the morning.

There are really some abominably unjust rewards.

There is always a crowd before the new picture of young

Rochegrosse. It is unquestionably very powerful, but leaves me unimpressed. But what does not leave me so?

To feel emotion I must get up the steam first, and then by dint of trying I attain a great state of exaltation . . . which is factitious. Still there's Jeanne d'Arc . . . Yes, it is true, and then? And a few other things too.

At the Louvre? Well, there are the portraits; as for those big ancient things . . . . but the portraits and the delicious things of the French school!

And at the last exhibition of portraits of the century, there were those of Lawrence and two or three by Bastien: the one of his brother, of André Theuriet, of Sarah. And then . . . . and then, who told you that I am an artist in painting?

Driven in another direction, except in mathematics, I should have reached the same point by the force of intelligence and will.

But I have a passion for music, I could compose with ease. Then why paint? But what to put in its place? It is miserable to have such thoughts.

I want to paint a great picture, and large in size. I am looking for a subject . . . I have an ancient one: Ulysses telling his adventures to the king of the Phæacians, Alcinous. Alcinous and the queen are on their throne, surrounded by princes and young people and their household. The scene is laid in a gallery with rose-coloured pillars. Nausicaa, leaning against one of these pillars a little way behind her parents, is listening to the hero. It is after the feast and the song of the poet Demodocus who is right in the background, and is looking out of doors, with his lute resting on his knees, in a state of indifference, like a singer who no longer obtains a hearing. In all this, there are attitudes, groups, and in fact composition.

That is not what troubles me, that will be all right; but to *carry it out*—there's the rub.

I know nothing—no, nothing! furniture, costumes, accessories. And then to do such a large thing, what researches are necessary! . . . And one must know what Tony Robert Fleury calls the qualities or the . . . What?

Monday, June 11th.—My father is dead.

The telegram was received this morning at ten o'clock, that is to say just this instant. My aunt and Dina downstairs were saying that mamma must come back at once without waiting for the funeral. I came up here, very much

moved, but not crying. But when Rosalie came to show me the arrangement of a dress, I said to her, "It is not worth while, Monsieur is dead," and I began to cry without restraint. Am I guilty of any wrongs against him? I don't think so. I have always tried to be amiable . . . but at such a time one always feels guilty of something . . . I ought to have gone with mamma . . . He was only fifty. So much suffering! . . . and having, in short, done no harm to anybody. Very much loved in his home, perfectly honourable, upright, an enemy of all underhand dealing, and a thorough good fellow.

Wednesday, June 13th.—I think that if I had the misfortune to lose mamma, I should have a thousand reproaches against myself and feel great remorse, for I have been very rude and very violent . . . For a good cause I know, but all the same I should reproach myself for all these excesses of speech . . . Besides mamma . . . that would be an immense sorrow; even the thought of it makes me cry—however many faults I find in her.

She is virtuous, but she doesn't understand anything, and has no confidence in me. . . . She always thinks that everything will come all right, and that it is better "not to make a fuss." I think the death which would grieve me the most would, after all, be my aunt's, who has devoted her life to everybody, and who has never, even for a single minute, lived for herself, excepting the hours she spent at roulette in Baden or Monaco.

Mamma is the only one who is kind to her. I have not kissed her for a month, and I only say indifferent things to her, or reproach her about a lot of trifles. It is not out of spite, but because I, too, am very unhappy, and because all these discussions with mamma and my aunt have given me the habit of a short, hard, and crushing tone. If I were to try to say tender things, or even to speak gently, I should begin to cry like an idiot. But still, without being tender, I might be more amiable—I might smile and chat sometimes. It would make her so happy, and it would cost me nothing. But it would be such a change in my manners, that I dare not, because of a sort of false shame.

And yet this poor woman, whose life may be written in one word—"devotion"—moves me to tenderness, and I wish I could be kind. . . . If she should happen to die, what remorse I should feel!

For instance, grandpapa tried my patience sometimes by his old man's crazes, but one ought to respect age. I have happened to answer him improperly, and when he became paralysed I felt so much remorse, that I often went to him to obliterate, attenuate, and expiate.

And, besides, grandpapa was very fond of me, and I am crying as I think of him.

Friday, June 15th.—The Canroberts write me a charming letter, and everyone shows great sympathy.

This morning, hoping to meet nobody, I risk going to the Salle Petit, an exhibition of a hundred masterpieces, in aid of something or other—Decamps, Delacroix, Fortuny, Rembrandt, Rousseau, Millet, and Meissonier, the only living one among them, and others. First, I make my excuses to Meissonier, whom I did not know well, and who had only inferior things at the last exhibition of portraits. Yes, they are marvels—literally. But what induced me to go out in my crape veil was the wish to see Millet, whom I did not know at all, and whose name had been dinned into my ears. Bastien is but a poor follower of his, people said. In fact, I was driven to go. I have seen them, and I will go again to see them. . . . Bastien imitates him, if you like, because he paints peasants, and because both are great artists, and all real masterpieces have a family likeness.

Cazin's landscapes are much more like Millet than Bastien's. . What I admire in Millet—in the six pictures I see here—is the impression as a whole—the harmony, the atmosphere, the liquidness; they are little figures seen in an abstract way—very broad and very correct. And that which gives Bastien his unequalled power to-day is the scrupulous, powerful, living, and extraordinary execution of his human faces—his perfect imitation of nature—*life* in fact. His *Soir au Village*, which is but small in size, certainly equals Millet. It only contains two little faces, lost in the twilight, but the remembrance of his *Amour au Village* makes my eyes ache. What a mistake is this background! How is it that he does not see it? Yes, in those large pictures he lacks what makes Millet extraordinary in small pictures. . . . Atmosphere, harmony! . . . . Whatever may be said, the figure must predominate. *Le Père Jacques* is superior to *L'Amour au Village* in its effect—*Les Foins* also. *Le Père Jacques* was full of poetry. The little girl picking flowers is a ravishing figure, and the old man was ex-

cellent. . . . I know very well that it is difficult to give to a large picture that harmony, that firm yet mellow blending of tones, which characterises Millet. But it ought to be done. In a small picture many things can be disregarded. I speak of small pictures in which the expression predominates (and not of the minute Meissonier), like Cazin, for instance, who is the son of Millet. With a few happy strokes of the brush one can often give that indefinable something pervading the whole, not found precisely at any one point, and which we call charm . . . . while in a large picture all this is quite different . . . . and becomes much more difficult, for feeling should then be based on science, as frequently happens in the case of love and money.

Saturday, June 16th.—So then I withdraw from Bastien's pictures the qualification of "masterpieces." Why? Because his *Amour au Village* makes my hair stand on end; or because I have not the courage of my opinion? It is the dead only of whom we dare to make gods; if Millet were alive, what would be said of him? Besides, you see only six pictures of Millet here; shall we not find in the Rue Legendre six pictures as good as these? 1, *Pas mèche;* 2, *Jeanne d'Arc;* 3, *His brother's portrait;* 4, *Le soir au village;* 5, *Les foins;* I do not know all, and he is not yet dead. Bastien is less the son of Millet than is Cazin, who resembles him very much in . . . . a younger style. . . . Bastien is original and is himself. One always begins by slightly imitating somebody, but personality is developed afterwards. Besides, poetry, power, and charm are always the same, and if to seek these is imitation, it is indeed disheartening. You feel an intense impression before a Millet, you also feel it before a Bastien. . . . What does this prove? Superficial people say *imitation*, they are wrong; two different actors can move you in the same manner, because real, human, and intense feelings are always the same.

There are about ten very graceful lines by *Étincelle* about myself. I am a remarkable painter, a beautiful young girl, and a pupil of Bastien-Lepage. What do you think of that? I saw the bust of Ernest Renan at Saint-Marceaux's studio, and yesterday I saw Renan passing in a carriage; I recognised him at once.

There is a likeness, at all events!

Monday, June 18th. — Attend! this is a little event.

I have promised to see the correspondent of the *Nouveau Temps* (of Saint Petersburg) this morning at eleven o'clock; he had asked for this by letter. It is a very important paper, and this M. B., amongst other things, writes articles on our Paris painters for it, and as "you occupy a prominent position amongst these, I hope you will permit me, &c."

Ah! ah! before going down I let him wait for a few minutes with my aunt, who prepares him for my appearance by speaking of my youth, and of all sorts of things to show me off. He looks at all the pictures, and takes notes. When did I commence? where? at what age, and in what way? and details, and &c.? . . .

I am an artist of whom the correspondent of a great newspaper is about to make a study.

It is a beginning, and it is the honourable mention which has done this for me, and . . . . provided the article be good; I don't quite know whether the notes were taken correctly, for I could not hear all, and that is very aggravating.

My aunt and Dina told everything. . . . What? I am awaiting this article in agony . . . and I shall have to wait a fortnight.

They laid particular stress on my youth.

Thursday, June 21*st*.—To-morrow is the distribution of rewards; they sent me the list of those who are to receive them . . . and my name in it (section of paintings) is very effective . . . . but I hesitate to go; it is not worth the trouble, and then if . . . .

How do I know? fears of I don't know what.

Friday, June 22*nd*.—Bojidar is there by nine o'clock. He is a very curious being. The principal trait of this fantastic and careless Slav character is the love of improvisation; and when he is friendly with people, all this imagination is used to glorify his friends; he is passionately attached to people for a certain time.

Those poor artists! there were some who looked very much moved, men of forty-five years, quite pale and nervous, with overcoats or ill-made coats, going up to take their medals and to press the hand of Jules Ferry, the Minister.

A worthy sculptor having carried off his little box, opened it as soon as he got to his place, and a happy involuntary smile like the smile of a child, came over his face. I was rather moved myself as I looked at the others, and for a

moment it seemed to me a fearful thing to have to get up and go to that table.

My aunt and Dina were sitting behind me on a bench, for the persons receiving rewards have the right to chairs . . .

Well, now this prize day is over! I hadn't imagined it like that. Oh! and to have a medal next year . . . and for everything to happen as in a dream! . . . To be applauded, to triumph!

That would be too beautiful and impossible, if I were not so unlucky . . . And if you had a second medal, you would want the grand medal? No doubt of it. And the cross? Why not? And what next? and afterwards to enjoy the fruits of one's work and trouble, to work on, and keep as much as possible at the same height and try to be happy, to love somebody.

Yes, we will see afterwards, there is no hurry. He will be neither uglier nor older in five years' time than he is to-day. And if I were to marry like that at once I might regret it . . . But I must get married; I am two-and-twenty years of age. And I look older; not that I look old, but when I was thirteen, at Nice, I was taken for seventeen, and I looked it.

After all . . . to marry some one who will *truly love me*, without that I should be the most wretched of women. But further, this somebody must at least please me! To be celebrated, very celebrated, illustrious! That will settle everything . . . No . . . I must not reckon on meeting an ideal being, who would respect and love me and be a good match.

Celebrated women frighten ordinary people, and geniuses are rare.

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Sunday, June 24th.—I think of the nonsense I used to write about Pietro: as when I said that I thought of him every evening, that I expected him, that if he had unawares arrived from Nice, I should throw myself into his arms. And it was thought that I was in love with him; those who read this will think so.

But never—never was this the case—no, never!

But when you feel bored at night in summer, you often think that you would like to have occasion to throw yourself into the arms of a man who loves you . . . . It has happened a hundred times to me in imagination. But then I had a name to write, a real being whom I might call Pietro. A fig for Pietro! Well, there was the fancy of

being the niece of the grand Cardinal, who might become Pope . . . . but . . . . No, I have never been in love and I never shall be now; a man would have to be so superior to please me now, I am so exacting. It would have to be . . . . but to be simply in love with some charming young fellow, no; that can never happen any more.

Thursday, June 28th.—I think sometimes that this interminable journal contains treasures of thought, sentiment, and originality which I have been hoarding up for years, for I write separate notes in a copy book. It is a necessity without motive like the necessity of breathing. But first of all I ought to give myself peace by marrying to get rid of this care; and then give myself up entirely to work.

Tuesday, July 12th.—My picture does not get on; I am miserable; nothing to console me!!

Here is the article in the *Nouveau Temps*, it is very good, but makes me feel rather embarrassed; it says that I am only nineteen, and I am more than that, and I look more, and people make me out to be older still. But the effect will be very great in Russia.

Thursday, July 12th.—The Canroberts to breakfast, and then we go to the exhibition in the Rue de Sèze. Oh, God! what I desire is talent. Oh, God! it seems to me there's nothing left but that.

Dress, coquetry, nothing exists; I dress well, because even that is art, and I cannot go dressed anyhow, but in other respects this constant preoccupation makes me ugly; I bury myself, I shut myself up, and what good does it bring me?

All this is a fine thing to tell after the bursting out of genius, but so it is! I do not think Benvenuto Cellini as courageous as I am when he burnt his furniture; I am throwing in the flames something much better and much more. And what shall I have in return? He knew what it would be, and I? . . .

If I could soon get rid of this picture of the boys, I should go to the country, real country, with grand horizons, moors, but no mountains; with beautiful sunsets and grey slopes, grass and wild flowers, roses and space, space. Oh, to paint a large picture with an infinite sky . . . . grass and wild flowers.

Friday, July 13th.—Am I romantic in the ridiculous

sense of the word? or am I really out of the common? for my feelings agree only with what is highest and purest in literature, and Balzac admits that writers adorn themselves with this as with paint. . . . Well? . . .

Well . . . . and love?

What is it? I have never felt it; for these passing fancies count for nothing. I have had preferences for people because an object is necessary to my imagination; so I must have preferred them because it was a want of my "great soul," and not because they made any impression upon me.

That is the whole difference. It is enormous.

Without transition, let us pass on to art. I don't see my way in painting. I am following Bastien-Lepage, and it is deplorable.

One always lags behind, and is never great, as long as one has not discovered a new method for oneself—a way of rendering individual impressions.

My own art does not exist.

I perceive it a little in the *Holy Women*. . . . And yet? It is different in sculpture. But in painting! . . . In the *Holy Women*, I imitate nobody, and I expect a grand effect, for I will put great sincerity into the material working out, and also all the emotion that I feel on this subject. The boys remind you of Bastien-Lepage, in spite of my having taken the subject from the streets, and that it is quite a common subject, very true, and seen every day. But this painter always causes me a sort of uneasiness.

Saturday, July 14th.—We go out for a drive to see decorations in the town; it amuses me.

And afterwards I continued yesterday's meditations.

Have you read Stendhal's *Amour?* I am reading it now.

I have never loved in my life, or else I have never ceased loving an imaginary being. . . . Which is it?

Read this book; it is more delicate than Balzac, it is more *real*, more harmonious and more poetic; and it expresses divinely what every one has felt; even I. But I have always been too analytic. I was never really in love, excepting at Nice when I was a child, and then it was from ignorance.

And then a sickly fancy for that horror of a Pietro.

I remember, in the evening at Naples, being all alone on the balcony listening to a serenade—really delicious moments—feeling myself in transports and ecstasies without an object, caused solely by the country, the evening, and the music.

I have never felt these impressions in Paris, nor anywhere but in Italy.

If I did not fear what people would say, I should marry X—— at once; I should be free and calm while waiting to meet the supreme one. But, on the other hand, to marry a man who is like everybody else, and who having nothing to reproach himself with, would make me unhappy, or bore me!

Monday, July 16th.—I am much interested in crystallisation, and I am convinced that a book might be written on simple crystallisations which come to nothing. Myself, for instance, with whom *complete* love would be possible only in marriage, or any other high-principled young girl, or even married woman, we are not exempt for all that from the shocks which determine crystallisations, although these crystallisations come to nothing; and here permit me to say that I do not like the word crystallisation; but, as Stendhal says, it avoids a long explanatory phrase, so I make use of it. The crystallisation commences. If the "object" has every perfection, we allow ourselves to go towards him, and we attain love—that is to say, we love; the essential part is to love, and not to practise what Alexandre Dumas *fils* calls "love." If the *object* has not every perfection, if we find a fault or faults in him, be it something ugly or ridiculous, a lack of intellect, the affair stops half way. I also think that one can stop one's self at will.

Tuesday, July 17th.—Still thinking of the crystallisations without object, alas!

And of sculpture? Painting progresses a little better.

Oh! to have talent! to obliterate that wretched "Honourable mention!" Exhibit the boys, the holy women in a black frame, and at the foot the inscription—"And he rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulchre and departed; and there was Mary Magdalene and the other Mary sitting over against the sepulchre." And a statue, Nausicaa or Ariadne; the sketches are all done, the Ariadne will be laughed at. They will say that it is I, forsaken by whom? And Nausicaa? I like them both!

Three things—two pictures and a statue. I wish for it so intensely that I fear the most frightful calamities. Love cannot entirely absorb me; it must be an accessory, the crowning of the edifice, an amiable superfluity. Well, we shall see!

Sunday, July 22nd.—Last night I painted my chest above the right breast, where the lung is diseased. At last I have made up my mind, there will be a yellow stain for three or four months; but at least I shall not die in a consumption.

Wednesday, July 25th.—M. X—— brings us the two busts bought for a hundred francs each. We keep him to dinner. He looks very uncomfortable, though he affects a certain self-possession. I felt for him, thinking he must be very embarrassed. They say he is poor; all this hurts me, and I am ashamed at having only given the price of a hat for two works of art. Instead of making me more kind, these feelings made me seem less cordial, and I am vexed about it. The poor fellow took off his coat in the drawing-room, and put it on a divan. He does not talk. We had some music; it made a slight diversion. He didn't seem to know exactly how to behave. I do not see much cleverness in him. However, with his talent he must be intelligent. But we could not make him feel at home; besides, he is of a wild nature. He must be very proud and very unhappy. . In any case it is quite certain that he is poor, and that I bought two busts of him for two hundred francs; and it makes me feel ashamed. I should like to send him another hundred francs—for I have a capital of one hundred and fifty francs—but I don't know how.

Thursday, July 26th.—The unsettled weather keeps back my picture, and I destroy all my attempts in clay, excepting one, which is not yet placed; and just then, of course, Saint-Marceaux arrives. . . . Mind the heart beatings, crystallisation, &c. I put on and take off two gowns, I make him wait a long time, and receive him at last, flushed and clumsily dressed.

He is very amusing, always indignant with the modern school, the naturalists and the human documents. Something must be sought which is art, and which cannot be explained . . . I understand very well, but . . . He has only seen this poor specimen, and told me to go on in the same way: that is all. It is disconcerting; as the recumbent figure that C. advised me to have rough-hewn and to keep, is with the rough-hewer, he could not see it. I received no compliment excepting for that everlasting portrait of Dina, which is considered so good. . . Saint-Marceaux is charming, original, clever, nervous, almost abrupt; he does

not hesitate to attack everything; that is better than the hypocrisy which credits everybody with talent. He has seen my street boys, and says that it is easy to paint pictures of low life, peasants, street arabs—caricatures, in short; but rather do beautiful and fine things *with character in them*, that is the difficulty; and put into your work the something which cannot be explained—in fact, art, which we find only in ourselves. Have I not said this? Down with vile copyists, photographers and naturalists!

That is right, go on!

But what left me a painful impression was that I looked neither beautiful, nor lively, nor bright! . . .

Friday, August 3rd.—Bastien-Lepage is disheartening. When one studies Nature closely, when one wants to imitate it perfectly, it is impossible not to think all the time of this tremendous artist. He possesses every secret of the texture of the skin; what others do is only painting; but his work is Nature itself. They talk of realists, but realists do not know what reality is; they are coarse and think they are true. Realism does not consist in reproducing a vulgar thing, but in the rendering, which ought to be perfect.

I do not want to do things which look like painting, I want it to look like flesh and blood, and to look like life! When you have taken an infinity of trouble all day, all you have gained is to reproach yourself cruelly for having worked badly, and for having produced a thing that looks dry and painted. And the remembrance of that monster of Damvillers crushes one. His work is broad, simple, and true, and all the details of Nature are there! Ah! misery.

Sunday, August 5th.—They say I have had a love affair with C., and that this is the reason I do not marry, for people cannot understand why, having a good dowry, I am not as yet a countess or a marchioness.

The idiots! Fortunately you, handful of beings of the *élite*, superior people, you dear beloved confidants who read me, you know what to think. But when you read me, all those of whom I speak will probably be dead, and C—— will carry to the grave the sweet conviction of having been loved by a young and beautiful stranger who, being in love with this cavalier, &c. The idiot! The others will believe it too, the idiots! But you know that it was not so. It might perhaps be poetical to refuse petty marquises through love; but alas! I refuse them through reason.

Tuesday, August 7th.—I get quite red when I think that in a week's time it will be five months since I finished the Salon picture. What have I accomplished in five months? Nothing as yet. Some sculpture, it is true, but that does not count. The street boys are not finished. I am very unhappy . . . . seriously. N. N. dined here and retailed to me his catalogue of the Louvre, telling me the place of nearly every picture. He has studied this to win my favour. He thinks it possible that I may marry him. He must think me hard up to get that into his head. Perhaps it is because I cannot hear well that he thinks I have come down in the world? After he left, I almost fainted with grief. What have I done to God that He should always strike me? What does this modern Potiphar think? If he is not convinced that I will never love anything but art, what does he think? However, a love match is not to be found! Then what is it that complains? what is it that loses patience? what is it that makes ordinary life seem miserable to me? It is a real power which is within me. It is something that my poor literature cannot express.

The idea of a picture or a statue keeps me awake whole nights; never has the thought of a handsome man done so.

I went to the Louvre this morning to see Raphael after reading Stendhal. Well, no matter how I try, I cannot like him from what I see here. I prefer the naïvety of the earlier painters.

Raphael is sophisticated and untrue.

Divine, divine! . . . is he really divine?

The character of the divine is to ravish and lift our thoughts into celestial regions.

Raphael tires me.

Who then is divine? I don't know.

Why does Stendhal say that Raphael paints souls? In which of his pictures?

This is an admiration which I should have to cultivate.

I like the naïve and admirable Pre-Raphaelite artists, to whom the precious Perugino almost belongs.

But what do I care for those big absurd things all science and precision, or even for the masses of flesh by Rubens? How they bore me! What can I make of the marriage of Cana, or Raphael's Virgins? that is not divine! the Virgin is commonplace, and that child? By-the-bye, I ought to see again what is in Italy. The remembrance I have of them is

not favourable . . . . The Madonna della Seggiola is a type of a pretty Italian chambermaid, very delicate. I see more divinity in Michael Angelo. *Raphael Sanzio.* Listen to this precious name.

I want to represent only striking things, which move you or leave you palpitating or dreaming, in fact things which enchain your heart like the simple little pictures of Cazin; the size is of little consequence, but if the same effect could be produced on a large scale . . . . It would be superb! But how many are there who understand Cazin?

Saturday, August 11th.—I am reading the histories of painting by Stendhal. This intelligent man always agrees with me. But it seems to me that he looks for too much purpose and invention. He caused me a painful surprise when he said that to paint grief you ought to get information from physiology.

How?

But if I do not *feel* the tragical expression, tell me the physiology that could make me feel it?

The muscles! Ah, good Lord!

A painter who will paint pain physiologically, and not because he has felt it and understood it—seen it (even figuratively)—will be but a cold and flat artist. It is as though you were to tell anybody to grieve according to given rules. Feel first, and reason after, *if you like.* It is impossible that the analysis should not confirm the impression. But it would be an investigation out of pure curiosity.

You are free to analyse tears in order to learn logically and scientifically what colour you are to paint them! As for myself, I prefer to see them shine, and to paint them as I see them, without even knowing why they are so—and not different.

Sunday, August 12th. — The thought that Bastien-Lepage is coming unnerves me so that I have been unable to do anything. It is really ridiculous to be so impressionable. Our pope dined with us. . . . We talked at table. Bastien-Lepage is excessively intelligent, but less brilliant than Saint-Marceaux. I did not show my pictures. Nothing, nothing at all! I had nothing to say—or rather, I did not shine. And when Bastien-Lepage commenced an interesting conversation I could not answer, nor even follow his sentences, which are compact and

refined, like his painting. Had it been with Julian I should have replied, for it is the sort of conversation which suits me best. He is intelligent, he understands everything, he is even learned — I feared a certain ignorance. . . .

In fact, when he said things to which I ought to have replied in such a manner as to unveil my fine qualities of mind and heart, I allowed him to talk and remained mute.

I cannot even write—it is a day like that. I am disorganised. . . . I want to be alone—quite alone, to realise the impression which is interesting and considerable. Ten minutes after he came I had mentally capitulated and accepted his influence.

I did not say anything I ought to have said. He is always a god, and thinks himself one. I strengthened him still more in this opinion. He is short, and the vulgar would call him ugly; but to me, and to persons of my sphere, that head is charming. What does he think of me? I was awkward, and laughed too much. . . . He says he is jealous of Saint-Marceaux. . . . A fine triumph!

Thursday, August 16th. — "A great calamity" would, perhaps, be an exaggeration; but what occurs may be justly regarded, even by reasonable persons, as a well-directed blow. . . .

And absurd . . . like all my misfortunes. I was going to send my picture to the triennial exhibition on the 20th of August—final respite—and it is not on the 20th but the 16th, to-day, that the respite expires. I have a pricking in my nose, pains in my back, and my hands are rebellious.

One must feel thus after being beaten.

After which I go and hide myself in the closet to weep over all my miseries—the only, and by no means heroic, place in which I shall not be suspected.

If I shut myself up in my room, they would guess why, after such a blow. It is I think the first time that I hide myself to cry bitterly, with my eyes shut, and my mouth square, like a child or a savage. . . .

And afterwards? Afterwards I will stay at the studio until my eyes regain their usual appearance. I cried once in mamma's arms, and that sorrow shared with another was such a cruel humiliation for months, that I will never cry with grief before anybody again. One can cry with rage, or about the death of Gambetta before anybody; but to exhibit

one's weakness, one's poorness, one's misery, one's humiliation. Never! If it relieves at the time, you always repent of it as of a confidence.

While crying, you know where, I found the expression for my Magdalen, who shall not look at the sepulchre, but at nothing at all, as I was doing just now. The eyes well opened, as when you have just been crying.

Ah, well!

God is unjust, and, if He does not exist, to whom shall I turn? He is punishing me for doubting. He does everything to make me doubt, and when I doubt He strikes me, and when I persist in believing and praying He strikes me harder to teach me patience.

Friday, August 17th.—My timidity is not believed in, it may be explained by an excess of pride.

I have a horror, a terror, and despair at asking; things must be offered to me. In a moment of foolhardiness I make up my mind to ask; it never succeeds, it is nearly always too late, or beside the mark.

I get pale and red many times before I dare to say that I intend to exhibit or to paint a picture. It seems to me that people will laugh at me, that I know nothing, and that I am pretentious and ridiculous.

When any one looks at my painting (I mean an artist, of course) I go away into the third room, so much am I afraid of a word or a look. But Robert Fleury has no idea that I am so little sure of myself. As I talk braggingly, he thinks that I think highly of myself, and give myself credit for great talent. Therefore, he has no need to encourage me; and if I told him my hesitations and my fears he would laugh; I spoke to him about it once and he took it as a joke. That is the formidable error which I give rise to. I think Bastien-Lepage knows that I am dreadfully frightened at him, and he thinks himself God Almighty.

Monday, August 20th.—I am singing; the moon shines in by the large window of the studio. It is fine. One ought to manage to be happy. Yes, if one is lucky enough to be in love. In love with whom?

Tuesday, August 21st.—No, I shall not die until I am nearly forty, like Mlle. Colignon; when I am about thirty-five I shall be very ill, and at thirty-six or thirty-seven, in the winter time, in bed, all will be over. And my will! it will

be limited to asking for a statue and a painting of Saint-Marceaux, and of Jules Bastien-Lepage, in a chapel at Paris, surrounded by flowers, in a conspicuous place; and on each anniversary to have masses by Verdi and Pergolesi sung there, and other music, on each anniversary in perpetuity by the most celebrated singers.

Besides which, I will found a prize for artists—male and female.

Instead of doing this, I want to live; but I have no genius, so it is better to die.

Monday, August 27th.—I gave my *Fisher with Rod and Line* to the Ischia lottery; the lots are shown in the Rue de Sèze, at Petit's. My fisher is good and the water is good. I should never have thought it. Ah! the frame! Ah! the middle distance! We are very absurd. What is the good of working at art, the masses understand nothing about it? Then do you love the crowd? Yes; that is to say that I should wish for a fame which all could understand, so as to get still more admiration.

Wednesday, August 29th.—I cough all the time in spite of the heat; and this afternoon, while the model was resting, I fell half asleep on the divan, and *saw* myself stretched out with a great lighted taper beside me. It would be the solution of all these miseries.

To die! I am very much afraid of it. No, I will not! It would be horrible! I don't know how happy people get on, but I am much to be pitied, since I expect nothing more from God. When that supreme refuge is gone, there is nothing left but to die. Without God there can neither be poetry, nor tenderness, nor genius, nor love, nor ambition. Our passions plunge us into uncertainties, aspirations, desires, exaggerations of thought. We want something beyond, a God to whom we can go with our enthusiasms and our prayers, a God from whom we can ask everything, and to whom we can tell everything. I should like all remarkable men to confess and say if when they were very much in love, very ambitious, or very unhappy, they did not have recourse to God.

Ordinary natures, even very intelligent and very learned ones, can do without; but those who have the *spark*, even if they are as learned as all science itself, and even if they doubt *through reason*, they too believe out of passion, at least, sometimes.

I am not very learned, but all my reflections tend towards

this: "The God we are taught to believe in is an invention: the God of religion or of religions, we will not talk about."

But the God of men of genius, the God of philosophers, the God of simply intelligent people like ourselves, that God is unjust if He does not hear us; or if He is wicked, I do not see what He has to do. But if He does not exist, why should there be this need of adoring Him, in every place, among every people, and at all times? Is it possible that *nothing* should respond to these aspirations, which are innate in all men, to this instinct which leads us to seek for the Supreme Being, the great Master, God?

Saturday, September 8th.—A good day's work; I have finished Louis's portrait. We went to Versailles, and in the evening, after the visit to the Marshal, Claire and myself go and stretch ourselves on the drawing-room floor, as we do every evening. We talk about art, as we do every evening; but to-night especially there is more real intimacy, and above all I am thinking about my picture. It is to be . . . . something full of poetry . . . . quiet, calm, simple, and profound.

I do not fall short for want of fine terms. However, we shall see.

My new picture would be great . . . . calm, simple.

Thursday, September 13th.—I have been reading in Stendhal that our griefs appear less bitter when we idealise them. Most true. How shall I idealise mine? Impossible! They are so bitter, so prosaic, so dreadful, that I cannot speak of them even here without great pain. How confess that I hear badly at times? "Well! God's will be done!" The phrase comes to me mechanically, and I almost believe it. For I shall die quite naturally, without a struggle, while nursing myself.

Well, I don't mind, for I am troubled about my sight, and have passed a fortnight without working or reading, and yet it is no better. I have a sense of vibrations and floating specks in the air. It may be due to my having bronchitis during the last fortnight, which would lay up anybody else, but in spite of which I go out as if nothing were the matter.

I have worked at Dina's portrait in such a tragic frame of mind that it will turn my hair grey.

Saturday, September 15th.—This morning I went to see the Bastiens at the Salon. How shall I put it? It's the

quintessence of beauty. There are three portraits, which, in Julian's opinion, who dines with us this evening, are enough to drive one crazy. Yes, crazy! Nothing like them has ever been done. It's life itself; it's the soul. And the workmanship is incomparable, it's nature herself. You must be mad to think of painting after that.

He has a little picture called *Ripe Corn*—a man, seen from behind, is reaping. A good picture.

There are two life-size pictures: *Haymaking* and *Potato Gatherers.*

What colour! What drawing! What brush power! There is a richness of tone only found in nature herself; and the people are alive!

The simple way in which the tones blend with one another is divine, and the eye follows their gradation with genuine ecstasy.

I entered the room, not knowing it was there, and came to a sudden halt before *Haymaking*, as you would stop before a window unexpectedly opening on a landscape.

He does not receive justice. He is miles and miles above everybody. Nothing can compare with him.

I am thoroughly ill. I put an enormous blister on my chest. After that, doubt, if you can, my courage and my wish to live. No one knows it, in fact, except Rosalie; I walk about the studio reading, talking, and singing in a voice that is almost beautiful. As I often do nothing on a Sunday, no one is surprised.

Tuesday, September 18th.—It seems that the Russian press in noticing me has made every one notice me a little, the Grand-Duchess Catherine among others. Mamma is acquainted with her chamberlain and his family, and there has been some serious talk of my appointment to the post of lady-in-waiting.

But it is necessary to be presented to the Grand-Duchess. Indeed, it has all been discussed; but mamma was wrong in leaving matters to take care of themselves, and coming back here.

And then . . . . my beautiful soul needs a sister soul. I shall never have a friend. Claire says I can't have a girl friend because I have no little secrets and little girlish adventures.

"You are too irreproachable, you have nothing to hide."

Wednesday, September 26th.—Now that the vexations

have been forgotten, I only remember what was good, original, and clever about my father. He was a man of impulse, and seemed frivolous and eccentric to the vulgar. He had a certain amount of hardness and cunning may be . . . . but who is without faults, and I myself? . . . . Indeed, I blame myself, and weep for him.

Had I only gone that time. . . . It would have been for the sake of appearances, as I had no feeling about the matter. . . .

Would it have been meritorious *all the same?* I don't think so.

I didn't have that feeling, and God will punish me for it. And will my emotion of this evening be taken into account?

Are we responsible for our *genuine* feelings, whether good or bad?

"We must do our duty," you say. There was no question of duty. I am speaking of feeling, and since I did not then feel the necessity of going, how will God judge me?

Yes, I regret not to have felt sooner the emotion of this evening. And he is dead, and it is irreparable. And what would it have cost me to do my duty, *for it was my duty,* to go to my dying father? I did not see it, and I feel that I am not altogether blameless. I did not do my duty, and I ought to have done it. It will be an eternal regret. Yes, I did not act well, and I repent, I am humiliated in my own eyes, and it is very painful. I won't make excuses, but don't you think mamma ought to have told me so? Ah! well, yes! She was afraid of tiring me, and then they said, "If Marie goes with her mother, they will stop six months out there! but if Marie remains here, her mother will come back all the sooner."

The family reasoned in this way. Alas! without knowing it we are always under somebody's influence.

Monday, October 1st.—The remains of our great writer, Tourgeniff, who died a fortnight ago, have been sent to Russia to-day. At parting there was a grand ceremony at the station. Speeches were made by M. Renan, M. About, and Vyrouboff, a Russian, who spoke very well in French, and moved his hearers more than the others. Edmond About spoke in such a low voice that I heard but little; Ernest Renan, whose face I saw, as interpreted by Saint-Marceaux's bust, did very well, and the last farewell vibrated in our hearts. Bogoliouboff also made a speech. In fact I am proud to see such honours paid to a Russian by these most arrogant Frenchmen.

I love, but despise them.

They left Napoleon to die at St. Helena. That was an immense, monstrous, abominable crime; a lasting shame. . . . .

It is true that the Romans assassinated Cæsar.—Then again they have spit upon Lamartine, who, as the younger Dumas justly remarks, would have had altars raised to him by the ancients.

And to mention a more personal grievance, they misunderstand the talent of Bastien-Lepage.—We went to the Salon after Tourgeniff, and I can't see these paintings without bursts of enthusiasm, inward outbursts, or it might be thought I was in love with him.

Meissonier! But Meissonier is only a juggler who produces such microscopic work as to fill us with astonishment bordering on emotion . . . . But as soon as he abandons this minute style, as soon as his heads have more than a centimetre, it grows hard and commonplace; but no one dare say so, and everybody admires him, although *all* his canvases at this year's Salon are only good and well drawn.

Is that art?

People in full costume who play on the piano, or ride on horseback, &c. . . . .

Well, a great many *genre* painters do as much. The works of his which struck me as astonishingly beautiful are first the *Players at Bowls* in the Antibes Road. It's a scene from the life, although in the dress of the ancients, full of air and sunlight, yet so small, and done in a way to strike you dumb with surprise.

Then he himself and his father on horseback, on the same road, I believe; then the *Etcher*. The movement; and expression are rendered with great truth. This man who thinks, works, and is perhaps absorbed in his subject, interests and touches us, while the details are simply miraculous. Besides these, there is a Louis XIII. cavalier looking out of window, same size, equally true in movement, the action being human, natural and simple—a particle of life, in short.

As to the others I class them with good *genre* pictures, carefully executed, and which would add nothing, perhaps, to Meissonier's fame without the above-mentioned masterpieces. As to his portraits, when the heads are only two centimetres long they look like cardboard; they get worse the bigger they are.

I bow and pass on, he will never touch me.

But look at the portraits of Bastien-Lepage! The majority would make an outcry if I were to say that they

are very greatly superior to Meissonier's. And yet there's no doubt of it.

But envious people make use of a reputation of long standing as if it were a club for knocking down newcomers of whom they are afraid.

There's nothing comparable to the portraits of Bastien-Lepage. Discuss his pictures .... well and good, you may not be able to understand them;—but his portraits! From the beginning of the world until to-day nothing better has been done.

Saturday, October 6th.—The dear, good, excellent Robert Fleury comes to see my picture. Dear, good, excellent! You will guess from this that he didn't pull me to pieces. His first words were: "It makes a very good impression."

I interrupted him at once.

"No, Monsieur, I don't want you to spare me. That horrible Julian says that people make allowances for me, that I know nothing, that ....."

"Pardon me, Mademoiselle, I have always treated you as a student who is thoroughly in earnest, one who works in the most serious manner."

"M. Julian says I know nothing .... that—"

"And you take his teasing seriously?"

And the charming man laughed heartily at my *naïveté*. ....

Well, this is what he said of the pictures:—It's very good; there are some parts which are extremely good (I quote his own words), some parts which I should probably never surpass. The boy to the right and the one in the foreground with his back turned are as good as possible. But the background on the right-hand side wants more light, and this, it seems, would add enormously to the general effect of my figures which I am not to touch again, except for two eyes which I must make less black.

It's about two hours' work.

I ought to be mad with joy, but I am not, because I don't share the opinion of my excellent master. I can do better .... Is what I have done not good? not good enough .... I see things better than that, I ought to paint as I see them.

What will the public say? Will it be noticed? How can *one* tell? He thinks it good. Don't send it to Nice; keep it for Paris. He says that it's good; but *good* is a matter of comparison, and I don't care for what is merely compara-

tively good. It may be good for another, but is it good for me, will the world think it so? Is it strong? He considers that the little fellow's back is perfect in drawing; he says that his little legs may be felt behind his trousers, that he stands firmly on his feet and all . . . .

He may fancy that I was thinking of anatomical difficulties.

I *copied* nature without thinking of anything; it seems to me for that matter that talent acts unconsciously.

Saturday, October 6th.—I have read a novel of our famous Tourgeniff, all at one sitting and in French, in order to realise the impression he produces on foreigners.

He was a great writer, very subtle and delicate in his analysis of character; a poet, a Bastien-Lepage. His landscapes are as beautiful, and he describes shades of sentiment as happily as Bastien-Lepage paints them.

What a sublime artist!

Millet! Well, he is as poetic as Millet; I use this platitude for the fools who would not understand me otherwise.

All that's grand, poetic, beautiful, subtle, true in music, in literature, in everything . . . . brings me back to this marvellous painter, to this poet. He takes what men of the world would consider vulgar subjects, and extracts the most penetrating poetry from them.

What can be more commonplace than a little girl who takes care of a cow, or a woman working in a field?

And how has it been done?

Nobody has done it like him. He is quite right, he condenses about three hundred pages in a canvas. But there are perhaps fifteen of us who understand him.

Tourgeniff has also painted peasants, the poor Russian peasant; and with how much truth, *naïveté*, sincerity! It is truly touching, poetic, and great.

Unfortunately this part of his work cannot be understood abroad, where he is chiefly known by his studies of society.

Tuesday, October 9th.—Bojidar's portrait appears to me good; Julian says that it may be a great success; that it's very original, very new, that it will appear like a skilful Manet.

For my part I consider it amusing. He leans on a balcony, the body fronting the spectator, the head in profile against

the sky; you see the dockyard, the houses, the roofs, a street, a cab; it is an exact likeness on the whole, but something seems wanting in the mask. The head and body are very life-like, even to my mind.

There are nasturtiums on the balcony. He is crumpling one between his fingers while looking at the street; but I shall replace the flower by a cigarette; the other hand is in his pocket. It's a half-length life-size. The hand is still to do.

But at half-past five I discover a slightly red sky with the crescent in it, which is just exactly the *effect* I wanted for my *Holy Women*. I instantly made a rough sketch of it. I can only do this picture by a lucky stroke; such a sky can't be made to order; I am much inclined to begin at once, *now*. I could do it in three weeks. In any case let us try . . . . The weather won't be worse at Concarneau in November than in October, and then . . . . we should do what attracts us at the propitious moment, the psychological moment.

I've got my sky and I shall go to the south for the landscape and the plants. I have got my model here. Let me see now, when should I go south? When I have drawn in the figures and the sky—in a fortnight; and when I am once there, I shall perhaps find some pictures to paint, for I don't feel sure of my *Holy Women*. I may succeed, or I may be seven years over them.

Then the sky. . . . If it were but on a small scale. . . . But no, I want it life-size, it will be more striking.

Wait a while still? Perhaps; for I did well to wait so far. Only a few months ago I should have spoiled the execution; I wanted to paint it piecemeal and did not sufficiently understand the tone it required. I should also like to be better known first, and only to exhibit this picture when my name is made, as it might otherwise run the risk of being overlooked. Whom shall I consult? Who will see the truth, and tell it?

It must be you again, my only friend, you will at least be frank, and you love me. Yes, I love myself, and I only.

First, I must *finish* the *gamins*, and have another picture to send with it. Exhibit Bojidar in one of the winter exhibitions at the club, along with a portrait of Dina.

And do a statue. This is my dream. It is possible.

Monday, October 15th.—We go to the Salon—the Gavinis, mamma, and I. To-day, at last, M. Gavini agrees with me that Bastien-Lepage's portraits are superior to Meissonier's.

I had to argue six months, but am very much pleased.

What can the opinion of a man of the world matter to me? It's a little personal triumph; it pleases us to convince others of our opinions; with the apostles it became a passion, and there are some still among us; and then in youth we are full of fire, and wish to make others share in our enthusiasm; the day will come when I won't care; there are things already that I don't care for any more.

And Bastien-Lepage will gain the good opinion of men of the world, who entertain a certain contempt for him at present. As for me, I should like to be useful and agreeable to all the world; to play the part of providence, and save, and make people happy. And even, what will surprise you most, without particularly wishing that they should know I had done it. Oh! I am an angel!

Monday, October 22nd.—I wish my phthisis were only a fancy.

It seems there was a time when it was the fashion to be consumptive, and when everybody tried to appear, or believed himself, to be so. Ah! were it only possible that I imagined it! But, all the same, and in spite of it all, I want to live. I don't suffer from unhappy love, or any sentimental mania, or anything else. I want to be famous, and to enjoy what's good in the world . . . . it is so simple.

Sunday, October 28th.—It enrages me to think I have nothing on the stocks; I say to myself, let us go to Fontainebleau, and then again, Why? I could find some wooded spot close by to which I could drive in a cab every morning; or why not paint the mists on the Seine? Or else . . . . but I don't see my way clearly, and don't know what I want.

Or why not go to Arcachon, which is like the East, and where I could begin the *Holy Women?* and, at the same time, make as many studies as elsewhere. Then what of my sculpture? If I travel, my statue will not be done.

To get rid of these vacillations, I will paint the mist on the Seine in a boat. It will do me good.

I get up at one o'clock in the morning to say that I have at last a wish to paint something. I suffered because I seemed to have no wish for anything.

It's like a flame rising, rising; it's like a sudden glimpse of him one loves; a glow of emotion and of joy.

It makes me blush by myself.

I long to paint the forest with the flaming leaves—the marvellous tones of October, with just one or two figures in

it. In the *Père Jacques*, by Bastien-Lepage, the wood, if I remember right, was already too far gone; it was bare and a little grey. I should like to make it red, green, golden. . . .

And yet this also will not be *the* picture. Only in the *Holy Women* shall I be able to show myself. . . . I dare not begin them, I really dare not.

Come to bed.

Thursday, November 1st.—I go to paint at the Grande Jatte—an avenue of trees with golden tones. A medium size canvas.

Luckily Bojidar came with me, for I had not remembered it was a *fête*, and when we got there we found a number of bargees, and Rosalie would perhaps have proved an insufficient chaperon. Moreover, in order to come and go and paint in this aristocratic island, I dress like an old German woman. Two or three woollen petticoats to disguise my figure, a wrap which cost twenty-seven francs, a black knitted shawl round the head, and socks on my feet.

Friday, November 2nd.—What I am doing is very beautiful. . . . To-day there wasn't so much as a cat about. It's a desert on week days, especially at this season. Ah! well, if only I don't get ill!

I have such a wish to paint a picture! . . . . After that I won't paint out of doors again this winter. It might be done in a month on the water during November. It's very simple and beautiful. I shall wrap myself well up—all but the eyes.

Monday, November 5th.—The leaves have fallen, and I don't know how to finish my picture. I have no luck. Luck! How awful a thing it is — an inexplicable and terrible power.

As to this picture in the boat, I've got the canvas, but don't know whether to do it now. . . .

Ah, yes! but quickly, very quickly, in a fortnight, and then to show it to Julian and Robert Fleury, quite taken by surprise.

If I could do so I should revive. I suffer from not having done more this summer. It is a dreadful regret. I should like to define this particular state more clearly. I feel debilitated—it's like a great calm. I suppose people who have just been bled feel something like it.

I will make up my mind to bear it until May. . . . But

why should it change with the month of May? How can one know?

This makes me reflect on all that there may be in me of good and remarkable, and I feel soothed and comforted.

This feeling made me talk to my family at dinner—talk amiably and naturally—with the same air of sweetness and calm which I had on that day when I first turned my hair up from the forehead.

Well, I feel a great calm — I will work calmly. I fancy all my movements will be quiet now—that I shall consider the universe with gentle condescension.

I am as calm as if I were strong, or because I am strong. And patient as if I were certain of the future. . . . Who knows? I really feel myself invested with a certain dignity. I have confidence. I am a power. And then . . . . what next? Yet it is not love? No. But outside it there's nothing of interest. . . . That's as it should be. Mademoiselle, do think of your art.

Thursday, November 8th. — I read in a paper that at the opening of an industrial exhibition—Rue de Sèze—yesterday, there was quite a fashionable crowd—our grand-dukes among others. I ought to have gone, but allowed the day to pass.

No, I'll struggle no more. I have no luck. And this sets me singing to the accompaniment of my harp. Had I been thoroughly happy, perhaps I could not work. They say that all great artists have always had a thorn in their flesh. The thorn in my flesh are the petty annoyances which always take me back to art — my 'sole reason for living.

Oh, to become famous!

When I imagine myself famous it acts like lightning—like the contact with an electric battery. I leap from my chair, and begin walking up and down the room.

You will say that if I had been married at seventeen I should be like everybody else. A great mistake. *To make me marry like other people I must have been different from what I am.*

Do you think I have ever been in love? I don't think so. Those passing infatuations look like love, but it can't be the real thing.

I still continue feeling very weak . . . . as if the chords of an instrument were unstrung. And why?

Julian says that I look like an autumnal landscape, like a forsaken avenue filled with the mist and desolation of winter. . . .

"Exactly what I am, dear sir."

He hits the truth sometimes—papa Julian.

"Are you going to show your picture to the great man?"

"I would sooner jump from a fifth floor."

"Well, that shows that you consider it unsatisfactory and that you can do better."

"Very true."

Saturday, November 10th.—I should like to put down to moral causes a slight feverish attack, brought on by yesterday's wind on the Seine.

I work at home; sculpture.

My poor child, *everything* drives you to art; don't mistake all these indications, go.

Only fame can give what you want, and they say you can win it.

Sunday, November 11th.—I dined this evening at Jouy; I think I really love those people. They are intelligent and amiable. I have pleasure in seeing them, they are not such a boring set as the others.

Sudden change of decoration; everything looks smiling, calm, and beautiful. I know what I want to do, and all goes well.

Monday, November 12th.—Drumont, of *La Liberté*, comes to see us.

He hates my style of thing, but pays me great compliments, asking me at the same time, in amazement, how it happens that, living in the midst of elegance and refinement, I can love what is ugly. He considers my *gamins* ugly.

"Why didn't you choose some that were pretty, it would be just as well?"

I chose *expressive* faces, if I can use such a word. For that matter you don't see such wondrous beauty among the boys in the street; to find that you must go to the Champs-Élysées and paint the poor little be-ribboned babies attended by their nurses.

Where then shall I find any movement, any of that savage and primitive liberty, any true expression? Well-brought-up children already put on certain airs.

And then . . . . I know I am right.

Saturday, November 17th.—The country gives you a lively sense of the beauty of pictures.

The Parisians cannot worship it, but if they would only take the trouble to look at the country with its grandeur, simplicity, beauty, and poetry; where every blade of grass—where the trees the earth, the looks of passing women, the attitude of children, the gait of old men, the colour of their dress—everything in short—harmonises with the landscape! . .

Thursday, November 22nd.—L'Illustration Universelle (of Russia) publishes an illustration of my picture—*Jean et Jacques*—on its first page.

It is the first illustrated paper in Russia, and I seem quite at home.

Yet it gives me no delight. Why? It is pleasant, but does not fill me with delight.

Why? Because it isn't enough for my ambition. If two years ago I had had an honourable mention, I should have fainted. If last year they had given me a medal, I should have wept upon Julian's waistcoat. . . . . But now . . . .

Events are logical, alas! Everything has a sequence, follows in due course, and is prepared little by little. A third medal next year will seem natural. If I get nothing, I shall rebel.

We only experience a very vivid joy when the event is unexpected, and to some extent takes us by surprise.

A second medal at the next Salon would make me happy because I don't expect it. And then it is not so much the medal which counts, as the greater or less success accompanying it.

Friday, November 23rd—Saturday, November 24th.—Something very surprising has happened, and which gives me the greatest pleasure. My *Pêcheur à la Ligne*, which I had given to the Ischia raffle, is at the Hôtel Drouot, among a collection of pictures; the husband of one of the chambermaids came to tell us in amazement that a picture signed Bashkirtseff was at the sale, and would be sold this evening. Mamma and Dina went, and were present when it went for one hundred and thirty francs. You will not think much of one hundred and thirty francs, but I do. It had no frame, only a mount worth twenty francs, so that my painting sold for one hundred and ten francs at the Hôtel Drouot. The ladies try to make me believe that it is two hundred and thirty, but

I saw quite plainly that the two was a one on the catalogue. Dina told the princess and others four hundred and thirty francs. O truth! Well, the one hundred and thirty are true. Dina says that she thought everybody was looking at her, and mamma turned her head away in terror. Really, I can't quite believe it yet, it seems so delightful.

Wednesday, November 28th.—I painted a portrait of Dina, a harmony in white, splendid. The young lady, in turning over my albums yesterday, made me find an old design—the murder of Cæsar. It fired my imagination. I made notes of a few tones at four o'clock in the open air; for during the last three days we have had the aurora borealis setting Paris aflame. . . . It was done in a cab; I painted, and the cab drove on. I was only looking out for tones. This done, I come in and seize upon Suetonius and Plutarch. Montesquieu adores the narrative of the murder in Plutarch. What an Academician! How finely composed, how eloquent it is! Whereas Suetonius makes you shudder; it is an official report which curdles your blood. With what mysterious power are great men invested that after several centuries their lives and deaths make us shudder and weep? I have wept for Gambetta. Every time I read their history I weep for Napoleon, Alexander, and Cæsar. But Alexander died badly, whereas Cæsar . . . .

I shall paint this picture *for myself*—firstly, for the sake of the sentiment, and the crowd who are Romans; next because there's anatomy and blood in it, and I am a woman, and women have done nothing classical on a large scale hitherto; and finally I want to use my gifts of composition and drawing . . . . and because it will be very fine.

What bothers me is that it passes in the Senate instead of in the open air; it's a difficulty the less . . . . and I should like them all . . . . When I feel that I am attempting the most difficult things I suddenly grow very cold, very determined; I brace up my energies and concentrate myself, and do much better than in works which are within reach of my inferiors. There's no need to go to Rome to paint this picture, and I shall begin it as soon as . . . . and yet in March and April spring gives such lovely tints to the outside world. I intended painting the blossoming trees at Argenteuil . . . . There's so much to do in life, and life is so short! I don't even know whether I shall have time to carry out what is already conceived . . . .

The *Holy Women* . . . . The great bas-relief! *Spring!*

Julius Cæsar—Ariadne. It makes me giddy. I should like to do them all—all at once . . . . And they will have to be done slowly . . . . in due order, with many delays and revulsions and disenchantments . . . . Life is logical, and all hangs together. And when Brutus, pursued by phantoms, kills himself, I find myself crying out: "Well done, rascal—well done, ignoble assassin!"

To succeed in what is great! don't think that I dream of next year or even of the year after . . . . but later . . . . But all the same, it is so intoxicating that I won't think of it.

Saturday, December 1st.—Am I not acting the part of dupe? Who will give me back my best years? spent . . . perhaps in vain!

But I have a good answer to these doubts of the *vulgar me*—that I really had nothing better to do; everywhere else, and living as others do, I should have had to suffer too much . . . . and then I should not have reached this moral development which gives me a kind of superiority . . . . very trying to myself. Stendhal had known at least one or two people capable of understanding him; but as for me, it's frightful; everybody is commonplace; and those whom I took for really clever, now appear stupid. Is it possible that I have become what is called *un être incompris*. I think not, and yet . . . . But it seems to me that I have good cause for surprise and annoyance when people believe me capable of things of which I am quite incapable, and which would compromise my dignity, my delicacy—nay, even my very elegance. . . .

Is there any one who could understand me thoroughly, to whom I could say everything? . . . Who could understand all, and in whose conversation I should recognise my own thoughts? . . . Ah, my dear, that would be love!

Possibly; but without going so far it would be very agreeable to find people who would judge one with intelligence and with whom conversation would be possible . . . . I don't know of any. Julian was the sole exception, and I begin to find him more and more reserved. He becomes even irritating when he begins his interminable teasing jokes which don't hit the mark, especially in matters of art: he doesn't understand that I apprehend clearly and want to reach my aim; he thinks me wrapped up in myself . . . . And yet . . . . at intervals he is still my confidant. Complete similarity of feeling doesn't exist, apparently, unless one is in love; for love can create miracles . . . . But on the contrary, is it,

not this complete similarity which gives birth to love?—a sister soul.—As for me I think that this much-abused expression is very just. Ah well, who is this soul? Somebody, the tip of whose ear even I shall never see.

Not a word, not a look ought to be out of keeping with the idea which I . . . . entertain. . . . It isn't that I look for an impossible perfection, for a being with nothing human about him; what I ask is that his errors shall appear interesting to me, and not ruin him in my eyes; that he shall correspond to my dream—not, indeed, the commonplace dream of an impossible divinity; but that everything about him shall please me . . . . and that I shall not suddenly discover in him some hidden want, something stale or stupid or incomplete, or trivial, or petty, or false, or selfish; any one of these stains, however small, is enough to undo everything.

Sunday, December 2nd.—My heart, in short, is empty, quite, quite empty. . . . . But I must have dreams to amuse me. . . . And yet I have experienced nearly all those things mentioned by Stendhal as belonging to true love, which he calls the love-passion—all those thousand vagaries of the imagination, all those childish follies he speaks of. . . . That's why I have seen the most tiresome people with delight, because on some one day they came near my ideal.

For the rest, I think, that one who is always at work, and pre-occupied with hopes of fame (be it a woman or a man) does not love as those who have nothing else to do.

Balzac and Jules (not Cæsar) have said it; the sum of energy is a fixed quantity; if you spend it all to the right, you have nothing for the left, or else the effort is less being divided.

"If you send five hundred thousand men on the Rhine, they can't at the same time remain in Paris."

It seems likely therefore that, according to this theory, my tender sentiments slip over me, easily.

Monday, December 3rd.—Come now, I am intelligent and just, I give myself credit for being clever and clear-sighted . . . . in short, for every mental quality. Well, that being the case, why should I not judge myself? Surely that ought to be possible, as I am clear-sighted. Am I really somebody, or shall I be somebody in art? *What do I think of myself?* Those are terrible questions, as I think badly

of myself, compared to the ideal I wish to reach; on the other hand, in comparison with others . . . .

It is difficult to judge oneself, and then . . . . from the moment it isn't genius . . . . and I have not done anything as yet to allow of a final judgment, even by myself.

And I am in despair about my work; no sooner is it finished than I should like to begin it all over again; I find everything bad, because I am always *comparing* it with what I should like it to be. . . . But it is comforting to look round; we see those who do worse, and who are admired. . . . Well, then, it's a matter of moods. At bottom, I confess, I don't think much of my artist-self. I may as well say so (in the hope of being mistaken). To begin with, if I believed I had genius, I should never complain of anything. . . . But genius is such a formidable word that I laugh in writing it of myself, even if only to say that I lack it. . . . If I thought I had genius, I should go mad with joy.

Well, well! I don't think I have genius, but I hope the world will.

Monday, December 10th.—Modelling in the morning. In the afternoon I paint the bodice and the bouquet of the head that laughs. My model is a little good-for-nothing, half ballet-dancer, half-model; and she laughs funnily. I've done it. Then by gaslight I did a drawing, a woman reading near an open piano! Done. If I got on like this every day, it would be charming.

But fifty unknown painters are doing what I do and don't complain of being stifled with genius, for if genius stifles you, it shows you haven't any; they who have, have the strength to bear it.

The word *genius* is like *love*, it cost me an effort to write it for the first time; but once I had done so, I have used it constantly and on all occasions; it is so with everything that at first sight appears tremendous, terrifying, and unattainable; having overcome your nervousness, you can't have enough of it, as if to make up for your first hesitation and shrinking. This clever remark doesn't seem very clear, but I must spend my fluid; I have worked till seven o'clock this evening; having some left, I will let it run off my pen.

I am getting thin, well . . . May God take pity on me!

Tuesday, December 11th.—This morning, nothing! In the

afternoon I sketched in the head of a little street girl of five laughing, and in profile. I intend doing five or six heads, all laughing. It begins with one of eight months, then the little girl of this afternoon. Then Armandine (the dancer of Japhet), full face, in a hat and sealskin jacket, with a bunch of violets on one shoulder. Then I shall put a masher in a dress-coat sucking his stick, an innocent young girl next, and finally an old man and woman. All of them in one frame.

"Laughter is the distinctive faculty of man." These different kinds of laughter may have something very comic. And I shall do them very quickly, as in the case of Armandine; it would be for some minor exhibition.

Sunday, December 23rd.—True artists can't be happy; to begin with, they know that the mass can't understand them; they know that they are working for the few, that the others follow their own bad taste or the *Figaro*. The general ignorance in matters artistic, in all classes, is frightful.

Those who speak well of art do so out of respect for what they have read or heard from so-called competent judges. . . .

Well . . . . I think there are days on which one feels all those trivialities too naïvely—days on which an inappropriate conversation seems more unendurable than on others, when trifles make you suffer, when you endure actual pain on hearing platitudes exchanged during a couple of hours without a grain of gaiety or worldly polish to make them palatable.

But you may have noticed that I am not one of those chosen spirits that weep when forced to listen to the empty drawing-room chatter, the petty gossip, the customary compliments, the remarks on the weather and on the Italian opera. I am not so silly as to insist on hearing interesting conversation everywhere, and so-called commonplaces of society, which may be lively, but are usually dull, do not annoy me; it is an evil I can endure, even with pleasure, at times; but true dulness, true stupidity, the want of . . . . in short, the commonplaces of society, and lack of spirit into the bargain.

That, indeed, is dying by inches.

Saturday, December 29th.—Oh, misery! how dark, dreary, and full of despair some days are! All that scandalmongering, what will it not make people say, believe, invent. . . .

But I have never done anything immoral! And to think!

Oh my friends! lose everything but keep up appearances! These petty annoyances make me profoundly wretched.

In talking nonsense one may be right, and yet infamously in the wrong.

What bitter, despicable, petty things, which I am innocent of, cannot be set right now. Oh! wretchedness!

These are dark, dreary, desperate days. I am shamefully calumniated.

And I have done nothing, as regards myself or others. Claire and Villevielle are at work, and I weep as I write at the other end of the library.

There are days when we give out light, and others when we are like an extinguished lamp; I am extinguished.

Monday, December 31*st*.—The Maréchale and Claire dined yesterday with the Princess Mathilde, and Claire tells me that Lefebvre said to her that he knew I had genuine talent, and was a rather extraordinary person; that I went into society every evening, and (with a knowing air) was superintended, *guided* by some eminent painters.

Claire, looking him straight in the eyes: "What eminent painter, Julian—Lefebvre?"

"No; Bastien-Lepage."

Claire: "But you are entirely mistaken, Monsieur; she goes out very little, and works all the time. As to Bastien-Lepage, she sees him in her mother's drawing-room, he never goes into her studio."

She's a darling, that little girl, and she spoke the truth, for Heaven knows that devil of a Jules never helps me in anything. And yet Lefebvre seemed to believe it.

It is two o'clock; it is the new year. At the theatre, precisely at midnight, watch in hand I wished my wish in a single word—a beautiful, sonorous, magnificent word, intoxicating, whether it be written or spoken—

Fame!

CHAPTER XII.

PARIS, 1884.—DEATH.

Wednesday, January 2nd.—Aunt Hélène, my father's sister, died a week ago. Paul telegraphed the news.

A second telegram to-day. Uncle Alexander has just died of an apoplectic stroke. It's harrowing. And the poor man adored his family, and he had ended by loving his wife to distraction. As he had never read Balzac, nor, perhaps, any other novelist, he was not acquainted with ready-made phrases; but I have not forgotten some things he said, and so his death grieves me. It seems some people tried to make him believe that the attentions of a neighbour were acceptable to his wife, and I remember hearing him say, "Well, supposing this infamy were true! Is not my wife, whom I married at fifteen, my flesh, my blood, my soul? Are we not *one?* If I had sinned should I not forgive myself? How is it possible I should not forgive my wife; it is just as if, in order to punish myself, I were to tear out my eyes, or cut off one of my arms!"

During my last stay in Russia he was always saying, "You don't know, my little Marie, and I can't explain myself, but you are so intelligent that you will understand me. . . . Formerly I had so many anxieties—such a desire to increase my means and to become rich, that I did not consider my wife as I ought. But now that all is settled, that I am no longer preoccupied as formerly by dry and engrossing interests; now I need only consider happiness and my wife's wishes: my poor dear Nadine's, whom I adore. Yes, everything is altered now. It would take too long to explain, but everything is altered."

He leaves three children. Étienne is sixteen, Julie fifteen, and Alexander is eight or ten months old. And his poor wife is thirty-three.

Friday, January 4th.—Yes, I am in a consumption, and it progresses.

I am ill. No one knows it. But I am feverish every evening. Everything goes wrong, and it bores me to speak of it!

Saturday, January 5th.—The opening of Manet's exhibition at the École des Beaux-Arts!

I go there with mamma.

Manet has not been dead a year. I did not know much about his work. The general impression of this exhibition is striking.

It is incoherent, childish, and grandiose. Some of his works are perfectly crazy, and yet there are splendid bits. Given a little more, and he would be one of the great masters of painting. His work is generally ugly, sometimes deformed, but always living. There are some splendid impressions.

And even his worst things have a something which prevents your feeling disgust or lassitude. There is so much *aplomb* — such appalling self-confidence, joined to an ignorance no less appalling. . . . It's like the childhood of genius. And, again, copies taken bodily from Titian (the sketch of the woman and the negro), from Velasquez, Courbet, and Goya. But all these painters steal from one another. What of Molière, by the way? He has taken whole pages, word for word. I have read it, I know.

Tuesday, January 8th. — Dina sits well, but for some reason she doesn't feel the pose, and changes it without moving. I should much prefer a woman who moved a great deal, but occasionally sat just as she ought. . . . Or, perhaps . . . . but never mind the reason, I don't get on, that's all. . . .

And as I don't give way to this inability, it's a dreadful struggle, which prostrates me. My rage reaches to a pitch when I appear extraordinarily calm, and all my movements are as slow as a sick person's, while all the time I long madly to break and tear everything.

Monday, January 14th.—I feel as if I had taken a journey to Damvillers. Émile Bastien has told us everything—the plan of the picture, the manner of life. . . . He does nothing in the dark, and has not imposed silence on us; no he has not . . . . If he has not invited us to see the studies of Concarneau, the fact is he never invites any one. He would even consider it conceited to invite people to see a few studies done anyhow at Concarneau, whither he had gone to rest. In short, he says that the friendly manner in which he had been received at our house seemed to do away with such formalities, and that he would have been enchanted if we had come, &c. That he never invites

any one, even to come and see his important pictures; his brother being only told to inform a few friends. . . .

But what concerns me more nearly is that he said to his brother on being told about my picture—

"Why didn't you mention it in Paris, I would have gone to see it."

"I said nothing to him in Paris, because if he had called you would have hidden everything from him as usual. He knows nothing of what you do, only what you exhibit. You turn your canvases to the wall. Do you know he will never want to look at your paintings again if you do so?"

"He will if I like, if I ask him for advice."

"He will always be delighted to give you that."

"But I am not his pupil. Alas!" . . .

"And why not? He would like nothing better; he would feel much flattered if you consulted him; and he would give you disinterested advice—advice full of common sense in short. For he is an excellent judge, apart from all bias . . . . and he would be happy to have an interesting pupil. . . . Believe me, he would be very much flattered and pleased."

Wednesday, January 16th.—The architect told me that among his brother's many ideas for pictures he has thought of the *Shepherds at Bethlehem.*

My imagination has been busy for two days, and this afternoon I have seen it clearly as in a vision. Yes, the shepherds at Bethlehem—a sublime subject, and which he will make still more sublime.

Yes, I have had such a clearly defined vision that I can only compare my impression to that of the shepherds—a sacred enthusiasm and complete adoration.

Yes, during two or three hours I was madly in love through admiration. But you won't be able to understand that.

Do you feel all the mystery, the tenderness, the grand simplicity he will put in it? It is possible to imagine if you know his works, and are able to discover the mysterious and fantastic affinities between *Jeanne d'Arc* and the *Evening in the Village*, the effect of which will be reproduced in some form in the shepherds. Don't you find it fascinating in me to get enthusiastic over pictures that I have never seen, and which don't exist as yet? Admitting that the majority will find me ridiculous, two or three dreamers will agree with me, and for that matter I can do without them.

Jeanne d'Arc was not understood in France, and in

America they knelt down before it. *Jeanne d'Arc* is a masterpiece in execution and sentiment.

You should have heard Paris speaking of it. It was a shame!

Is it possible that success should attend the Phædras and Auroras? In short . . . Has the public cared for Millet, Rousseau, Corot? It cared for them when they became the fashion.

The want of sincerity of the enlightened is a disgrace to our times; they pretend to think *this style of art* is neither serious nor dignified, and they praise "those who follow the traditions of the old masters." Need I explain or dwell upon the obtuseness of these reasonings?

What is high art, I ask, if not that art which—while painting the flesh, the hair, the clothes, the trees to perfection, as if you could touch them, so to speak—paints the soul, the spirit, the life of things, at the same time? *Jeanne d'Arc*, forsooth, is not high art, because she is depicted as a peasant girl at home, and not in armour and with white hands.

No, *L'Amour au Village* is inferior to *Jeanne d'Arc*, and the idiotic or perfidious critics would confine him to a single line by their praise, indignant that a man who has painted peasants should dare paint anything else, should paint an historical peasant like Jeanne d'Arc.

Hypocritical Pharisees!

For all of us, no matter who, we aim at painting flesh; but we have not that *something beyond*—in short, the divine inspiration . . . which he possesses. And who else besides? Why, no one. In the eyes of his portraits I see the life of the persons; I seem to know them. I have tried to carry away the same impression from other portraits, but have not succeeded.

Do you prefer the execution of a Lady Jane Grey or a Bajazet with the limpid and *living* eyes of some chance little girl?

The quality of this incomparable artist is only to be found in the religious pictures of Italy, when the artists believed in what they painted.

Has it ever happened to you to be alone in the country at evening under a perfectly clear sky, and to be moved and possessed by a mysterious sentiment, by aspirations to the infinite; to feel as if in the expectation of some great event, of something supernatural? And have you never lost yourself in reveries transporting you to unknown worlds? . . . .

If not . . . . you will never understand, and I advise you to buy an Aurora by Bouguereau, or an historical picture by Cabanel.

All this, dear angel, to say you adore the genius of little Bastien.

Yes.

Now it's done, and you can go to bed. Amen.

Sunday, January 20th.—It's sad, but I have no friend; I love nobody, and nobody loves me.

If I have no friend, I know it is because, in spite of myself, I allow it to be seen from what a height "I look down on the crowd."

No one likes to be humiliated. I could take comfort by remembering that really superior natures have never been loved. People surround them and warm themselves in their rays, but at bottom they are execrated and slandered; whenever it's possible. There is some talk at present about raising a statue to Balzac, and the papers are publishing reminiscences and information obtained from the friends of the great man. From such friends may heaven protect one!

They seem to vie with each other as to who shall divulge a bad quality, an absurdity, a meanness.

I prefer enemies, they find less credit.

Saturday, February 28th.—The Maréchale and Claire have arrived about one o'clock to receive Madeleine Lemaire, who has come to see the picture. This lady is a celebrated painter in water-colours as well as a woman of the world; she sells her pictures at very high prices. She only made flattering remarks, naturally.

I am in a bad temper, savage. It is probably because I shall die soon; but all my life with all its details comes back to me from the beginning, foolish things that make me cry; I have never been much to balls like other girls; three or four balls in the course of the year; I might have gone often during the last two years when I could no longer enjoy them.

Is it a great artist who feels these regrets? Dear me, yes! . . . . And now? Now there are other things than balls to think of, there are conversaziones where you meet all those who think, write, paint, work, sing, all that makes up the life of intelligent beings.

The most philosophic and thoughtful don't scout the idea of meeting the flower of the intellect of Paris once a week or twice a month. I don't know exactly why I enter into such explanations. I am going to die. I have always been unfortunate in everything! By dint of work I am making my way in society, and yet it's humiliating.

It makes one too unhappy not to hope that there is a God who will take pity on us. . . . . but if this God existed would he suffer the things to happen that do; and what have I done to be so unhappy?

It is not the reading of the Bible that inspires us with faith. It is only an historical document, in which all that relates to God is childish.

We can only believe in one God . . . . abstract, philosophical, a great mystery, earth, heaven, the All. Pan.

But in that case He is a God who can do nothing for us. We admire this God, and imagine Him when looking at the stars, and thinking of scientific and spiritual questions, *à la* Renan. . . . But a God who sees everything; who is occupied with everything, of whom we can ask everything . . . . In such a God I would fain believe. But if He existed would He suffer things to be as they are?

Tuesday, March 11th.—It rains. But that's not it. . . I feel ill. . . . Everything is so unjust. Heaven overwhelms me. . .

Well, I am still at an age when there is intoxication even in death itself.

No one, it seems to me, no one loves *everything* as I do—the fine arts, music, painting, books, society, dress, luxury, excitement, calm, laughter and tears, love, melancholy, humbug, the snow and the sunshine; all the seasons, all atmospheric effects, the silent plains of Russia, and the mountains round Naples; the frost in winter, autumn rains, spring with its caprices, quiet summer days, and beautiful nights bright with stars. . . . I admire, I adore it all. Everything appears to me in an interesting or sublime aspect; I should like to see, possess, embrace it all, be absorbed in it, and die, since I must, in two years or in thirty—die in an ecstasy, in order to analyse this final mystery, this end of all or this divine beginning.

This universal love is not one of the sensations of consumptives; I was always like this, and remember writing something exactly like this ten years ago, in 1874, after speaking of the charms of the different seasons. Impossible to choose, for all the seasons are beautiful . . . all the year—all our life.

We want it *all!* a part is not enough.

We want nature, compared to her everything else is poor.

In short everything in life pleases me, I find it all agreeable, and while I ask for happiness I find myself happy in being miserable. My body weeps and cries, but my higher self rejoices in living all the same.

The dear good Tony Robert Fleury dines here this evening; he says my *gamins* have been much improved, that in fact it's really good, and will be noticed at the Salon.

I forgot to say that my *gamins* are called *Le Meeting.*

Wednesday, March 10th.—Dina's portrait won't be finished, so I shall only send *Le Meeting.*

This evening a select gathering at Mme. Hochon's; a great many artists and somebodies, like the Duchess of Uzès, the Countess Cornet, the Maréchale, and ourselves. Among artists there were Cabanel, Jalabert, Siebert, G. Ferrier, Boulanger, &c. We have some music, and Salvayre plays and sings passages from his *Henri III.* All these people were amiable to me, and Cabanel too.

Saturday, March 15th.—Abbema came to see my picture this morning.

It seemed as if the 15th would never come . . . The weather is glorious, and on Monday or Tuesday I am going to paint in the country. I won't admire Bastien-Lepage any more; I hardly know him, he is very reserved, and it is better to cultivate your own talent than to spend your energies in admiring others.

Sunday, March 16th.—The pictures have been sent. I return at half-past six, so tired and completely worn-out that it is quite a luxury. . . . You don't believe it can be? Well, to my taste, every complete sensation, pushed to its utmost limit, even if painful, is an enjoyment.

I remember when I hurt my finger once, the pain was so violent during half an hour that I enjoyed it.

It is just so with this evening's prostration; my body, offering no longer any resistance to the air, felt relaxed by a bath, and I lay full-length on the bed, with languid arms and legs, and my head full of misty incoherent things. . . . I went to sleep, now and then saying some word out loud bearing on things that were passing confusedly through my mind . . . . Cabanel, varnishing . . . . the Maréchale, Breslau . . . . painting, Algiers, the line, Wolff!

Wednesday, March 19th.—I found an orchard, and only returned at eight o'clock, very tired. People to dinner.

At the club of the Russian artists there was an election yesterday. Everybody voted for me.

Claire met a gentleman who went to see Bastien-Lepage,

and found him very ill; on the following day this gentleman saw the doctor, who said: "He is very ill, but I don't believe that it is rheumatism; that's where he's ill" (tapping his stomach). Then he really is ill? He went to Blidah three or four days ago accompanied by his mother.

Saturday, March 22nd.—Have not yet begun at Sèvres, but I have found it.

Julian writes: "You are received with No. 3 at least."

What does that *at least* mean?

Thank heaven, I never doubted that I should get in.

Monday, March 24th.—For the last few days I feel in a kind of haze . . . . which cuts me off from the universe and shows me the reality in my inmost self. And so . . . . No, things are too sad for complaint . . . . it's a dull depression. I have just been re-reading an admirable book which I didn't much admire a few years ago—*Madame Bovary.*

The literary form, the style . . . . yes . . . ; in short, is is all in the execution.

But that isn't the question; through the mental fog that envelops me I see realities more clearly; such hard and bitter realities that to write them down will make me cry. But I can't even write them down. What's the good of it? What's the good of anything? To have passed six years in working ten hours a day to reach what? The beginning of talent and a mortal illness? I went to see my doctor to-day and talked so amiably that he said: "I see that you are as gay as ever."

If I persist in thinking that "fame" is to repay me for everything, I must live, and in order to live I must take care of myself.

What an outlook, what frightful *realities.*

We can never believe . . . . until . . . . I remember when I was quite little, and travelling for the first time by rail, and for the first time in contact with strangers, that I had taken up two places with all kinds of things, when two travellers came in. "These places are taken," said I, with an air of authority. "All right," replied the gentleman, "I will call the guard."

I took it for one of those *family threats*, one of those fibs I heard at home, and nothing can describe the strange chill that crept over me when the guard cleared the seat, and the traveller immediately occupied it. That was the first *reality.*

I have for a long time now tried to scare myself with

thoughts of illness without believing in it. . . . . Really . . . . I would not have had time to tell you all these troubles, but I have been expecting my model, and while doing nothing I had to grumble.

There's a March wind with a grey, leaden sky.

I began a pretty large picture yesterday in the old orchard at Sèvres—a young girl sitting under a flowering apple-tree, with a path losing itself in the distance, and everywhere branches of fruit-trees in blossom, fresh green grass, violets and little yellow flowers. The woman sits dreaming with closed eyes, her head resting on her left hand with elbow on knee.

It ought to be very simple, and full of the exhalations of spring, which set the woman dreaming. There must be sunlight coming through the branches.

It is six feet wide and a little more in height.

So I have only been accepted with a No. 3, and may not be hung on the line after all.

Then I shall get utterly discouraged and hopeless; it won't be anybody's fault, since I have no talent. . . . . Yes, this shows me clearly that if I lose hope in my art, I shall die at once. If this hope should fail me, as it does this evening . . . without exaggeration there will be nothing left but death.

Thursday, March 27th.—Engrossed with my work. Why have I not yet produced anything as good in painting as the pastel done two years ago?

Monday, March 31st.—Hardly done anything; my picture will be badly hung and I shall get no medal.

After that I took a very hot bath for more than an hour, and had spitting of blood.

How foolish, you will say; possibly, but I have no common-sense left, I am discouraged and half maddened with my struggles.

What shall I say or do? if this goes on I shall be done for in eighteen months, but if I could keep a little quieter I might live another twenty years.

Yes, this No. 3 is a bitter pill to swallow. Zilhardt and Breslau have got No. 2. And I . . . . There are forty men on the selecting committee, and it seems that there were so many voices in favour of my having No. 2 that it was thought I had it. Suppose I have had fifteen voices for and twenty-five against me. Those twenty-five . . . . The committee consisted of fifteen or twenty well-known men,

and the rest are intriguing nobodies who paint atrociously. That's quite notorious. Still, the fact remains, but it's a heavy blow. And yet I am clear-sighted and can *see myself*; no, there's nothing for it. . . . . I begin to think that if my picture had been very good . . . .

Ah! never, never, never have I sounded the depths of despair as I have to-day. As long as you are sliding down it is not yet death; but to touch with your feet the black and slimy bottom, to say to yourself, "It isn't the fault of circumstances, nor of your family, nor of the world, but *your own want of talent.*" Ah! it is too horrible, for there's no appeal from it, no power human or divine that can help. It's not possible to go on working, everything seems finished.

Well, here you have a complete sensation! Absolute disgust? Yes. Well, according to your theories, it should be an enjoyment—I am caught.

I don't care, I will take bromide, that'll send me to sleep; and then God is great, and I always find some little consolation after such profound grief.

But to think that I can't even tell this to any one, exchange ideas, find comfort in talking. . . . . No, there's no one, no one! . . . .

Blessed are the poor in spirit: blessed are those who have faith in a kind Providence they can appeal to! Appeal to about what? Because I have no talent?

You see for yourself. I have reached the bottom. I must enjoy it.

I should if my sufferings had any witnesses.

The sorrows of people, who have afterwards become famous are told by their friends, for they have friends—people they talk to. I have none. And if I went on lamenting! If I were to say, "No, I shall paint no more!" What then? It's no loss to any one—I have no talent.

Then all those things I have to keep to myself which don't matter to anybody. . . . This is the worst, the most humiliating of tortures—to *know*, to *feel*, to *believe* yourself that you are nothing.

If this continues I shall not survive it.

Tuesday, April 1st.—My state of mind continues the same, but as I must needs have recourse to some expedient, I say to myself that I may be mistaken. But by dint of weeping my eyes are blurred.

They say, "Oh! the number doesn't matter a bit, you know. They manage it anyhow." And what of the place?

Wednesday, April 2nd.—I have been to Petit's Exhibition, Rue de Sèze. I spent an hour looking at the incomparable pictures of Bastien-Lepage and Cazin.

Afterwards I went to Robert Fleury, saying, quite gaily, as if I were curious, "Tell me, Monsieur, how things passed at the committee?"

"Oh, very well! When your picture was shown they said—not one or two of them, but a whole group—'*Ah, that's good!*—a No. 2!'"

"Oh, Monsieur, is it possible?"

"Yes; I assure you I don't say so to please you. Then we voted, and if our president that day had not happened to be a dunderhead you would have had No. 2. Your picture was considered good, and elicited much sympathy."

"And I have No. 3."

"Yes; but only due to a kind of ill-luck—for you ought to have had No. 2."

"But what fault do they find with the picture?"

"None.'

"Don't they consider it bad, then?"

"It is good; on the contrary."

"But why then?"

"It's an unfortunate accident, that's all. And if you were to get a member of the selecting committee to ask that it should be hung on the line, they would do so, for it is good."

"And you?"

"I am a member of the hanging committee, and my special function is to see that the order of the numbers is observed; but if one of us were to ask to have it changed, you may be sure I shall make no objection."

Afterwards at Julian's, who rather laughs at Robert Fleury's advice, and says that I may set my heart at rest, and that he will be much surprised if I am not on the line, and that . . . . For that matter Robert Fleury assured me, on his soul and conscience, that I deserve a No. 2, and that, morally speaking, I have it. Morally!

For it would only be simple justice.

Ah no! to ask as a favour what is due to me is too much!

Friday, April 4th.—No doubt Bastien-Lepage's exhibition is a brilliant one, but most of the pictures are old ones. There are:—first, a portrait of Mme. Drouet of last year; secondly, another portrait of 1882; thirdly, a landscape, with two laundresses, and an apple-tree in flower, also of 1882; fourthly, the picture with which he competed for

the Prix de Rome (he only took the second Prix de Rome) of 1875; and there was a sketch done at Concarneau last summer—that makes five. *La Mare de Damvillers*, six; *Les Blés ou les Faucheurs*—you only see a little reaper from behind.

An old beggar carrying wood in a forest—that makes eight. The pond of Damvillers, the reapers, and the old beggar, are in full sunlight, and if any one can show me many landscape painters of such merit I shall be surprised. A great artist like him, in fact, can have no spécialité.

I know I have seen an *Andromeda* by Bastien-Lepage, which, though small, is a study of the nude such as no one else can do. It had everything — finish, character, nobility of form, grace of movement, delicacy of tones. And the treatment was at once large and refined, and the flesh painting might have been nature itself. When he wanted to produce a twilight effect he painted the *Soir au Village*; which is simply a masterpiece. This note of distinction—à la Millet—has, perhaps, been surpassed. . . . *I say à la Millet* to make myself understood, for Bastien is only like himself; and if Millet has painted evenings and moonlights, there are plenty left for others to paint, thank Heaven.

That *Soir au Village* has a magical effect: why did I not buy it?

He has also done views of London, with the Thames, where you positively see the water running—that dull heavy water which turns as it flows, so to speak. And then his little portraits are among the most beautiful things, as beautiful as any of the same kind by the old masters. And his life-size portrait of his mother can no longer be called painting at all, for it's nature itself, seen near or at a distance. And as to *Jeanne d'Arc*—that's an inspiration of genius.

He is thirty-five. Raphael died at thirty-seven, and had done more. But Raphael from the age of twelve was dandled on the knees of duchesses and cardinals, who made him work under the great Perugino, and Raphael, at fifteen, made copies of his master, which could not be distinguished from the original, and from the age of fifteen he was anointed a great artist. And as for his great canvases, as astonishing from the time they must have taken, as on account of their qualities, his pupils did the main part of the work, so that all we have of Raphael in many of his pictures are the cartoons.

Whereas Bastien-Lepage, in order to exist in Paris during the first years, sorted letters at the Post Office from three to

seven o'clock in the morning. He exhibited for the first time, I believe, in 1869.

And, in short, he found neither duchesses, cardinals, nor a Perugino. But already at his village he had taken all the prizes for drawing. I believe it was only when he was fifteen or sixteen that he came to Paris.

It is a better lot than mine, however, for *I* always lived in non-artistic surroundings, taking a few lessons in my childhood, like all children, and then about *fifteen* lessons, of an hour each, during three or four years, and always amid those same surroundings. . . . That leaves me six years and a few months; but I must deduct some journeys and a serious illness. . . . And where am I now? Am I where Bastien was in 1874? To ask myself such a question is insane.

If I were to say in society or even to artists what I write of Bastien, people would say I was a lunatic; some because they think so, others on principle, and in order not to admit the superiority of a young man.

Saturday, April 5th.—Here are my plans:—

To begin with, I shall finish the Sèvres picture, then in good earnest I shall take the statue in hand in the morning, and in the afternoon do a study from the nude—the sketch has been done to-day. This will take me to the month of July. In July I shall begin *Le Soir*, a highway without trees, a plain, with a road losing itself in the sky at sunset.

On the road a waggon drawn by two oxen, filled with hay, on which an old fellow is lying on his stomach, his chin in his hands. His profile stands out black against the setting sun. The oxen are driven by a boy.

It must be simple, grand, poetical, &c. &c.

When I have done these two or three little things which I have already begun, I shall go to Jerusalem, where I shall pass the winter for my picture and my health.

And next May Bastien will proclaim me a great artist.

I mention this, for it's interesting to see how our plans turn out.

Sunday, April 6th.—This evening my aunt has left for Russia.

Saturday, April 12th.—Julian writes that the picture is on the line.

Wednesday, April 16th.—I go to Sèvres every day, this

picture possesses me. The apple-tree is in blossom; the leaves, of a light green, are beginning to come out, and the sunlight plays on this lovely verdure of spring. There are violets in the grass, and yellow flowers that burst forth like small suns. The air is balmy, and the girl who dreams, leaning against the tree is "languishing and intoxicated" as André Theuriet says. It would be fine if I succeeded in rendering this effect of sap in the spring, and of sunlight.

Tuesday, April 29th.—To-morrow is varnishing day; to-morrow morning I shall see the *Figaro*, and the *Gaulois*. What will they say? Nothing? Something good or bad?

Wednesday, April 30th.—The failure is not complete, for the *Gaulois* speaks very well of me. I have a notice all to myself. It is very *chic*, by Fourcaud, the Wolff of the *Gaulois;* and the *Gaulois*, which publishes a plan of the Salon on the same day as the *Figaro*, must have as much, or nearly as much influence, it seems to me.

The *Voltaire*, which issues a similar number, treats me like the *Gaulois*. They are capital notices.

The *Journal des Arts*, which publishes a bird's-eye view of the Exhibition, mentions me. The *Intransigeant*, in a similar number, treats me well also. The other papers will give an account in due time. Only the *Figaro*, the *Gaulois*, and the *Voltaire*, appear with their notices on the morning of varnishing day.

Am I satisfied? It's a simple question. Neither too much nor too little . . . .

There has been just sufficient to prevent my feeling quite miserable, that's all.

I have come back from the Salon. We only went at noon and did not leave till 5 o'clock, an hour before it closes . . I have a headache.

We remained a long time on the seat before the picture. It was much looked at, and I laughed to think that no one would suspect the artist in the elegant young lady who was sitting there with her little feet in such trim boots.

Ah! it's ever so much better than last year, all this!

Is it a success? In the real, serious meaning of the word of course? Almost, I declare.

Breslau has exhibited two portraits, I have only seen one which surprised me a good deal. It's an imitation of Manet which displeases me. It is not as strong as her things used to be. To tell the truth, what I am going to say,

may be horrid, but I am not displeased on that account. Neither am I glad of it, however; there is room for everybody. But I confess that I prefer it should be so.

Bastien-Lepage has only his little picture of last year: *La Forge.*

It is an old blacksmith in the gloom of his smithy. Quite as good as the darkest little pictures in the Museums.

He is not well enough yet to paint. The poor architect looks sad, and says that he will throw himself into the water.

I also am sad, and believe that in spite of my painting, my sculpture, my literature, my music, yes, in spite of everything, I really believe I am bored.

Saturday, May 3rd.—Émile Bastien-Lepage comes at half-past eleven and I go down much surprised.

He has a lot of things to tell me. I have achieved a real big success.

"Not a success considered in relation to yourself or your fellow-students at the *atelier*, but a popular success.—I saw Ollendorff yesterday, who told me that if it had been a Frenchman's work, the State would have bought it. 'Yes, he is a very strong man that M. Bashkirtseff.' The picture is signed M. Bashkirtseff.) Then I told him that you were a young girl, adding 'and a pretty one.' (Oh! he was quite taken aback. All the world speaks of it as a great success."

Ah! I begin to believe in it a little. For fear of believing too much, I only allow myself to feel a limited amount of satisfaction, such as you would hardly give me credit for. In short, I shall be the last to believe that people believe in me.

A true and very great artistic success, says Émile Bastien.

A success like Jules Bastien's in 1874 or '75? Oh Lord! Well, I am not yet overflowing with delight, as I can hardly believe it.

I ought to be overflowing with delight. This excellent friend asks me to sign a paper authorising Charles Baude, the engraver and an intimate friend of his brother, to engrave my picture.

Baude is going to photograph and engrave my picture for the *Monde Illustré*; that's well.

He also told me that Friant, a man of talent, is *enthusiastic* about my picture.

People I don't know speak of me, discuss and judge me. Oh what happiness! Ah! I can hardly believe it in spite of having waited and wished for it so long!

I did well to wait before giving my permission about

having it photographed. I had a letter the day before yesterday asking for it. I prefer it to be Baude, he whom Bastien-Lepage calls Charlot, and to whom he writes letters of eight pages.

I must go down to mamma's drawing-room to receive the congratulations of all the idiots who think that my painting is the amusement of a woman of the world, and who pay the same compliments to Alice and other little fools.

There !

I think it is Rosalie who feels *my success* most acutely. She is beside herself with delight, and speaks to me with the emotion of an old nurse—telling her stories, now to the right, now to the left, like a *portière*. In her eyes something has happened, an event has taken place.

Monday, May 5th.—To die is a word which is easily said and written, but to think, to *believe* that one is going to die soon? Do I really *believe it*? No, but I *fear it*.

It is of no use trying to hide the fact; I am consumptive. The right lung is much damaged, and the left one has also become slightly diseased in the last year. In short, both sides are impaired, and with another kind of frame I should be almost wasted. I am rounder than most young girls, apparently, but I am not what I used to be. A year ago I was still in splendid condition, without being stout or fat; now my arms are no longer firm, and at the upper part near the shoulders you feel the bone instead of seeing a round, firmly shaped shoulder. I look at myself every morning while bathing. My hips are still fine but the muscles of the knee begin to show. The legs are good. In short, I am hopelessly undermined. Unhappy creature, take care of yourself! I do take care of myself, and have cauterised both sides of my breast; I shall not be able to wear a low dress for four months; and I shall have to renew these cauterisations from time to time in order to *sleep*. There's no hope of getting well, it looks as if I were taking too gloomy a view, but no, it is the simple truth. But there are so many things to do besides these cauterisations! I do them all. Cod-livor oil, arsenic, goats' milk. They have bought me a goat.

This may lengthen my life, but I am lost. Indeed, I have been too much harassed. I die of it, it's logical but horrible.

There are so many interesting things in life! Take reading alone.

I have just had a complete edition of Zola brought me, a complete one of Renan, and several volumes of Taine: I prefer Taine's *Revolution* to Michelet's. Michelet is vaporous and obscure in spite of his determination to be sublime. I like the *Revolution* better after reading Taine than Michelet, although they say that Taine wished to show its dark sides.

What of painting?

At such times we should like to believe in a kind Providence which does all for the best.

Tuesday, May 6th.—I shall lose my head over literature. I am reading the whole of Zola. He is a giant.

Dear Frenchmen, here is one more whom you seem to misunderstand!

Wednesday, May 7th.—I got a letter from Dusseldorf, asking for permission to engrave and publish my picture and other pictures by me if I have no objection. How amusing! I don't yet believe that it has happened, you know. No doubt it's a success; everybody assures me of it; nobody said so last year; last year my pastel enjoyed a small artistic success, but this year . . . . Nevertheless it's not a clap of thunder. No. And if my name is announced in a drawing-room this evening people will not turn round, unless indeed the drawing-room be full of painters. In order that . . . . a . . . . *success* should reach my heart and make me happy, it must needs be that.

Yes, it would need that at the announcement of my name all conversation should cease, and every head turn round.

There is not a paper since the opening of the exhibition in which my picture is not mentioned; but it is not yet quite what I wanted. This morning there is a leading article by Etincelle: *Les Mondaines*—women of the world—painters. It's very *chic!* I am mentioned immediately after Claire. I have as many lines as she!—I am a Greuze, I am blonde with profound eyes and the strong-willed brow of a person destined to make her mark. I am very elegant, have considerable talent, and my realism is of a good kind, in the style of Bastien-Lepage. There! That isn't all; I have the smile and captivating grace of a child! And I am not beside myself! No, not at all.

Thursday, May 8th.—I do a little work at home.

What can be the reason that Wolff has said nothing

of my picture? It's possible he may not have seen it; in doing room 17 he may have been absent-minded. It can't be that I am unworthy to be noticed by this eminent critic, for he notices people far less noticeable.

In that case it is my usual ill-luck, as with No. 3. For my part I don't believe in ill-luck. It's too simple, and makes one ridiculous; it must be my want of merit.

And the surprising part of it is that it's true.

Friday, May 9th.—I read and adore Zola. His criticisms and studies are quite admirable; and I am madly in love with him. What would one not do to please a man like that! Do you think me capable of being in love like other people. Oh, heavens!

Well, then, I have loved Bastien-Lepage as I love Zola whom I have never seen, who is forty-four years old, married, and pot-bellied. Don't you think the men of the world, those men we marry, are awfully ridiculous? What on earth should I have to say to such a gentleman in the course of a day?

Émile Bastien dines with us and tells me to expect him with M. Hayem a well-known picture-buyer, on Thursday morning.

He has pictures by Delacroix, Corot, Bastien-Lepage, and prides himself on discovering the great painters of the future.

The day after the portrait of Bastien-Lepage's grandfather was exhibited, Hayem came to his studio and gave him a commission to paint the portrait of his own father.

His instinct seems to be astounding. Émile Bastien met him to-day before my picture.

"What do you think of this?"

"I think it very good; do you know the artist? Is he young?' &c. &c.

This Hayem has had his eye upon me ever since last year, when he noticed the pastel, as this year the picture.

In short, they are coming on Thursday. He wants to buy something of me.

Monday, May 12th.—After truly glacial weather we have had 28 and 29 degrees Réaumur since for days.

It is very trying. I finish the study of a little girl in the garden in hopes of the connoisseur's visit.

I forgot to say that we met Hecht on the staircase of the Opéra, and he was enthusiastic about my picture.

All the same, it's not yet the thing. But when Bastien-Lepage exhibited the portrait of his grandfather, it was not

the right thing, either. No doubt, but never mind . . . . As I must die soon, I should like . . . .

Everything leads me to think that Bastien-Lepage has a cancer in the stomach. Is he doomed, then? Perhaps they are mistaken. The poor child can't sleep. It's ridiculous! And his concierge probably enjoys excellent health. Ridiculous!

Thursday, May 15th.—At ten o'clock this morning E. Bastien came with M. Hayem.

How funny? It doesn't seem possible. I am an artist with talent, quite seriously. And here's a man like this M. Hayem comes to see me, and is interested in what I am doing! is it possible?

E. Bastien is quite delighted. He said to me the other day, "It seems as if it had happened to me." The dear boy is very unhappy. I don't think his brother will get over it. . . .

May 16th.—All this afternoon I have been walking up and down my rooms, pleased on the whole, and with little shivers running down my spine at the thought of the medal.

The medal is for the public at large; I prefer on the whole such a success as mine, *without a medal*, to some medals.

Saturday, May 17th.—I have returned from the Bois, where I went with the Demoiselles Staritzky, who are passing through Paris; and I found Bagnitsky, who told me that some people had been talking of the Salon at Bogoluboff's, the artist, and that some one said to some one else that my picture is like the pictures of Bastien-Lepage.

I am flattered on the whole by the attention my picture has attracted. I am envied, I am abused, I am somebody. And I may be permitted to pose a little if it please me.

Nothing of the kind, for I say in a pained voice, "Don't you think it's dreadful; is it not enough to depress me? I have passed six years, the best six years of my life, in working like a galley-slave; seeing no one and denying myself every pleasure! At the end of six years I produce a good piece of work, and there are persons who actually say I have been helped!" The reward of taking so much trouble is changed to an atrocious calumny!

I am standing on a bear's skin while I say this, with slackly hanging arms, sincere yet shamming at the same time. Then my mother takes it quite seriously, and drives me to despair.

Here is mamma: "Suppose they give the honorary medal

to X——" I naturally exclaim that it would be a shame, an insult, that I am indignant, furious, &c. Mamma: "No, no, don't be so excited! Good heavens! they haven't given it him! It's not true! He hasn't got it. And if they have given it him it's done on purpose; they know your temper, they know it'll drive you frantic. And they do it on purpose, and you are taken in like a little goose; isn't it so?" . . . .

It's not even an accusation, only a premature supposition; wait till X—— has his honorary medal and you will see!

Another example. The novel of the contemptible Y——, who is at present the fashion, has reached I don't know how many editions. I started with indignation. Never! is this the garbage which the majority devour and prefer? *O tempora! O mores!* Will you bet that mamma begins holding forth again as before? It has happened already on various occasions. She is afraid that I shall break down, that I shall die at the least shock, and in her immense *naïveté*, she wishes to shield me by means which will end in giving me a brain fever.

Say X, Y, or Z comes and tells us, "Do you know that the ball at Larochefoucauld's was splendid?"

I grow depressed.

Mamma notices it, and five minutes afterwards she begins telling something, as if casually, in order to belittle the ball in my opinion; unless, indeed, she tries to prove to me that there hasn't been any ball at all.

We have had that too. Childish inventions and excuses being made, while I am fuming with rage to think it could be supposed I could swallow them!

Tuesday, May 20th.—At the Salon at ten o'clock with M. H——. He says that my picture is so good that people say I have been helped.

How shameful!

He has also the impudence to say that Bastien could never compose a picture, that he can paint portraits, and that his pictures are only portraits, but that he can't paint the nude. This Jew is astounding.

He refers to the medal, and says he will attend to it; that he knows all the members on the committee, &c.

On coming away we go to see Robert Fleury. I tell him, in an excited tone, that they accuse me of not having painted my picture.

He has heard nothing of the kind; he said it was never thought of by the committee, and should they say so he

would be there. He thinks me much more moved than I really am, and we take him back to lunch that he may calm and comfort us. How can you allow everything to move you so much? Such filth should be sent flying with a kick.

"I wish they would say it before me in the committee," he exclaimed, "I would put a stop to it. If any one dare say so, I shall make him repent, I can tell you."

"Oh! thank you, Monsieur."

"Not at all, this is not a question of friendship, it's the simple truth, and I know it better than any one."

He goes on assuring us of these pleasant things, and of the chances I have of getting the medal,—one can never tell;—but it seems that there are a good many chances in my favour.

Saturday, May 24th.—It is just a year since it was finished. But this year the Salon will only reopen on Tuesday; so that that day corresponds to the 21st May of last year. The first and second-class medals have been adjudged to-day. To-morrow will come the turn of the third class.

It is hot, and I am tired. The *France Illustrée* asks for permission to reproduce my picture. Also somebody named Lecadre. I sign, I sign: Reproduce!

They evidently give medals for things much inferior to my picture! Oh, I am quite calm; real talent is sure to come to the front, for all that; only it retards and bothers you. I prefer not to count upon it. An honorary mention has been promised me without fail; the medal is problematical, but it would be unjust!

Evidently!

Sunday, May 25th.—What am I doing since the first of May? Nothing. And why? Oh wretchedness!

I have come back from Sèvres. Oh, it's dreadful! The landscape has changed so completely that I can do nothing with it. It is no longer spring. And my apple blossom has turned yellow (in the picture); I had used oils, but I am an idiot, I have set it right again; we shall see. But this picture must be finished; what with the Salon, the newspapers, the rain, H——, and all that nonsense, I have lost twenty-five days; it is madness, but it's done.

My medal will be put to the vote to-day, it's four o'clock, and raining in torrents. Last year I was sure of getting it. and vexed at the *delay* of positive news. This year it is not certain, and I am much calmer; a year has passed since I ought to have had it, but I dreaded the *unexpected*, and it

vexed me considerably. To get it, and yet not to get it, that is to get it for a pastel made me quite unhappy. Now that I understand how beautiful that pastel is, I rejoice at it.

This year it will be yes or no; it's quite simple. If it is yes, I shall know it at eight o'clock this evening. So I shall go and sit down in Turkish fashion in the big easy-chair near the window, and look out of the window with my elbows on the arms of the easy-chair. And that for four hours!

It is twenty minutes past five, and I am not more bored than when I am doing nothing without expecting anything.

And to think of the oil which has spoilt my flowers! On seeing it, my forehead grew moist. Let us hope that it won't show too much. . . . In two hours I shall know. You may fancy that I am greatly agitated about it. No, I tell you—not much more so than when, depressed and alone, I pass a whole afternoon in doing nothing.

In any case, to-morrow's papers will tell me the result.

I am sick at heart with waiting, burning and wet with perspiration, and my head aches.

Oh! I shall not have it; and it worries me on account of mamma's emotion. I don't like other people to intrude on my private affairs and share my feelings. I suffer from it, as from an indelicacy. Whether I am burning, or drenched, or no matter what, they ought to leave me in peace. It exasperates me to think that mamma should imagine that I suffer.

There is a fog, and the air is heavy! My throat is compressed, up to the jaws and ears.

Thirty-five minutes past seven. I am called to dinner. It is finished.

Monday, May 26th.—I am better. Instead of that depressing expectation, I am indignant. And that's a feeling outside one, and rather refreshing. They voted thirty-six third-class medals yesterday, and six remain. M—— has his medal for Julian's portrait.

How explain the affair? For in short they have bestowed rewards on comparatively poor things.

Unfairness? I don't much like this reason, as it suits nobodies.

They may like my painting more or less, but they cannot overlook that here are seven well-grouped life-size children with a background which also counts for something. All those whose opinion is worth anything find it very good or good; some there are who say that I can't have done it quite

alone—even to old Robert Fleury, who likes the picture without knowing why it is good.

And Boulanger goes about saying that he does not care for this style, but that, all the same, it is powerful and even very interesting.

What next? . . . .

They have given medals to downright nobodies! I know well that it is the rule. But, on the other hand, every artist of real talent has had his medals. So that, although some daubers have medals, there is not a man of talent without them. And then? And then? I, too, have eyes. My picture is a composition.

Suppose I had dressed up these boys in mediæval costumes, and painted them in a studio—which is much easier—with a background of tapestry?

Why, I should have produced an historical picture which would have been much appreciated in Russia.

What am I to believe?

Here comes another request to engrave my picture, from Baschet, the great publisher.

It's the fifth permission I have signed. What next?

Tuesday, May 27th.—It is over. I have nothing.

How horribly vexing! I went on hoping till this morning. And if you knew what things have had medals given them! ! !

Why am I not discouraged? How surprising! If my picture is good, why has it no reward?

Intrigues, you will say.

All the same, since it is good, why is it not rewarded? I won't pose as an innocent child who has no notion of intrigues; yet it seems to me that, given a good thing . . . .

Then the reason is that it's bad? Not at all.

I have eyes, even for myself . . . . and then the opinion of others! And the forty newspapers!

Thursday, May 29th.—Having been feverish all night, I am in a state of raging irritation—in fact, nervous to the pitch of madness. It is not entirely due to the medal, but to the sleepless night.

I am too wretched; I must believe in God. Is it not natural to seek a Supernatural Power when all is misery and misfortune, and there's no salvation? We try to believe in a Power above, that we have only to pray to . . . . This operation necessitates neither fatigue nor disappointment,

nor humiliation, nor worry. You pray. The physicians are impotent; you ask for a miracle which does not happen, but, at the time of asking, it consoles you. It's very little; God must be just; and if He is, how can it be? . . . . Reflect for a second, and you believe no longer, alas! Why live? What's the use of dragging such misery along? Death at least offers this advantage—that you will learn the truth about this famous other life. Unless there's nothing. Well, one will find out on dying.

Friday, May 30th.—I consider I am very foolish for not being seriously preoccupied with the only thing worth troubling about—the only thing which gives all sorts of happiness, which obliterates all sufferings—love; of course love. Two beings that love each other are convinced of their absolute perfection, moral and physical, but especially moral. A being who loves you, is just, good, loyal, generous—ready to perform the most heroic actions quite simply.

Two beings who love each other are under the illusion that the world is admirable and perfect, such as philosophers like Aristotle and myself have imagined it. In this, I believe, consists the great attraction of love.

In family relationships, in friendship, in the world, in everything, you discover the trail of human meanness. Now it's a flash of cupidity, now of folly; now you find envy, baseness, injustice, infamy—in short, our best friend has his hidden thoughts, and, as Maupassant says, man is always *alone*, for he cannot read the intimate thoughts of his best friend who sits opposite and looks at him, and sincerely confides in him.

Well, love performs this miracle of the mingling of souls . . . . It's an illusion? No matter. *That which you believe, exists for you!* I tell you so. Love makes the world appear as it ought to be. If I were God . . . .

Well, what then?

Saturday, May 31st.—Villevielle came to tell me that they did not give me a medal because I made a row last year about the honorary mention, and I loudly proclaimed the committee for a set of fools. . . .

It's true I did say so.

May-be my painting is wanting in breadth and freshness; for if it were not, *Le Meeting* would be a masterpiece. Do they expect masterpieces for third-class medals? Baude's engraving has appeared, with an article, in which it says

that the public is disappointed at my not getting a medal. . . . . My colour is dry ! ! But the same thing is said of Bastien.

Has any one the courage to say that M——'s portrait is better than my picture ?

M. Bastien-Lepage had eight votes for his *Jeanne d'Arc*, M. M.—— has had a medal, and the enormous M—— has just had twenty-eight votes—exactly twenty more than I ! There is neither conscience nor justice. What am I to believe ? I can make neither head nor tail of it. I went down-stairs when H—— came, to let this Jew see that I am not depressed.

I had quite a contented and aggressive manner, and went on talking of photographs, engravers, picture-buyers, &c., till this son of Israel finally made up his mind to say that he would like to have some dealings with me . . . . although I have not had a medal. . . . "I will buy your pastel (Armandine) and the head of the baby that laughs." Two ! He speaks to Dina in order that she may manage matters ; but we send him to Émile Bastien to settle about the price. I am much pleased.

Sunday, June 1*st.*—I have not done anything for the last month, owing to all this. Yes, I have been reading Sully-Prudhomme since yesterday morning. I have two volumes here, and I find it very good . . . . I don't trouble much about the versification ; it only troubles me when it's bad, and annoys me. I am only concerned with the idea that's expressed. If they like to rhyme, let them rhyme ! But don't let me notice it. But I am infinitely pleased with the truly subtle ideas of Sully-Prudhomme And there is in him something very lofty, almost abstract —something very delicate, very quintessential, which exactly harmonises with my way of feeling.

I have just read—now lying on the divan, now walking up and down my balcony—the preface to Lucretius and the book itself, *De Natura Rerum*. Those who know what it is will praise me for it . . . .

A great mental effort is required to understand it all. It must be difficult reading even for those who are in the habit of treating this subject. I have understood it all. At times I lost the meaning, and I went over it again and forced myself to catch it . . . . I ought to respect Sully-Prudhomme for writing things which I catch with an effort.

The treatment of these ideas is as familiar to him as the treatment of colours is to me. . . . So he ought also to have a pious veneration for me, because with a *few muddy pigments*, as the antipathetic Th. Gautier has said, I produce faces which express human feelings—pictures where you see Nature, trees, atmosphere, perspectives. He must think himself a thousand times superior to us artists while thus *uselessly* sounding the mechanism of human thought. What does he teach himself and others?

The manner in which the mind acts by labelling all those swift intangible movements of the intellect. . . . As for me, poor ignoramus, I think that this subtle philosophy will not teach anything to anybody; it's an analysis, a delicate and difficult amusement, but what's the good? Is it by learning to give names to all those abstract and wonderful things that those geniuses will be formed who will write fine books? or those extraordinary thinkers who march in the van of the world?

He says further that man can only know as much of the object as he is related to, &c. Most of those who read me will make nothing of it, but I will still quote the following: "It follows that science cannot exceed the knowledge of our categories applied to our perceptions." Good! it is evident that we cannot understand more than we can understand. That's clear.

Had I had a sensible education I should be very remarkable. I taught myself everything. I drew up the plan of my studies with the professors of the High School at Nice, who could not believe their eyes. Partly by intuition, partly guided by the books I read, I wanted to know such and such things. Thus I read Greek and Latin, the French and English classics, modern literature and all.

But it's a chaos, although I try to arrange it all owing to my love of harmony in all things.

Who is Sully-Prudhomme? I bought his books six months ago, and after trying to read them put them aside as pretty verses; but now I discover things in them worthy of captivating me, and I read them all in one sitting, owing to François Coppée's visit. But Coppée did not speak of them; nor has any one else. What connection can there be therefore?

By very great mental efforts I should succeed, apparently, in a philosophical analysis of this intellectual work. But to what purpose? Would it change in aught my manner of thinking?

Thursday, June 5th.—Prater is dead. He grew up with me, for he was bought for me at Vienna in 1870; he was three weeks old, and always got behind our boxes among the parcels we bought.

He has been my faithful and devoted dog, howling when I went out, and waiting for hours, sitting at the window. In Rome I took a fancy to another dog, and Prater with his yellow hair and admirable eyes was taken care of by mamma, but remained very jealous of me. To think how heartless I was! . . . .

We called the new dog Pincio; he was stolen in Paris. Instead of taking to Prater again, I stupidly enough got Coco the First, and then my present Coco. It was mean; it was contemptible. During four years these two creatures fought each other, and the upshot was that Prater was locked up in a top room, where he lived like a prisoner, while Coco walked about the table and on people's heads. He died of old age. I passed two hours with him since yesterday; he dragged himself towards me, and laid his head on my knees.

Ah! I am a nice wretch with my tender sentiments. What a contemptible character! I weep as I am writing, and think that the traces of these tears will secure me the reputation of a good heart with my readers. I always intended adopting the unhappy beast again, and it always ended in my only giving him a piece of sugar and a passing caress.

You should have seen his tail then—his poor tail that had been cut, which he wagged so fast, so fast that it seemed to make a wheel with the rapidity of the motion.

The poor thing is not dead yet; I thought he was, as he was not in his room; but he had crept behind some box or bath, as formerly in Vienna, while I thought they had taken him away, fearing to speak of it to me. . . . But he can't last over this evening or to-morrow. . . .

Tony Robert Fleury found me in tears. I had written to ask him something connected with the reproduction of my picture, and he came. It seems that I had omitted signing a little paper by which they might prevent others from reproducing my picture, and involved me in a lawsuit. You understand that I am very proud of all these requests for my permission, and that I should be proud even of a lawsuit.

Friday, June 6th.—I am much preoccupied by the re-

ception at the Embassy, for fear lest something should mar the effect. I can never believe in any good thing whatsoever. . . . It looks well enough; but something will happen, some hindrance. It is so long since I have vainly cried for all these things.

We have been to the Salon—I, in order to see the picture of the medal—and, as we met Tony Robert Fleury, I asked, before the second-class medals, what he would say to me if I were to bring him such pictures as these.

"Well, I hope that you will take good care not to produce such painting as this," he answered, quite seriously.

"And what of the second medal, then?"

"Well, but it's by a young man who has exhibited for a long time, and so . . . . you see . . . ."

What a mass of mediocrities! How depressing it is!

The pictures with the medals are not even atrocious; they are, for the most part, drearily commonplace or bad. . . . And the others! . . . On the whole this exhibition is very bad.

Saturday, June 7th.—We are preparing in silence for the solemn event of this evening.

This is my gown:—White silk muslin; the front of the bodice is formed by crossing draperies, the ends of these draperies being fastened in knots on the shoulders. The sleeve is short, consisting also of the knotted ends of the muslin. A very broad sash of white satin, fastened with flowing ends behind. The skirt consists of a front breadth draped from left to right, and falling to the feet. Behind are two double rows of gathered muslin—one falling straight to the ground, the other rather shorter. Nothing in the hair. Plain white shoes. The general effect is enchanting. The hair must be dressed *à la Psyche* with this costume. I think the gown exceedingly graceful. The drapery in front is like a dream. It is so simple and so delicate that I ought to look pretty. Mamma is going to wear a gown of black damask trimmed with jet, a very long train, and her diamonds.

Sunday, June 8th.—I looked as well as I can look, or as I ever did. My gown produced an enchanting effect. . . . And my face was as blooming again as at Nice or at Rome.

Those who see me every day were quite taken aback.

We arrived rather late. Madame Fridericks was not with the Ambassadress, with whom mamma exchanged a few words. I am quite calm, and quite at my ease. . . . A good

many acquaintances. Madame d'A——, whom I have met at the Gavinis, and who used not to bow to me, now does so very amiably. I take Gavini's arm, who looks well with his ribbons and his Orders. He introduces Menabrea, the Italian Minister, to me, and we talk art. Then M. de Lesseps tells me a long story of nurses and babies and Suez Canal shares. We remained a good while with him. I had Chevreau's arm.

As to the others—the private secretaries and Attachés of Embassies—I forsake them for the old men covered with Orders.

A little later, having duly sacrificed to glory, I have a chat with all the artists present; they got themselves introduced, being very curious to see me. But I was so pretty and so well dressed that they will be convinced that I don't paint my pictures alone. There were Cheremetieff; Lehmann, a very sympathetic old man of some talent; and lastly Edelfeldt, who has talent—a handsome fellow, rather vulgar, from Russian Finland. In short, it was very nice. The chief thing, you see, is to be pretty. That's everything.

Tuesday, June 10th.—Good heavens, what an interesting thing is the street! The physiognomies of people, the peculiarities of each, the plunges you take into unknown souls.

Make it all live—or, I should say, catch hold of the life of each. You paint a fight of Roman gladiators, whom you have never seen, from Parisian models. Why not paint Parisian wrestlers from the mob of Paris? In five or six centuries it will be ancient, and the fools of the future will venerate it.

Saturday, June 14th.—Much company on mamma's fête-day. I was most elegant! Pure Louis XVI. gown of grey taffeta, with a waistcoat of white silk muslin.

I have been to Sèvres, but returned quickly. I had taken a very good model with me. Ah! a model is not a genuine country girl, and I shall again take to our woman who washes up dishes. Armandine won't do; you can't help feeling that she has danced at the Eden Theatre.

In short, I, who pride myself on painting people's character, would have turned out a young woman of the streets dressed up as a peasant girl. I want a real big goose of a girl, who dreams, overcome by the heat, and who will yield to the first peasant who chances on her. This Armandine is of an ideal stupidity; I make her talk.

When folly does not irritate, it amuses us; you listen with a benevolent curiosity, and then I get an insight into manners! . . . . and I round off these glimpses by my intuition, which I shall call remarkable, if you will allow me.

Monday, June 16th.—This evening we go to see *Macbeth* (Richepin's translation), and Sarah Bernhardt. The Gavinis are with us.

I go so seldom to the theatre that it amuses me. But the declamations of actors pain my artistic sense. How beautiful it would be if these people would talk naturally! Oh! what declamations!

Marais (Macbeth) is good every now and then, but he is guilty of such false theatrical intonations that it is pitiful. As for Sarah, she is always admirable, although her golden voice has become an ordinary one.

Tuesday, June 17th.—How my picture worries me! And the hands are still to do! I am no longer interested in that apple-tree in blossom and those violets. And that slumbering peasant girl! A canvas a yard long would be large enough. And I am doing it life-size! It's spoilt. And three months thrown away! . . .

Wednesday, June 18th.—Still at Sèvres. The most aggravating part of it is that I am feverish every day. Impossible to get fat. . . . Yet I take six or seven tumblers of goat's milk a day.

Friday, June 20th.—The architect writes to me from Algiers. I ended the letter I sent with our three heads, each having a medal round the neck. Jules with the medal of honour, I with a first-class medal, and the architect a second-class one for next year. I have also sent him a photograph of *Le Meeting*. And he tells me that he showed everything to his brother, who was very glad to get an idea of the picture, of which he had heard so much, and who exclaimed—

"What fools they are not to have given a medal to this picture, which I think exceedingly good!" He would much have liked to write to me, but it's impossible. He continues to suffer much, but, in spite of his sufferings, he has decided to return in a week from now. He bade the

architect assure me of his friendship, and thank me for the embroidery.

A year ago I should have been in ecstasy. He would like to write to me! I only enjoy it—in retrospect; for at the present moment I am well-nigh indifferent to it.

At the bottom of the page there is my head with the medal of honour for 1886.

He must have been touched by the delicate manner in which I comforted his brother in my letter. The letter began seriously, containing "encouraging words," and ended playfully, which is my usual way.

Wednesday, June 25th.—Re-read my diaries of 1875, 1876, and 1877. I complain in them of I know not what; I have aspirations towards something indefinite. Every evening I felt sore and discouraged, spending my strength in fury and despair in trying to find *what to do*. Go to Italy? Stop in Paris? Get married? Paint? What was to be done? If I went to Italy I couldn't be in Paris and I wanted to be everywhere at once!! What vigour there was in it all!!!

As a man, I should have conquered Europe. Young girl as I was, I wasted it in excesses of language and silly eccentricities. Oh, misery!

There are moments when we naïvely fancy ourselves capable of anything. "If I had the time I would do sculpture, I would write, I would be a musician."

It's a fire that consumes you. And death is at the end, inevitable—let me be consumed by vain desires or not.

But if I am nothing, if I am destined to be nothing, why these dreams of glory since I can remember anything? Why these mad aspirations towards greatness which I formerly imagined to consist in riches and titles? Why, from the time that I had two consecutive ideas, from the age of four, this desire for things glorious, grand, confused, but immense? Ah, what have I not been in my childish dreams! . . . . To begin with, I was a dancer, a famous dancer adored in Petersburg. Every evening I would make them put me on a low dress, with flowers in my hair, and dance quite gravely in the drawing-room with the whole household looking on. Then I was the first singer in the world. I accompanied myself on the harp while singing, and I was carried in triumph—I don't know where, or by whom. Next I electrified the masses with my elo-

quence. The Emperor of Russia married me to keep on his throne, and I lived in close communion with my people, and in the speeches I made explained my policy till sovereigns and people were moved to tears.

And then I was in love. The man I loved betrayed me; and if he did not betray me, he died of some accident or other—most frequently of a fall from his horse, just at the moment when I felt that I loved him less. Then I fell in love with another; but it all went very satisfactorily and morally, since they always died or betrayed me. I got over their deaths; but when I was betrayed, I felt endless disgust and despair, and died at last.

In short, my dreams of everything, concerning all branches of activity, all sentiments, all human satisfactions, were larger than nature; and if they can't be realised, I had better die.

Why did not my picture get a medal?

The medal . . . . They must have thought (many of them) that I was assisted. It has happened already that medals have been given to women who had their pictures painted for them, and once you have received your medal you have the right to claim admittance the next year, although you send the most horrible daubs.

And I who am young, elegant, and mentioned in the papers. All those people are alike . . . . Breslau is an example. She told my model that if I went to fewer balls I should have a great deal more talent. All these people fancy that I go out every evening. How deceptive are appearances. The mere supposition that the picture is not mine; it's too serious; heaven forbid any one should have said so! T. Robert Fleury told me he was surprised at the result, for every time he spoke of me to his colleagues on the committee, they said: "*It's very good; it is a very interesting thing.*"

"What is one to think after they had said that?" asked Robert Fleury.

Then *it is* this doubt . . . .

Friday, June 27th. — Just as we are going out to take a turn in the Bois, the architect comes to the carriage. They have arrived this morning, and he comes to tell us that Jules is a little better. That he stood the voyage well, but that unfortunately he can't go out. He would have been so pleased to tell me what a success

my picture has had with all those to whom he has shown the photograph in Algiers.

"Then we will go and see him to-morrow," said Mamma.

"You could not give him a greater pleasure; he says that your picture . . . . but no, he will tell you himself; that will be better."

Saturday, June 28th.—So we go to the Rue Legendre. He rises at first to receive us, and takes a few steps in the room; I fancied he seemed ashamed of being so changed.

So changed—oh! so changed. But it is not from the stomach he suffers. I am not a physician, but he does not look as if it were.

But I find him so changed that I can only say:—"And so you have come back?" He is not repulsive, and so winning at once, so friendly, so kind about my pictures, telling me over and over again not to mind about medals, that success suffices.

I make him laugh at his illness by saying that he required it, and that it was good for him, as he was beginning to get fat.

The architect seemed delighted at seeing his invalid so gay and amiable. Thus encouraged, I become very talkative. He pays me compliments on my gown and down to the handle of my umbrella. He made me sit down at his feet on the lounge . . . . Poor thin legs! . . . His eyes grown bigger and very clear, the hair in a tangle.

But he is very interesting, and as he wishes it I will go and see him again.

The architect, who accompanies us down-stairs, says the same thing. "It gives Jules so much pleasure, and he is so happy to see you; he says you have a great deal of talent, I give you my word!"

I dwell on the manner in which they received me, as it gives me much pleasure.

But it is a maternal feeling, very calm, very tender, and which I am proud of as if it were a force. He will get over it, surely.

Monday, June 30th.—I had to hold myself in perforce not to cut my canvas in pieces with a knife. There isn't an inch of it as I should like it.

And still a hand to do! But when that hand is done there is so much to re-touch!!! Oh misery! damnation!

Three months gone, three months!

No ! ! !

I amused myself in arranging a basket of strawberries such as you never saw before. I gathered them myself with their stems, regular bunches, there were even green ones for colour's sake. And such leaves! . . . In short, marvellous strawberries, gathered by an artist in the most fantastic and whimsical manner, as when you are doing something unaccustomed.

And amongst it a whole bunch of red currants. In this fashion I went through the streets of Sèvres, holding the basket on my knees in the tramway, but careful to hold it so that the air could pass under it, lest the heat of my body should wither the strawberries, of which not one had a spot or a bruise.

Rosalie laughed. "If some one at home were to see you, Mademoiselle."

Is it possible?

But it's for the sake of his painting, which is worth it—not for his face, which is not. But his painting deserves all kinds of attention. . . . Then is it his picture that will eat the strawberries?

Tuesday, July 1st.—Still that odious Sèvres!

But I come home early, at five o'clock. It's nearly done.

But I am mortally sad, everything goes wrong.

I require some powerful antidote. And I, who don't believe in God, I rely on Him.

After days of intolerable misery, something has always happened to make me take to life again.

O God, why do you allow us to reason, I wish so much to believe unconditionally!

I believe or I don't believe; when I begin to reason I can't believe in it. But in moments of misery or of joy, deep down in my heart the first thought is of this God who is so hard on me.

Wednesday, July 2nd.—We have been to see Jules Bastien, in his studio this time. I really think he is better. His mother was there. She is better-looking than her portrait; she's a woman of sixty, who looks at most forty-five to fifty. Her hair, of rather a pretty blonde shade, scarcely shows any grey; a sweet smile; in short, a very sympathetic woman, very erect in her black-and-white gown

she does very pretty embroidery from designs of her own invention.

Bastien-Lepage has his two front teeth a little apart, like mine.

Thursday, July 3rd.—This morning at seven o'clock I went to see Potain. He examined me rather superficially, and sends me to Eaux-Bonnes. After that he will see. But I have his letter here, which he writes to his colleague at the watering place. I have opened it.

He says in it that the lung is attacked at the top, on the right-hand side, and that I am the most undisciplined and imprudent invalid in the world.

As it was not yet eight o'clock I went to the little doctor in the Rue de l'Échiquier. I think he is a serious sort of fellow, for he looks disagreeably surprised at my condition, and lays great stress on my consulting one of the leaders of the profession—Bouchard or Grancher, &c.

On my refusing, he says he will go with me if only I will go. So I agree.

Potain will have it that I have been much worse, and that my condition has improved in an unexpected way, that now the symptoms have returned, but that they may be amended.

He is so optimistic that I must be low indeed.

Little B—— is not of his opinion; he says that I have been worse, but that the disease was acute at that time; and that they feared it would get worse very rapidly; that it had not done so, and this was the unexpected improvement. Whereas now it's an aggravation of the chronic disease . . . . In short, he is resolved to take me to Grancher.

I will go.

Consumptive, ah!

That and the other things . . . . and all It isn't funny. And nothing pleasant to comfort me a little!

Friday, July 4th.—The Sèvres picture is here in the studio. It might be called *April*. It doesn't matter, but this April seems so bad to me! ! !

The background is an intense and yet muddy green. The woman isn't at all what I wanted her to be, not at all.

I have put it together anyhow, and it has nothing of the feeling I wished to express. In short, I have muddled away the months.

Saturday, July 5th.—I have a charming grey linen gown, the bodice made like a blouse, for the studio, without an atom of trimming except the lace at the throat and sleeves. An ideal hat with a big coquettish knot of old lace. So I felt strongly inclined to go to the Rue Legendre, seeing I looked so well, only it's too soon; but why? I must just go as a comrade, an admirer, a good fellow, as he is so ill.

And we go. His mother is enchanted, taps me on the shoulder, praises my beautiful hair. . . . The architect continues to look crushed; since the affair of the monument he seems in despair; and the great painter is better.

He takes his beef-tea and egg in our presence; his mother comes and goes, carries everything herself to prevent the servant coming in; waits upon him with her own hands. He seems to take it quite naturally, accepts our services calmly, and without surprise. Talking of his looks somebody remarks that he ought to have his hair cut, and Mamma begins telling us that she used to cut her son's hair when he was little, and her father's when he was ill. "Would you like me to cut it for you, I bring luck?"

We laugh, but he consents at once, his mother goes to fetch a dressing-gown, and Mamma sets about the operation, and acquits herself successfully.

I also wished to give a snip with the scissors; but the creature says that I shall do mischief, and I take my revenge by comparing him to Samson and Delila! My next picture.

He deigns to laugh.

His brother thus encouraged, proposes to trim his beard as well, and does it slowly, religiously, with hands that tremble a little.

It quite alters his countenance, and he looks no longer so ill and changed; his mother gives little cries of delight. "At last I see my dear little boy, my dear child!"

What a good woman, so simple, so kind, so full of adoration for her great man of a son!

They are good people.

Friday, July 14th.—I have begun the treatment which is to cure me. I feel quite calm.

Even to my painting, which looks better.

How suggestive are the people on the Boulevard des Batignolles, and even Avenue Wagram!

Have you looked at them? Looked at the streets, and the passers by?

What a lot a seat contains! what novels! what dramas! The outcast with furtive looks, resting one arm on the back of the seat and the other on his knees; the woman with the child on her knees; a woman of the people who runs errands; the grocer's boy, in high spirits, who has sat down to read a little newspaper; the workman asleep; the philosopher or hopeless wretch who sits smoking. I see too much, possibly. . . . And yet look well at five or six o'clock in the evening.

I have it, I have it, I have it!

It seems to me I have found something.

Yes, yes, yes; I shall perhaps not do it, but my mind is at rest. It makes me dance on one foot. One has such different moods.

Sometimes I really see *nothing* in life; and sometimes. . . I find myself again in love with everything, everything that surrounds me!

It's like a refluent tide of life! And yet I have no cause for rejoicing.

Ah, never mind, I shall discover a gay and adorable side even to my death-bed; I was made to be very happy, but . . .

Pourquoi dans ton œuvre céleste
Tant d'éléments, si peu d'accord? . . .

Tuesday, July 15th.—I come back to an old plan, which quite engrosses me, every time I see the good people on the public seats. It might be a grand study. It is always better to paint scenes in which the people don't move. Don't misunderstand me, I am not against action, but there can be neither illusion nor enjoyment in scenes of violent action to a refined public. You are painfully (though unconsciously) impressed by an arm which is raised to strike, and which doesn't, by those boys who are running yet remain in the same place. There are situations full of movement where it is nevertheless possible to imagine a few moments of immobility, which is enough.

It is always better to choose the moment following on a striking or violent action of any kind, than the one preceding it. The *Jeanne d'Arc* of Bastien-Lepage had heard voices, she has gone quickly forward, upsetting her spinning-wheel, and has suddenly stopped, leaning against a tree. But look at scenes where people are in the *midst of action*, with their arms raised; it may be very powerful, but complete enjoyment is never possible.

Look at the distribution of the flags by the Emperor which is at Versailles.

They rush forward with lifted arms; and yet it's very good, for these arms were *waiting*, and we are stirred, moved, carried out of ourselves, by the emotion of these men; we share their impatience. The impulse and movement are tremendous, just because *we can picture to ourselves* a *moment's standstill* during which we can look at this scene *in peace* as if it were an *actual event* and not a picture.

But nothing is comparable to the grandeur of subjects in repose, either in sculpture or painting.

A man of middling talent may succeed in producing a sensational picture, but he will never make anything of subjects in repose.

Look at Millet's canvases, and compare them to all the painted exaggerations imaginable.

Look at the Moses of Michael Angelo. He is motionless and yet *he is living*. His *Thinker* neither stirs nor speaks, but it is because he does not wish to; he is a *living* man absorbed in his thoughts.

The *Pas Mèche* of Bastien-Lepage looks at and listens to you, but he is going to speak, for he lives.

In *Les Foins*, the man lying on his back with his face covered by a hat, is asleep, but he lives. The woman sits dreaming and does not move, but you feel she is living.

It is only a subject in repose that can give us perfect satisfaction, it gives us time to get absorbed in it, to enter into it, and feel it living.

The foolish and ignorant fancy it is *easier to do*. Oh, misery!

If I ever die it will be of indignation at human stupidity, which, as Flaubert says, is infinite.

Admirable things have been written in Russia during the last thirty years.

In reading Count Tolstoï's *La Paix et la Guerre*, I was so struck that I couldn't help exclaiming —

"Why, it's like Zola!"

It is true they have devoted an essay to-day to our Tolstoï in *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, and my Russian heart leaps for joy. The study is by M. de Vogüé, who has been secretary at the Embassy in Russia, and has studied the literature and manners of the country, and who has already published several remarkably just and profound articles on my great and admirable native land.

And you wretch! You live in France, you prefer being a *foreigner* to remaining at home! Since you love your beautiful, great, sublime Russia, go thither and work for her.

I also work for the glory of my country . . . if ever I have a great talent like Tolstoï!

But if it were not for my painting, *I would go!* On my word of honour I would go! But my work absorbs my faculties, and the rest is merely an interval, an amusement.

Monday, July 21st.—I have been out walking for four hours looking for a corner to take as background for my picture. It's the street, it's the outer boulevard, but I have still to choose.

Evidently a public seat on the outer boulevard has infinitely more character than a seat in the Champs-Elysées, where only *concierges*, grooms, nurses, and mashers, sit down.

There you get no study of character, no soul, no drama; only mannikins, except in some special instances.

But what poetry in that outcast on the edge of the seat! There man is genuine, there we get Shakespeare!

And now an insane uneasiness has seized me lest this treasure I have discovered should escape me! If I should not be able to do it or if the time, if . . . .

Listen, if I have no talent, heaven must be turning me into ridicule, for it makes me suffer all the tortures of artists of genius . . . . Alas!

Wednesday, July 23rd.—I have sketched in my picture and found the models. I have been running about La Villette and Batignolles since five o'clock in the morning. Rosalie goes up to the people I point out to her.

I can tell you it's not easy or comfortable.

Friday, August 1st.—If I dish you up moving phrases, don't let yourself be caught by them.

Of the two selves who are trying to live, one says to the other:—"But in heaven's name have a sensation of some kind!" And the other one, who attempts to feel something, is always dominated by the first, by the *Moi-Spectateur*, which continues observing and absorbing the second.

And will it always be so?

And love?

Well, to tell you the truth, it seems impossible when you

see human nature through the microscope. The others are very happy, they only see what is necessary.

Would you like to know? Well, then, I am neither painter, nor sculptor, nor musician; neither woman, nor daughter, nor friend. Everything reduces itself with me into subjects of observation, reflection, and analysis.

A look, a face, a sound, a joy, a sorrow, are immediately weighed, examined, verified, classified, noted down. And when I have said or written it, I am satisfied.

Saturday, August 2nd.—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. Five days. I have done my picture. We began the same day with Claire, and the same subject, a canvas of four feet six inches by three feet six inches; it's pretty large, you see. The Beaver, in Hugo's poem, a farm in the background, a young girl is sitting on the water's edge and speaking to a boy standing on the other side of the stream.

And suppose what I am doing is very good. It isn't possible, and for that matter there is something too commonplace in the expression of the faces, but I wanted to do it quickly. And it is so funny! You say to yourself: "Now, here's a bit that's turned out uncommonly well." . . . then again, "But this is good for nothing." And again, "In fact, it's very good, a really pretty picture." Claire has not finished her picture, she is going to finish it from mine.

I should like to sing the praises of the things I admire most.

I admire people who dare make remarks of their own. I admire people who see me painting and nudge my elbow for fun, without any bad or even malicious intention.

As for me, when I see Angélique sewing, I feel a kind of respect, and, in short, I should never dream of amusing myself in this way.

How dare they! . . . In short, it's incomprehensible. But what a lot of things there are that shock me, good heavens!

Nearly all true artists, all workers, feel like me.

I also admire people who eat good thick slices of mutton cutlets, consisting of fat and blood.

I admire the happy ones who eagerly swallow strawberries without troubling themselves about the little worms which one is nearly sure to find in them.

I examine each one, so that the pain is almost greater than the pleasure.

Again, I admire those who can eat all kinds of hashed and fricasseed things of which the ingredients are unknown.

I admire . . . . or I may say rather, I envy all simple, sane, and *everyday* natures. . . . . but what would you ?

Thursday, August 7th—Friday, August 8th—Saturday, August 9th.—The ladies have taken a little ice-making machine to Rue Legendre. He wished to have one to stand near his bed.

If only he doesn't think that things are lavished on him in order to get a picture out of him.

My picture is laid in. But I have no courage.

I have often to lie down and rest, and each time I get up my head turns round, and for some seconds everything swims before me. In short it has reached such a pass, that I have left my canvas about five o'clock to walk about the solitary avenues of the Bois.

Monday, August 11th.—I went out at five o'clock this morning to make a sketch, but there were already people about, and I had to go away furious.

In the afternoon I go again through the streets, nothing goes right any longer.

I go to the Bois.

Tuesday, August 12th.—In fact, my friend, the meaning of it all is that I am ill. I drag myself along and I struggle ; but this morning I really thought I should have to capitulate—I mean go to bed and give up doing anything. Then all at once I got back some strength, and I went out again to try and find some things for my picture. My weakness and preoccupation isolate me from the real world; I never saw it with such lucidity, a lucidity beyond what I am usually capable of experiencing.

It appears now in all its details with a depressing clearness.

I, a foreigner, an ignorant girl, and too young as yet, pick and choose the badly turned phrases of the greatest writers and the silly inventions of the most celebrated poets. As for the newspapers, I can't read three lines without indignation. Not only because their French is like a cook's, but owing to the want of truth in the ideas. It's all conventional or done for pay.

No honesty, no sincerity, anywhere !

And then to hear *honourable men*, in order to conform to the spirit of party, tell lies or talk nonsense which they can't really believe!

Why, it is sickening.

After leaving Bastien we came home to dinner; he is still in bed, but looks calm and his eyes are clear. He has grey eyes, whose exquisite beauty is of course lost on the vulgar.

Do you understand me? Eyes that have seen Joan of Arc—we speak of that.

He complains of not having been understood better. And I tell him that he has been understood by everybody who is not a brute. And that his *Jeanne d'Arc* is a work of which we think things which it is impossible to tell him to his face.

Saturday, August 16th.—This is the first day on which I have actually set to work in a cab, and I was so cramped with cold, that on coming home I had to have a douche on my back, &c.

But how pleasant it is! The architect has placed my canvas this morning. His brother is better, and has been to the Bois. He was carried down-stairs and up-stairs in an easy-chair. Felix told us when he brought us the milk at four o'clock.

During the last week he has been taking goat's milk, of our goat; imagine the delight of the ladies. But that is not all, for he has grown so intimate that he sends for some whenever he wants it. How, charming!

But since he is better we shall lose him soon. The good time seems drawing to its close. We can't pay calls on a man who goes out.

Don't let me exaggerate, however.

He went to the Bois, but was carried in an easy-chair, and on coming in went to bed again.

That isn't really going out.

Tuesday, August 19th.—I am so knocked up that I hardly have strength to put on a cotton gown without any stays to go out and see Bastien. His mother receives us reproachfully. Three days! We have been three days without coming! Really dreadful! We are no sooner in the room than Émile exclaims:—"Is it all over? Have you no friendship left?"—"Well, well, have

you given me up?" Says *he himself*:—"Ah, that isn't kind."

My coquetry would wish me to repeat here all his amiable reproaches and protestations that we can never, never, come too often.

Thursday, August 21*st*.—I loaf about all day, and only work in the cab from five to seven o'clock.

I have had a photograph taken of the corner I am painting so as to get the lines of the pavement quite correctly.

The undertaking took place at seven o'clock this morning. The architect came by six o'clock; then we all left together—Rosalie, the architect, Coco, the photographer, and myself.

Not that the presence of the brother is of any use, but it makes it more gay; I like having a little *état-major* about me.

Friday, August 22*nd*.—It is all over, he is doomed!

Baude, who has spent the evening here with the architect, tells mamma so.

Baude is his great friend; he wrote a long letter to him from Algiers which I have read.

Is it really all over?

Can it be?

But I have not yet been able to analyse the effect which this abominable news has produced on me.

This is a new sensation: to see a man who is condemned to death.

Tuesday, August 26*th*.—All the confusing thoughts which floated through my brain have now grouped themselves and settled on this black spot.

It is a new case within my experience, something unexpected, a man .... a young man, a great artist and .... you know what, in short ....

Condemned to death!

But that is becoming serious!

And every day, till it happens, I shall have to think of it! How terrible!

I am already inwardly prepared, with my head between my shoulders, awaiting the blow.

Has it not been the same all my life? When the blow is about to be struck, I await it with firmness.

Then I begin to reason, to rebel, and to be moved when it is all over.

I can't put two words together.

But don't think that I am unhappy, I am only profoundly absorbed, and ask myself what it will be.

Saturday, August 30th.—Most serious. I don't do anything. Since the Sèvres picture is finished I have done nothing—nothing except two wretched panels.

I sleep for hours in the daytime. True, I have done my little study in the cab, but you would laugh at it.

The canvas is placed on the easel; all is ready, it is only I who am missing.

If I were to tell everything! The horrible fears . . .

And here's September, the bad weather is near.

The least chill I now take may force me to keep my bed for two months, and then there'll be the convalescence. . . .

And my picture!! I shall have sacrificed everything and . . . .

The moment has come to *believe* in God and to pray . . . .

Yes, it is the fear of being taken ill; in the state I am in, an attack of pleurisy may carry me off in six weeks.

This is the way I shall end, no doubt.

As I shall work at my picture all the same . . . . and as it will be cold. . . . And for that matter I may take cold in going for a walk as well as in painting; people who don't paint die just the same . . . . *Enfin!*

This, then, will be the end of all my miseries!

Such aspirations, such desires, such plans, such . . . and all to die at twenty-four years of age, on the threshold of everything.

I had foreseen it. As God was not able to give me all that was necessary to my life without being too partial, he will make me die. All these years—these many years! so little—then nothing!

Wednesday, September 2nd.—I am making the drawing for the *Figaro*, with rests of an hour between, as I am dreadfully feverish. I can't go on. I have never been so ill; but as I don't say anything about it, I go out and I paint. Why mention it? I am ill, that's enough. Will talking about it do any good? But to go out.

The illness is of a kind which allows it when you are feeling better.

Thursday, September 11th.—On Tuesday I began the study of a naked child; it may make a subject if it is good.

The architect came yesterday, and his brother wants to know why we have been missing so long. So we went to the Bois, late this evening; he was out for his usual turn; I took his seat; and you may imagine the surprise of all three at finding us there. He gives me his two hands, and in returning he gets into our carriage, while my aunt goes back with his mother. A good habit for that matter.

Saturday, September 13th.—We are friends, he loves us; he respects and takes an interest in me, he is fond of me. He told me yesterday that I did wrong to worry myself, that I ought to consider myself very lucky . . . . No other woman, he says, has had a success like mine and after so few years of study.

"In short, you are well known; people speak of Bashkirtseff; all the world knows you. A genuine success. But there, you would like *two* Salons a year; get on faster, still faster!

"It is only natural, I own, one is ambitious; I have gone through it all." . . . . &c.

And to-day he said:

"People see me driving in the carriage with you; it is lucky that I am ill, of they would accuse me of having painted your picture."

"They have already said so," adds the architect.

"Not in the press!"

"Oh no!"

Wednesday, September 17th.—Few days pass that I am not troubled by the remembrance of my father. I ought to have gone and taken care of him to the end. He said nothing because he is like me, but he must have felt my absence cruelly. Why didn't I?

I think of it since Bastien-Lepage is here, and that we go so often to see him, spoiling him with all kinds of tender little attentions.

Isn't it very bad, really?

As far as mamma is concerned it is different, as she has

been separated for several years, and only on good terms during the last five years; but I who was the daughter . . . !

Then God will punish me. But, dear me, once you go deeply into things, you owe nothing to your parents unless they have lavished every care upon you since you came into the world.

But that needn't prevent—but I haven't time to go into this question. Bastien-Lepage makes me feel remorse. This is God's punishment. But if I don't believe in God? I can't tell, and even then . . . . I have my conscience, and my conscience reproaches me for what I did.

And then it is impossible to say, I don't believe in God. That depends on what we understand by God. If the God we love and long for really existed, the world would be different.

There is no God who hears my evening prayer, and I pray every evening in spite of my reason.

Si le ciel est désert, nous n'offensons personne;
Si quelqu'un nous entend, qu'il nous prenne en pitié.

Yet how is it possible to believe?

Bastien-Lepage is very ill, we meet him in the Bois, his face convulsed with pain. . . . all the Charcots were there; this is done so that the doctor *himself* may be brought one day as if by accident. They have gone, and Bastien says that it's abominable of us to have abandoned him for two days.

Thursday, September 18th.—I have seen Julian! I had missed him. But it is so long since we have seen each other, that we didn't seem to have much to say. He thinks I have a look of tranquillity, of having attained my aim. Art is everything; the rest is not worth while considering.

There is quite a family gathering round Bastien-Lepage; the mother and daughters, they remain to the end, but look like good, very gossiping women.

This monster of a Bastien wants to take care of me, he wants to cure me of my cough in a month; he buttons my jacket for me, and always worries about my being sufficiently wrapped up.

When Bastien had got into bed everybody sat down as usual on the left side of his bed; I went and sat down on the right-hand side; then turning his back on the others, he settled himself comfortably, and began very softly talking of art.

There's no doubt of it, he has a friendship for me, and even a selfish friendship. When I told him that beginning from to-morrow I meant to set to work, he answered:

"Oh, not yet! Don't let go of me." . . .

Friday, September 19th.—He is worse. . . . We didn't know what to do: to go or to remain with this man, crying out with pain, then smiling at us!

I am horrible. I speak of it without delicacy. It seems to me that I might find words that are more . . . I mean, less . . . . Poor child!

Wednesday, October 1st.—Such disgust and such sadness. What is the good of writing?

My aunt has left for Russia on Monday; she will arrive at one o'clock in the morning.

Bastien grows from bad to worse.

And I can't work.

My picture will not be done.

There, there, there!

He is sinking, and suffers terribly. When I am there I feel detached from the earth, he floats above us already; there are days when I, too, feel like that. You see people, they speak to you, you answer them, but you are no longer of the earth; it is a tranquil but painless indifference, a little like an opium-eater's dream. In a word, he is dying. I only go there from habit; it is his shadow, I also am half a shadow; what's the use?

He does not particularly feel my presence, I am useless; I have not the gift to rekindle his eyes. He is glad to see me. That's all.

Yes, he is dying, and I don't care; I don't realise it it is something which is passing away. Besides, all is over.

All is over.

I shall be buried in 1885.

Thursday, October 9th.—You see, I do nothing. I have a fever all the time. My doctors are two precious idiots. I have sent for Potain, and again placed myself in his paws. He cured me once. He is kind, attentive, honest. It seems that my emaciation has nothing to do with my lungs; it is a thing I caught accidentally, and of which I didn't speak, always hoping that it would pass of itself, and preoccupied by my lungs, which are not worse than before.

I need not bore you with my illnesses. But the fact is, I can do nothing ! ! ! Nothing !

Yesterday I had begun dressing to go to the Bois, and felt so weak that I was on the point of giving it up twice.

But I got there all the same.

Mme. Bastien-Lepage is at Damvillers since Monday, for the vintage, and although there are ladies with him he is glad to see us.

Sunday, October 12*th.*—I was not able to go out. I am quite ill although not laid up. The doctor comes every second day since Potain's visit, who sends me his sub-Potain.

O God ! O God ! My picture, my picture !

Julian has come to see me. So they have said that I am ill.

Alas, how hide it ? And how can I go to Bastien-Lepage ?

Thursday, October 16*th.*—I have a terrible amount of fever, which exhausts me. I spend all my time in the *salon*, changing from the easy-chair to the sofa.

Dina reads novels to me. Potain came yesterday, he will come again to-morrow. This man no longer needs money, and if he comes, it is because he takes some little interest in me.

I can no longer go out at all, but poor Bastien-Lepage comes to me; he is carried here, put in an easy-chair, and stretched out on cushions—I am in another chair drawn up close by, and so we sit until six o'clock.

I was dressed in a cloud of white lace and plush, all different shades of white; the eyes of Bastien-Lepage dilated with delight.

"Oh, if I could only paint !" said he.

And I—

Finis. And so ends the picture of this year !

Saturday, October 18*th.*—Bastien-Lepage comes nearly every day. His mother has returned, and they came all three !

Potain came yesterday, I am no better.

Sunday, October 19*th.*—Tony and Julian to dinner.

Monday, October 20th.—In spite of the magnificent weather, Bastien-Lepage comes here instead of going to the Bois. He can scarcely walk any more; his brother supports him under each arm, almost carrying him. And once in his easy-chair the poor child is worn out. Ah, misery! And how many *concierges* enjoy good health! Émile is an exemplary brother. He carries Jules down-stairs on his shoulders, and up-stairs to the third storey. I meet with equal devotion from Dina. My bed has been in the drawing-room these last two days; but as the room is large, and divided by screens, couches, and a piano, you don't notice it. It is too difficult for me to go up-stairs. ——

. . . . . .

(Here the Journal ends.—Marie Bashkirtseff died eleven days later, on the 31st October, 1884.)

THE END.

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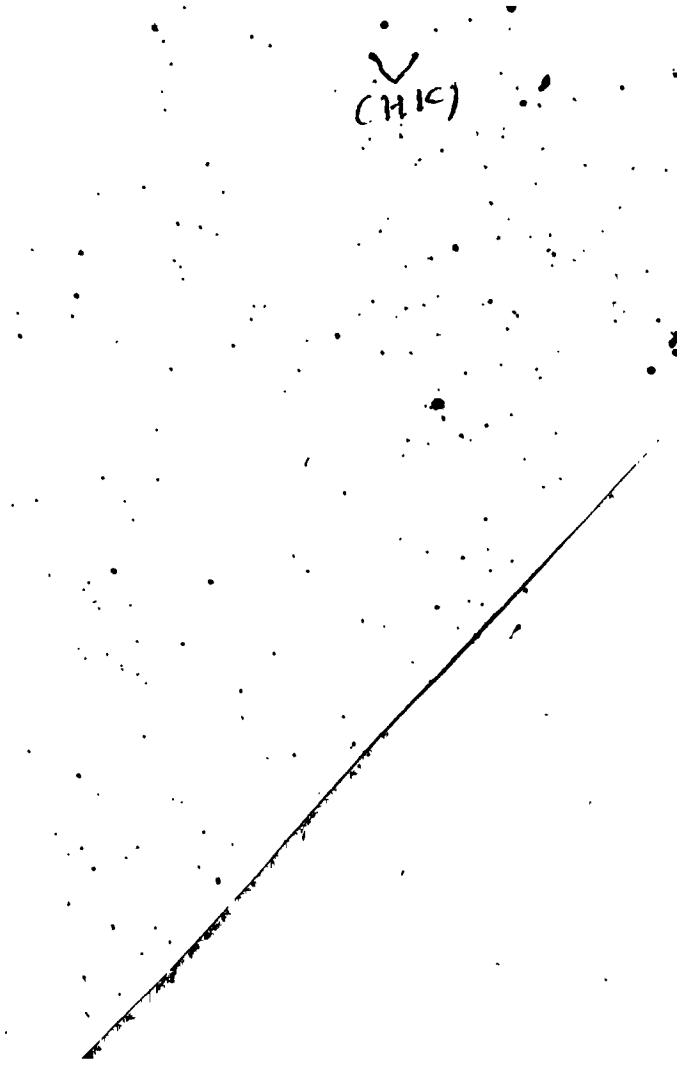

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